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PERSUASIVE *Woman*

PUBLIC LIBRARY
17 OCT 1950

BY

ELEANOR GILCHRIST

A FEW years after he finished college Tom Chandler dashed off an intimate revue which was produced on Broadway and earned him prestige, but little else. Elated by the former and undismayed by the latter, he decided that he and his classmate, Joe Banks, who composed the music, were destined to go on to bigger and better revues. He resigned from the insurance business and spent some months starving in the midst of plenty at the most expensive theatrical restaurants, trying to get a musical comedy produced.

Shortly before perishing of malnutrition, he succeeded. The show was a smash hit; it ran a year on Broadway and was sold to the movies. Tom left Joe, with whom he had temporarily fallen out, in the small hotel where they formerly occupied adjoining slots, and acquired a penthouse, a car, a grand piano, a man servant, and some made-to-order shoes which cost four times as much as his ready-made ones and looked only slightly bigger. He took out an insurance policy on his sister's new baby and gave a lot of parties.

After a while his head stopped spinning. He and Joe patched up their disagreement—the girl had married someone else in the meantime—and they wrote another show. It had ballets, revolving stages, and the highest-priced talent available. It died or, as someone said, committed suicide during the Boston tryout.

"Happens to everyone sooner or later, Tom," his agent assured him kindly. She was a large, brisk woman with a voice like a foghorn. "Don't give it another thought. The only thing is, you and Joe may have a little trouble finding backers the next time."

This proved to be an understatement.

About a year later, Tom was idly writing his name in the dust on his grand piano when the telephone rang. "Mr. Chandler's apartment," he said, giving a fair imitation of his departed servant, in case the call had to do with a bill he had overlooked.

"What's new with you, Tom?" his agent, who was accustomed to this impersonation, bellowed.

"Hello, Beatrice. I'm thinking of taking roomers," he said morbidly. "Do you know of any respectable bourgeois characters? Single girls who are gainfully employed or heiresses would get preferential treatment."

"You mustn't be discouraged, Tom. I talked to Delvin about your new show, and he said he'd like to do it, but with costs what they are now——"

"Yeah," Tom said listlessly.

"Well, that's not what I'm calling about. Do you know Cissie Cartwright?"

"Um-m! Beautiful creature!" Tom said enthusiastically. "Joe brought her here to a party once and I always meant to follow it up. At that time she was starry-eyed because she had a walk-on in a comedy. Sweet little girl."

"She's changed since then," Beatrice said dryly. "What one hit can do to these dopes in show business——Well, that's neither here nor there. Cissie asked me to call you because she needs material for a night-club. I hesitated to bother with it, Tom, but since you're between shows——"

Please turn to page 4

Tom sat there listening to Cissie singing his lyrics and had to admit she was good.

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TOM broke into Beatrice's explanations. "Don't worry," he said. "Scarcely seems fair to be paid for that kind of work."

"That's not the right attitude, Tom," his agent said austerely. "As a matter of fact, you have unwittingly hit the bull's-eye. If you don't watch yourself, you won't get paid. Among her other attractions, Cissy is funny about money."

"Probably taking care of her old mother," he said indulgently.

"Probably taking care of herself," she corrected him. "I happen to know she's getting four thousand a week at the Lowestoft Room. You might as well be reimbursed. She wants you to come to her apartment at five-thirty. Better take Joe with you. Two minds are often better than one."

"Not when one is exclusively occupied with Cissie. I am referring to Joe's," he explained hastily. "She brushed him off some time ago and I'm not going to reintroduce him into her life until I can keep him busy at the piano."

"I should think you and Joe might refrain from swiping each other's girls during working hours," Beatrice said tersely. "I'm afraid that little harpy will get around you if you're alone. I can't go with you because she's allergic to agents. She considers their efforts to protect their clients unfair to Cartwright."

"Don't be bitter, Beatrice. I won't have any trouble with Cissie," Tom assured her confidently.

"Try to steer a middle course between being an easy mark and a tactless bully, both of which you are capable of doing," she briefed him, hanging up with a bang.

Women certainly don't give each other a break, Tom reflected when he arrived at Cissie's apartment. She was just as sweet and unspoiled as she had been before her sudden, sensational success. And just as decorative.

She showed him around her new apartment. "It's wonderful to have a place of my own," she told him, "after living in the Rehearsal Club for years, buying clothes on Fourteenth Street and eating in cafeterias. Not that it wasn't fun."

"I, too, look back on my cafeteria days with nostalgia," Tom said reminiscently, having dined at the automat the previous evening.

A maid came in with a plate of canapes and Cissie mixed him a drink. "Imagine me with a maid," she said. It occurred to Tom that maybe she was the least little bit too simple and unspoiled. Still, it was only natural—she was just a kid, enjoying her first success.

"Do you want me to write some new material for you, Cissie?" he asked her.

"Why should you," she said practically, "when there are lots of wonderful songs from your old shows that weren't published and haven't been heard for years? What's the matter with the music publishers?"

"They're half in love with easeful death," he surmised.

"Those dopes in Hollywood scarcely used anything from your hit show but the title," she mourned.

"They had a right to throw out what they didn't want," he said a little stiffly. "They paid us satisfactorily."

"What's money when your work isn't being heard? It would do you a lot of good if those songs were revived. I know of cases where a personality plugged a song that never got any attention before, and the first thing you know, it was on the Hit Parade."

"Which of my songs had you in mind," he asked cantankerously, "that never got any attenion before?" He hated to be cynical, like Beatrice, but Cissie's remarks didn't seem to be building to a cash offer.

"Please don't misunderstand me, Tom," She turned her large blue eyes full on him. "I admire your work

Persuasive Woman

Continued from page 3

and I'd love to be able to do something for you."

"I'd love to have you do something for me," he said, shaken.

"There was a heavenly number in your show that folded in Boston," she continued. "June Hailey ruined it, of course." She hummed the melody.

He went to the piano and played a few bars. "That's it," she said. "Start at the beginning. I remember most of the words."

They ran through it several times until she sang it smoothly.

"You're a lot better than June Hailey," he told her.

"She had no voice at all, poor thing," Cissie said kindly. "Too bad. You could have got me at that time."

"Sorry I didn't think of you," he said diplomatically. "What other material do you need?"

"A couple of ballads and a comedy number."

"Remember this?" He turned to the piano.

An hour later they sat on the sofa to finish their drinks. "You sing my lyrics better than anyone ever has," Tom told her. "I knew you would. I saw your show four times, Cissie."

"Why didn't you come backstage? You never even wired me opening night."

"I was recovering from my crash landing. It made me bashful. I wish you'd play the lead in my next show. You'd be exactly right for it."

"At the moment I'm dickering with Hollywood. . . . But I'll take these four songs for the Lowestoft Room.

> *"Of Courtesy, it is much less*
> *Than Courage of Heart or Holiness,*
> *Yet in my Walks it seems to me*
> *That the Grace of God is in Courtesy."*
>
> —Hilaire Belloc.

They'll be on the air soon, and you'll notice the improvement in your next cheque with the royalities," she added gaily.

"You're very encouraging," he said with reserve. "Now, I guess we'll have to talk about money. I promised my agent."

"Frankly, I can't bear Beatrice," she said petulantly.

"Frankly, it seems to be mutual," he replied with masculine candor. "Joe and the producer have rights in this material, too, you know. I have to get a fair price for it."

"I expect to pay a fair price," Cissie said distantly. "Of course, the songs are dead, and will never be heard again unless I decide to revive them. So how about a nominal sum like a hundred dollars?"

"A hundred a week for four songs from Broadway productions? Honestly, Cissie, you'd be picketed. By me, among others."

"I did not say a hundred a week," she exploded. "I'm offering a hundred outright for songs I can put over and no one else ever could. You should pay me to sing them."

"It's been nice seeing you, Cissie." Tom rose from the sofa so abruptly that the glasses on the coffee table rocked.

"Just who do you think you are?" Cissie inquired angrily. "Carlton let me use his songs for a nominal sum. And they're all hits."

"A remarkable man with monosyllables," Tom said bitterly. "Few writers have been paid more for four-letter words, all suitable for the Lowestoft Room. Of course, he's not above rhyming 'moon' with 'gloom,' but then, he's a very busy fellow. Why don't you go back to him? Or is the clearance sale over?"

"Sour grapes," Cissie said scathingly. "Do you want to know what's the matter with you? You're so busy showing off your education that practically no one can understand your songs, let alone sing them. It wouldn't hurt you to use a few monosyllables."

"I can think of two that would be appropriate now," he said grimly. "Why did you send for me, if you don't like my work?"

"I do like it, Tom. Please, let's not fight. I'll give you two hundred for the songs. I have to pay my accompanist you know."

"Tough. You can have the songs for two hundred a week, and that's my final price. I'm not an Armenian lace peddler."

"You're a high-hat amateur, that's what you are!" she flared at him. "I know your type. You come out of college, all set to educate the illiterates of Broadway."

He reached for his hat. She snatched it out of his hand. "I'm not through with you, Tom Chandler. I know what those songs are worth. I've been in this business a lot longer than you. I ushered in theatres, I played in an all-girl band. I——"

"Your career has been very interesting," he said, retrieving his hat. "I've read about it."

"I worked hard for everything I have, so I don't throw it around the way you do. Nobody sent me to college. I went to work when I was fifteen, so did my brothers, except the youngest, and I'm going to see that he gets a good education."

"You aren't the only one in the world with family responsibilities," he said frostily.

"Well, I'm not going to keep your family in the style to which they're accustomed!" She was flushed with rage. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! I could do you a lot of good, and for some reason I want to. Will you take three hundred for that material?"

"No," Tom said, wondering how he could say no to this bewitching though rapacious creature.

"I make you a generous offer and all you do is swear at me." She was suddenly rather tearful.

Tom stared at her in bewilderment.

"I never swore at you," he protested.

"You said you knew a couple of monosyllables to call me. Okay, you stuffed shirt. Put your material back in the freezing locker."

"The two monosyllables I had in mind," Tom said, stalking to the door, "were 'cheap skate'."

By an effort of will he closed the door quietly behind him. He then repaired to a neighborhood bar to forget. Whisky failed to dim his recollection of Cissie's outrageous attack on his lifework. First flattering him, and then, when she couldn't get his songs for peanuts, turning on him like a vixen! She was astonishingly pretty when she got mad.

Walking home in a very straight line, at four o'clock in the morning, he had a flash of alcoholic clairvoyance. That girl likes me, he said to himself. And, pity help me, it's mutual.

The next day, when he was wakened by the telephone, he didn't feel as if anyone liked him. Finally, with a groan, he lifted the receiver, propped himself up, and, after everything settled down, growled, "Hello."

"I've been trying to reach you for hours," his agent shouted. "I always make allowances for bachelors, so I didn't start calling till ten. Did Cissie like your stuff?"

"She said she did," he replied wanly.

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Count of 10

By EUSTACE COCKRELL

ILLUSTRATED BY RON LASKIE

HIS name was Charles Tipton, and he had retired from the ring three years before and married Mattie Todd—then Dolores Dubois, working in the chorus line at a night club — a condition of the marriage being that he would never fight again. Which was fine with Tiger Tipton.

He had earned some money as a fighter and had bought a restaurant when he retired, for his name was a draw in his Midwestern home city.

But now he moved down Main Street, a big man, thirty-five years old, seeking his old manager, Nick Pulaski, moving like a sad and portly cat, his heart cold, a weight in his chest.

He had called Mattie Dolores Dubious in the old days, before his last fight, when he was courting her, for she had doubted that he'd quit the ring. He had been inordinately pleased with his little pun, for he was not the kind that thought of things like that. But now she lay, the girl of his heart, in the big hospital, and Tiger Tipton was broke.

She was alive through the efforts of the best doctors in the city; by transfusions and other costly devices that Charles Tipton did not quite understand. He only understood the money. And he had run out of that.

The doctors had told her that she mustn't have a child, but for Mattie there had to be a child. A Tipton cub to make this shining marriage all complete.

He couldn't understand a woman who was willing to risk her happiness on such a long shot. He didn't understand, and he had protested.

"Who's dubious now?" she'd said, and laughed. "I'll be fine."

But no; not fine. Not close to fine. The child had died at birth, the child who otherwise would have grown into a man. And now Mattie Tipton didn't want to live.

That he understood. Not the why of it, but the fact of it. The doctors said she didn't want to live. But perhaps, with certain measures . . .

Measures that took money. He understood the money. But he had used all his money on her already.

He found Nick Pulaski in the Markwell Bar, and Nick came back to a booth with him. Nick was tense and bald and fifty. Charles Tipton had hardly spoken half a dozen words when Nick raised his right hand protestingly.

"No!" he said. "First, the champ would assassinate you, and second, Mattie would assassinate me."

"You know how sick she is?" Tiger Tipton asked. "She's sick enough to die, and I'm broke, Nick. I've borrowed all I can on the restaurant."

Nick Pulaski said, "They'll give her what she needs, money or not—"

"I don't go for charity, Nick, so long as I can fight."

"And so you want me to match you with the champion?"

"He's doing a tour across the country," Tiger Tipton said. "Fighting no-decisioners, exhibitions. Even two years on the shelf I'd outdraw anybody in town with him. Maybe pick up a good bit of money that would pay the bill at the hospital for a while."

"Mattie reads about it, hears about it over the radio, it'd kill her, Tiger."

"I thought of that," Tiger Tipton said. "I'd ask the boys to keep it from her."

"Oh! The champion of the world comes to town for a fight and you think you can suppress it."

"She looks at the paper some mornings she's feeling good, and they could take the radio away part of the day," Tiger said. "I'd tell the newscasters when her radio ain't in her room."

Nick Pulaski didn't answer, and his eyes went blank, and then he looked back to the Tiger and said, almost half to himself, "What a sob story."

"I could train in town," Tiger Tipton said. "Wear everything but a catcher's mask so I don't get scuffed up sparrin'. I don't want no pity or no charity. I just want to work a little at my old trade and not let my wife know it."

"They get the ball park for a night in June. Cut you ten, maybe twelve and a half, per cent. Oughta be a fair score," Nick Pulaski mused. "I'll call New York and then talk to the local guys. If we can set it we'll have a press conf'rence. I'll handle that." He paused. "Of course, the colored boy's bound to murder you."

"Oh," Tiger Tipton said, "I wouldn't be so sure." Then he added, "I would make it a fight."

Nick Pulaski shrugged. "The person who knows the least bit about fighters is fighters," he said. "I'll phone you up in a few days."

Mattie Tipton was a tall, very beautiful woman, and lying in the hospital bed she was still beautiful. Her husband's throat tightened as he sought for words, looking down at her. He smiled, no words there, feeling the tight tenderness in his chest mixed with the bitterness of his own inadequacy.

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They crowded round Tiger, all wanting to help him, but in a flat, even tone he said, "Let me sit here alone for a minute."

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RENDEZVOUS IN RIGA

Anna turned her face away, half shy but laughing as I squeezed her hand.

WHEN the telephone rang, I rolled over on the green eiderdown and stuck out a hand to take the receiver. It was Trevor.

"Bill?" he said. "Hank. How about lunch to-morrow?"

"Look, Hank," I said, "you're slipping. I'm flying home to Canada to-morrow. Remember?"

"That's not till night, is it?" he came back. "Make it the Caprice at one and you can be back by three to do your packing if you don't like what I have on my mind. Okay?"

"What do you mean, what you have on your mind?" I asked. "Lay off. I'm flying home to-morrow. Period."

So we met at the Caprice, and I didn't even care if it was jugged hare, the way I felt. I'd eat Hank's food and turn down whatever rattle-brained idea he'd dreamed up. Then I'd walk back down Piccadilly, buy a paper and read what Herbie Morrison had to say in the House about Utopia. By then it would be time to give my bags to the porter and go.

The first thing Hank said at the Caprice was, "Get on the phone, Bill, and cancel your reservation."

I said, "Look, chump, I'm flying home to-night, or didn't I tell you?"

Then Hank asked: "Would you like to see your wife again?"

I worked for a while on the answer. The way it came out was, "Do I have a wife? You tell me. I wouldn't know."

Hank went on talking of trivialities until we had finished our lunch.

He picked up the check and said: "Let's go back to your room, where we can talk." But instead of the hotel, we sat on a couple of chairs in the Green Park and an old man came over and sold us tickets for a penny apiece for the privilege of sitting on them, and told us it was a nice day. Then Hank brought out his scheme.

I couldn't see it. The Russians would never give me a visa. They knew all about Anna and me. If she couldn't get out, would anybody in his senses imagine they'd let me back in? A guy who'd married one of their women during the war?

They would say firstly: "Sorry, but Uncle says no. Mr. William Cosgrove went through a form of marriage with the Citizeness Anna Katerina Boronin. Ergo, Mr. William Cosgrove is persona non grata."

Didn't Hank realise I had conferred the supreme insult on all their sweet womanhood by wedding one of them? Form-of-marriage, nothing! This one had been something. But you'd think it was reverse Lend-Lease the way it had been rubbed out.

Under the trees, with the Piccadilly traffic droning by only a few yards away, and couples talking and laughing together all about us, the dream I couldn't get out of my mind was bound to shimmer in front of my eyes. A dream of a laughing girl, but shy and modest, a girl who didn't know the meaning of the words when I called her Slim, or Sunshine, or any of the names men tack on to the women they love.

But plenty she knew about the tone of my voice telling her about her almost blue-black eyes and raven hair. Slender and supple as a young maple, that was my Anna, with pleasant curves where curves are supposed to be and all the other items a guy thinks about when he is four years and a million miles away from his sweetheart.

I couldn't even remember how she kept house, or if her cooking was like mother's. But I would remember for always trim ankles under a wide skirt that swung like a kilt as she turned the corner of Gorky Street to meet me outside the big building where the commissars work. For always I'd remember the smile of greeting, the way she turned her face away, half shy but laughing and squeezing my hand as I put my arm about her. Then we would hurry

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

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First instalment of a swift-moving two part serial

by

LESLIE ROBERTS

along the sidewalk to the little restaurant near the Bolshoi, where the borsch was, oh, but good.

It had been fun that winter, with the war's end in sight and plans for to-morrow in two minds, and no idea that such fool things as a harsh political notion could strip the cogs off a marriage. Even in the goodbyes we said that summer, the morning I took off for Stockholm and home, there had been no doubts in that last kiss at the airport.

"Will you stop staring at that old dame reading her Times, before she calls a cop," Hank's voice came through, "and listen to me? You still know something about machine tools?"

I said yes, I knew something about machine tools.

"Because a month ago we sold 'em a big batch to be shipped from our Stockholm plant under their credit deal with the Swedes, and it says on the papers that we send our own expert to check everything and turn the stuff over. The Swedes insist on that, because they pay us against the trade agreement. So you're the expert."

"If you made your deal a month ago, why didn't you give me all this before?" I asked. "Why wait until I'm practically over the Atlantic in an aeroplane? Anyway, they wouldn't pass me. Skip it."

"That's what I thought," Hank replied, "and that's why I didn't tell you until they did. Why would I build you up and drop you like a sack? Yesterday they cleared you and, believe me, Bill, it wasn't simple."

"You mean it's set?" The hand that flicked the lighter shook. "I don't believe it. Not if you told them my right name."

"Listen," Hank grinned, "sometimes I can be smart. Think I wasted a minute talking to secretaries and counsellors? Not me. I talked to the great Kouznetzov himself. The Swedes insist on an expert. Okay. Our Mr. William Cosgrove is the only expert we have available. He must remember Mr. Cosgrove from Lend-Lease days, no? But yes, of course. You were a very nice young man and very helpful."

He grinned at me and went on, "Then I dragged in the one about you and Anna Katerina and how your marriage blew a fuse on account of the rules. I guess I even implied it was part of the forgotten past for William Cosgrove, Esq. and if they didn't consider it legal, neither did you. In fact I sort of suggested, between men of the world, that you have other ideas on your mind, back home.

"I suggested that no doubt the Citizeness has found herself a new and more compatible husband by now."

"You said all that?" I bit at him. "About Anna and me? What business . . ."

"Quit being noble," Hank grinned. "Do you want to see your girl again? I said all that and probably a lot more. All in good taste, of course. I guess I even said you might be glad of a chance to check the records on account of a mild allergy to bigamy on your new fiancee's part. You may not like it, Bill, but it went down with Kouznetzov. Kouznetzov is interested in machine tools, not holy wedlock, and he said to leave it to him about the visa.

"So to-morrow morning you taxi round to Kensington Palace Gardens and a guy you can't understand will stamp a lot of pretty purple words you can't read in your passport. Now you will call that airline, or you don't have the strength to walk across Piccadilly and find a booth?"

I said, "Who tells you I can't still talk the language? Let's get cracking!"

THREE days later I was in Stockholm, sitting under a big umbrella in the garden of the Grand Hotel, waiting for a man named Borg from a government office to come over for dinner. In a few days there'd be a Russian ship, the Sestroresk, going across the Baltic to Libau and the shipment would go in it.

Borg thought the right idea would be to fly ahead and make arrangements. The local Russians had cleared it with Moscow and I was told to check in with the Heavy Industries Ministry when I arrived.

The next day, Helsinki, where the Soviet Security boys gave me one dandy frisking before letting me board the Moscow plane. Then it was the National Hotel, right across Manehznaja Square from the Kremlin.

Come morning, I sent a note to Karaviev at the Ministry and along about noon a comrade came over with a car to take me to see him. While we drank glasses of tea and Karaviev munched chocolates I showed him the papers they'd given me in Stockholm and he said they were fine; I must be in Libau to meet the ship and travel to Riga with the stuff.

He would send an aide with me and the aide would have authority to take delivery in Riga. Nothing would be opened until then. This aide would see me the day before departure with my movement orders. The Service Bureau at the hotel would arrange transportation. After we got through at Riga I would return to Libau and cross the Baltic back to Stockholm in the Sestroresk. All right?

I said it was khorosho by me. That's what you tell all the top-drawer boys when they say this is the way it is. It has to be okay.

Back at the hotel I stretched out on the big Russian bed, trying to think. If I couldn't find one woman out of maybe 100 million females in the Soviet Union in seven days, or even out of a couple of million in Moscow, that would be curtains for the Cosgrove marriage and the principals would spend the rest of their days not knowing what had happened to each other, or when they were widowed, or divorced, or what.

I tried to figure where to begin. I could call a cab and drive around to our old flat. If Anna wasn't there, I'd hunt up Nikki. If I couldn't find Nikki, any of the wartime newspaper types, or a counle of Embassy people I'd known, would be able to steer me. Back in Sweden it had looked wonderfully simple. But this wasn't Stockholm. This was Moscow.

If I called a cab and drove out Kallugskaya to the big apartment block right across from the hospital, maybe the driver would report on where we'd been as soon as I'd paid him off. If I went in and found no trace of Anna and talked to the building manager, he'd get on to the grapevine and report that a foreigner had been around inquiring about a former tenant.

Then I'd get a visit from some smart young heel-clicker to read me the rules, or maybe acquire myself a shadow, if I didn't have one already, or even get a call to come and see somebody for a friendly tip on how to behave in the Soviet Union.

Everything I thought of as I lay there came out no. Around five o'clock I decided to go to the ballet at the Bolshoi. If anybody I knew was still around, the promenade at the Bolshoi between the acts was the place to find him.

But this wasn't the night. The Juliet was a newcomer and the sophisticated audience was all somewhere else. Though I hung around the staircase where diplomatic corps people always used to meet to trade gossip between the acts, and walked around the restaurant and even found a spot in the white gallery upstairs where I could watch the big circle of promenaders, I didn't see a face I'd ever looked at before.

The guy who walked home through Sverdlow Square and along beside the Hotel Moscow was the loneliest man in all the Russias.

During the morning I walked over to the Hotel Moscow to see if Tony Sellers still lived there. They said yes, but he was out and I left a note. Then I took a bus out to the end of Kallugskaya and started walking back towards the centre of town, watching to see if I was being tailed.

Apparently not. But before turning in through the door of the flats, I looped around the block, just to be sure. From the side street I could see the windows of what once had been Anna's and my place. Those certainly were not the curtains she had hung in '44. Maybe she had a new man who didn't like the flowery stuff.

I went upstairs and knocked on the old door. Nobody answered. Coming down, I passed a middle-aged woman going up carrying bundles. She let herself into No. 8, so I guessed Anna didn't live there any more.

Walking downtown, I got to wondering how I could find out if Nikki was still around. Nikki had introduced us, back in the days when the term North American wasn't interchangeable with polecat.

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"Nikki!" I exclaimed, then stopped short at the expression on the other's face.

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FIRST Love

By

ALIS DE SOLA

DEMURELY sitting all by herself at the table in the dining saloon of the S.S. Ciudad de Oro, Lucia drank in the bubbling wine of freedom. Obviously it had gone to her head; her cheeks were brilliantly flushed, her eyes lustrous. A tiny, excited smile twitched the corners of her full mouth. She was deliriously happy.

Despite her happiness, her behaviour was impeccable. She did not rattle the silverware, as other children might have done, or tilt the water glass or swing her bare legs against the rungs of the chair. Instead she concentrated her entire attention upon the menu on her plate. Occasionally her forefinger rested on an item, and her lips moved soundlessly as she spelled out the words. Then, having made her choice, she summoned the waiter with a slight but imperious turn of the head. It was a gesture which her mother used on similar occasions, and Lucia copied it exactly.

When she gave her order the waiter's dark eyes widened with horror; his mouth opened and closed again. But it was not his business to question the taste of passengers, however young; he merely shrugged his shoulders and went off to do her bidding.

When her dinner arrived Lucia contemplated it with the delight of a dreamer who sees all her wishes effortlessly fulfilled. Immediately in front of her was a plate of oysters, a mouth-watering half-dozen of them she discovered after careful computation. Grouped in a semicircle around the oysters were her three favorite desserts—chocolate pudding, pistachio ice-cream, and a rich, delectable concoction known in the Caribbean as "bien me sabe," or, in its English equivalent, "it tastes good to me."

Lucia was gulping her last oyster when she became aware of someone standing beside her table. She glanced around and stiffened, instinctively wary. A widely travelled child, she at once recognised the authority symbolised by four gold stripes around the sleeve of a dark blue uniform.

"Good evening. I hope I didn't startle you." The voice was soft and deep and slurred, and there was in it the lazy caress of warm wind and warm water.

Lucia lifted her head and looked straight at him, the way she had been taught to do when someone spoke to her. "Well, yes, a little bit," she admitted candidly. Deep down in her she knew that she did not have to be guarded with this man. His face had the same weary, indulgent quality as his voice. Extra flesh had begun to blur the lean structure of bone and muscle. His eyes were bloodshot, heavily lidded, and sad. Thick hair, dusted with grey, swept back from his forehead. A shallow cleft marked his chin.

"I'm sorry," he said gravely, "I didn't mean to. I just thought you might like some company. But I forgot . . ." He took her hand and bowed over it. "Allow me to introduce myself: Captain John Hightower, at your service."

An agreeable and unfamiliar sensation expanded Lucia's lungs. Never before in her eight years of existence had she been treated with such courtliness. It made her feel superior, rather precious—like a princess in a fairy tale. "How do you do?" she murmured. Then, remembering her mother's formula, she said—dignified, gracious, a little breathless—"Won't you—won't you sit down?"

"With pleasure," the Captain said. He walked to the chair directly across the table from her. He was not a tall man and his body was thickening, but he moved with the easy, graceful co-ordination of a cat. "By the way," he said as he seated himself, "you haven't told me who you are." When Lucia told him her name he nodded. "I know your father. Ran into him at the club only yesterday. He said his family was sailing with me to-day, but that he couldn't make the trip."

His eyes surveyed the empty chairs around them, then came back to Lucia and widened humorously. "Don't tell me you're his whole family?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" Lucia smiled. "There's my mother, and my brother Charles, and my sister Mary, and my other brother Frederick. He's just a baby. And—there's Nurse, too." Her face darkened and her lips pressed tightly together. The nurse was her particular dragon, and she regarded her with the same mixture of fear and baffled hatred that a primitive villager might feel towards the monster who has the power to destroy his crops and his hope. Her fear was not physical—Nurse would never dare to lay her hands on her—but metaphysical; the awareness of an evil principle in the very heart of existence.

"Anything wrong?" the Captain asked quietly.

"No." Lucia shook her head for emphasis. She wouldn't think about Nurse; she wouldn't let the thought of her spoil this exciting adventure. "I suppose you're wondering," she said, "why they didn't come down for dinner."

"Something of the sort," he agreed.

"Well," she said and paused dramatically, watching the light glint on his raised, inquiring brows, "they're all seasick."

"All of them?"

"All. Even the baby." Her tone was solemn but, as his eyes looked into hers, she began to laugh, suddenly and irrepressibly. She laughed not because her heart was hard but because freedom was a joyous thing.

Captain Hightower smiled in response. "It's not an uncommon ailment," he said. "Especially on the first day out. More especially on a tub like this." He spoke affectionately, but a hint of contempt edged his words, as if he were measuring this ship which bore them against some shining image in his mind of what a ship should be. And it was true that most of the steamers which plied the Caribbean were not exactly impressive. They were small and they were old and they rode the turbulent ocean with the shaky dignity of elderly persons who have seen better days. A curious odor of bilge water, seasoned by the merest whiff of consomme, exuded from their decks.

It was the smell, Lucia informed the Captain, which vanquished Mama. Before she was half-way up the gang-plank a dull, greenish shadow had settled like a blight on her fine ivory skin. She had clutched helplessly at Papa's arm, closed her eyes, and moaned. It was no use his telling her impatiently that she couldn't possibly be sick because the ship was moored fast in harbor waters still as glass; she was sick. She had hurried along to her cabin like a creature pursued, for once oblivious of the baby in Nurse's arms, of the older children skipping precariously up the steeply inclined ramp. She had taken to her bed immediately, a handkerchief soaked in eau de cologne on her forehead and a vial of smelling salts in her hand.

The resulting confusion had been terrific. "It was Papa's fault, mostly," Lucia said thoughtfully, and meditated, not for the first time, on the odd fact that her father's passion for order almost invariably led to the opposite.

After Mama's collapse he had taken charge of the situation and organised their dispersal in the three adjoining cabins with the mad logic of a demented general. Nurse would share Mama's cabin, he had decided, in order to attend to her wants, give comfort, and otherwise make herself useful. The two boys and the two girls would be quartered, according to sex, in the other cabins.

Mama had reminded him weakly that one of the boys was an infant in arms, but he had dismissed the objection as trivial. So Charles had to stand by helplessly while the baby screamed, and Mary kept running in and out of the three cabins looking for the doll which she had entrusted to Papa and which he had misplaced somewhere when he started moving the suitcases around. It was very chaotic, indeed.

The Captain had been listening with fascination to Lucia's animated narrative. "Good gracious!" he said, making deep, lazy music of the phrase. "Did you ever get things straightened out?"

"Oh, yes," Lucia assured him. When the second warning bell sounded Papa had simply thrown up his hands and marched off, shouting angry good-byes and leaving an extraordinary feeling of peace in his wake. It had lasted long enough—the mass seasickness being a gradual development—for them to rearrange themselves into a more realistic pattern. The baby had been returned to Mama, with a solicitous stewardess in attendance to take care of them both. Mary fell to Nurse because she was the next to youngest. That left her, Lucia, with Charles, as they had planned from the beginning. "You see," she explained earnestly, "he likes me and I like him. So it doesn't matter if we fight sometimes."

The Captain agreed that it didn't matter. "Not if you really like each other," he said. He was leaning towards her now, his elbows on the table, his linked hands supporting his chin. A curious smile twisted the corners of his mouth, and his eyes stared straight at, but beyond, her, as though he saw some unhappy picture on the other side of her head. It was the way Charles had looked—beyond comfort, beyond hope—when Balthasar, the cat, had been killed.

When people looked like that it meant that they had lost something which they loved. She watched him anxiously, then asked after a moment, "Do you hurt very much?"

His head jerked up, and he gazed at, not beyond, her now—a startled, incredulous gaze. "You little witch!" he exclaimed. "How did you know?"

Shyness overcame Lucia, the bewildering, suffocating shyness which affects those who usually are unselfconscious until their heedless candor suddenly confronts them with the image of themselves in another's mind. She had made the great leap of sympathy; she had perched briefly in the very centre of an alien consciousness, feeling what is felt, sharing its woe. Now that she was ousted from the precarious foothold, driven back upon herself, she was appalled by her rashness.

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ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

Eight-year old Lucia had neither the experience to understand nor the art to cope with this new adult world

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A symphony in stripes . . .

Adelyn

designed this for you in beautiful striped Grafton Grafaine with the cut, fit and finish that has made Adelyn fashion famous.

Grafton ANTI SHRINK FABRICS
★ CANNOT SHRINK
★ CANNOT STRETCH
★ CANNOT FADE
★ EASY TO WASH
★ EASIER TO DRY
★ EASIEST TO IRON
GUARANTEED

FROM ALL LEADING FASHION STORES

Persuasive Woman

Continued from page 4

BEATRICE was delighted. "That's splendid!" she yelled. "Because Alfred De Laszlo wants to do your new show! The only condition is, Cissie plays the lead."

"Cripes," Tom said on a long, expiring breath.

"Someone sent him the script, and he's nuts about it. It'll be a typical De Laszlo production—money no object. So it's jim-dandy if you and Cissie hit it off. I'm glad I had the wit not to go with you; I'd probably have messed up the deal."

Tom didn't say anything. He couldn't think of a suitable remark.

"Don't go back to sleep, you dumb-bell," Beatrice bellowed. "Can you and Cissie be in Alfred's office at four-thirty?"

"The fact is, Beatrice," Tom said, swallowing painfully, "Cissie and I had a serious quarrel. If De Laszlo won't do the show without her, it's all off."

"Nonsense!" Beatrice roared. "You said she liked your material. If you disagreed on price, so much the better. You can give it to her for a present when she signs the contract."

"I wouldn't let her use a song of mine if she endowed me for life," he said sullenly.

"Now, Tom"—Beatrice dropped her voice to a sort of lioness' purr that she reserved for fractious clients—"if you and Cissie had a little tiff, you can make it up."

"A little tiff!" He laughed sardonically. "Like the Hatfields and the McCoys. I can't go into it now, Beatrice. Let me take a powder and call you back."

"You haven't time to take powders, my friend. What did you say to Cissie that made her so mad?"

"What did I say!" he cried in outraged innocence. "I never got a word in edgewise. She called me an amateur and a stuffed shirt, said my lyrics were no good, my shows —"

"What did you say to her?" Beatrice repeated.

"She insulted me for an hour without intermission and I never said a word. You'd have admired my self control. Finally, with great restraint, I called her a cheap skate."

"I should never let you out of the house alone!" Beatrice yelled in exasperation. "Even if she tried to chisel you out of your back teeth, you should have had better sense. The idea of anyone who writes musicals going out of his way to insult Cissie Cartwright! You're a maniac and no gentleman."

"I had plenty of provocation," Tom said indignantly.

"You get yourself to a florist, young fellow, and send her a bushel of orchids. And any material she took a fancy to, tied up in ribbons and marked pre-paid."

"I tell you, it's hopeless. She hates the ground I walk on, and I'm blowed if I'll apologise after the things she said to me."

"Of course, you don't care," Beatrice said in a tragic and thunderous whisper, "if Joe starves to death and I spend my declining years in an old-folks' home, so long as you can nurse your grudges. I suppose I'll have to straighten this out myself."

"Keep out of it," Tom advised her. "You'll get the full treatment. She knows you don't like her."

"I've always been lovely to Cissie," she said in injured tones. "I'm too much of a lady to show my feelings. Why should she think I don't like her?"

"She got the impression somewhere," Tom mumbled.

"You told her, you gauche adolescent!" she yelled. "I'd like to skin you alive!" She slammed down the receiver.

Groggily, Tom got up to grope through his medicine closet. A De Laszlo production, with Cissie in the lead, would surpass his most idyllic dream of combined success and happiness. He would even enjoy her tantrums, and they'd probably be married before the show opened. If only he hadn't torpedoed his future.

The telephone rang. Tom picked up the receiver with a wild surge of hope that Cissie was calling to say she hadn't meant a single word. But over the wire came the stern, familiar voice of a man in the credit department of the telephone company. It had generously been permitting him to have incoming calls, the voice said, because it had a heart as big as all outdoors. But its patience was exhausted. Service would be discontinued unless payment was made in full.

"Send someone to take out my telephone at once," Tom ordered. "All I get on it is bad news."

He threw some clothes into a suitcase and went off to spend a week with his sister and her baby. By the week-end he had manfully decided to swallow his pride, eat his words, and permit Cissie to dictate the peace, though it would be bitterly humiliating.

When he arrived back in town he ran into a young couple he knew who were hurrying to a train. "Congratulations, Tom!" the girl called over her shoulder. "We were at the Lowestoft Room last night, and those songs of yours that Cissie Cartwright sings are marvellous."

INFURIATED to learn that the concessions he was prepared to make had been pre-empted, Tom leaped into a cab, tore into his apartment, and scrabbled through the phone book for his lawyer's number. Only when he lifted the receiver did he remember that service had been shut off, but, surprisingly, he heard the dial tone. His lawyer was not at home. He couldn't reach Beatrice or Joe, either.

Well, it didn't matter. He might as well go to the Lowestoft Room and find out exactly whom to sue and for what. On a rough guess he thought he had an airtight case against Cissie, and possibly Beatrice, too, for piracy, conspiracy, and attempt to defraud. He hastily changed into his dinner-clothes.

He got to the Lowestoft Room as the after-theatre crowd was arriving.

The first number was a dance team who did rhumbas and other South American divertissements with catlike agility and languor. He kept his eyes shut and seethed. There was a brief intermission while a waiter refilled his order without instructions to do so, and then the lights went out, a spot came on, and Cissie entered, followed by her accompanist, Joe.

Tom sat up as if stuck with a pin. Too bad, after all these years, to have to sue a trusted friend. At least, you could trust Joe about some things. Old Joe selling him down the river. He shuddered and tossed off his drink.

Cissie made a gracious acknowledgment to the author and the composer of her songs. That will get her nowhere, Tom thought dourly. Then she began to sing. It was undoubtedly a satisfaction to hear his lyrics sung so well. He had forgotten how brilliant they were. He had also forgotten how beautiful she was. It was a shock every time he saw her. Don't soften up, he admonished himself. She stole my material and corrupted my best friend. He wrote her a brusque note, asking her to come to his table when her performance was over, and handed it to a waiter.

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Interesting People

MISS JANET JOHNSON

. . . schoolgirl swimmer

AMBITIOUS 16-year-old schoolgirl Janet Johnson, State champion swimmer, has her eye on Australian championships this year, and Helsinki Olympic Games in 1952. Student at Newcastle High, Janet hopes to gain Leaving Certificate this year. Daughter of former State swimming champion, she started competitive swimming at nine. Trains hard for swimming, and in winter keeps fit at calisthenics and fencing. Eventually hopes to be a physical training instructor.

MR. DENIS VERNON

. . . music and materials

VISITING Englishman Denis Vernon, manager of a company that makes non-shrinking materials, thinks Australian women have wonderful color sense. Particularly likes our casual clothes. Been with the company 30 years, spends all his time between fabrics and serious music. Now on his first visit to Australia, he finds our clear, blue skies glorious. Lives in Cheshire, England, with wife, daughter, and two sons. Will visit all Australian States and is especially interested to see Tasmania.

MRS. MARGARET CURTIS OTTER

. . . rebuilding W.R.A.N.S.

NAVAL wife and ex-Wran, Mrs Margaret Curtis Otter has become adviser on reconstitution of W.R.A.N.S. in Australia pending appointment of a director. Wife of Lieut.-Commander Donald Curtis Otter, she served nearly four years with Navy in World War II. Attended first W.R.A.N.S. officers' training course in January, 1943, and was eventually ranked as a First Officer. Combines life of busy housewife and mother with naval duties. Lives in Melbourne with small son Iann.

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Women Want Men

to wear POTTER'S Anti-shrink shirts by PELACO

When I go out with my husband I like him to look the part. Potter's Anti-shrink shirts by Pelaco certainly help. See how the collar sets exactly right—*always.*

Potter's Anti-shrink shirts by Pelaco are the easiest to wash, dry and iron. They stand repeated washing and always come up looking like new.

And such economy buying! Potter's Anti-shrink shirts by Pelaco certainly help put the value back into the pound with their keen prices for a really top-quality product!

Potter's Anti-shrink shirts by Pelaco are O.K. by me! Roomy comfort, yet trim fitting, they give a man that well-dressed feeling . . . so essential for complete confidence.

STOP THINKING ABOUT SHRINKING

FRIENDLY POLICEMAN. Constable Noel Bowden, of Robertson, N.S.W., discusses farming problems with Mr. Vincent Hannahan, whose grandfather was one of the district pioneers. Mr. Hannahan recently changed from dairying to market gardening because he finds vegetables are more profitable than milk. He is preparing field for potatoes, which do well in the cool climate of this district.

Country policeman finds life is

He is popular with his neighbors and helps with their problems

By PATRICIA ROLFE, staff reporter

A country constable lives more peacefully and probably longer than his city counterpart.

In the country they shoot with instead of at a policeman, and tackle him on a football field instead of in a back alley.

TO country people "the police" means whoever is the local constable — Constable Smith, or more often just plain Bill.

If they live at Robertson, N.S.W., it means Constable Bowden, or more often just plain Noel.

Robertson is a small township about 80 miles from Sydney. Its scenery is the pretty and precise kind that looks as if it is painted on a backdrop. Australians usually call it "typically English."

With its neat farmhouses set on neat green hills, dotted with neat brown cows, Robertson looks very peaceful and generally is.

They don't have any crime waves at Robertson, but there is plenty for Constable First-class Bowden and his assistant, Constable Vince Buckley, to do.

Their patrol is about 100 square miles and has an adult population of 1760.

Country patrols vary in size and type of country, but Robertson in essentials is typical.

And Constable Bowden in most particulars is typical of country policemen. He is 33, married, and has been in the Police Force since a few days after he turned 21.

He was born at Yass, N.S.W. Before being sent to Robertson 5½ years ago was stationed at Newcastle and Hamilton.

Like most country policemen, Constable Bowden has a fountain-pen in his hand more often than a baton.

He is Acting Clerk of Petty Sessions, Agent for the Public Trustee, Crown Lands, Consolidation Bailiff, Inspector of Slaughterhouses, Shops and Factories Inspector, Inspector under the Inflammable Liquids Act and Explosives Act, and collector of agricultural, dairying, and pastoral statistics for the Government Statistician. During September, Constable Bowden, as Acting Clerk of Petty Sessions, has to register approximately 700 dogs.

The simplest way for a country policeman to do this is to go to the local dances and register dogs when their owners can spare some time from the dance-floor.

There is no doctor or dentist at Robertson, the nearest being at Moss Vale or Bowral.

Constable Bowden has to cope with local emergencies. He splints broken limbs and dresses cuts and abrasions.

Sometimes he has handled more complicated injuries to motorists who have been involved in accidents in his patrol.

So far he hasn't delivered any babies, although there have been a few close calls.

Bushfires are not a great menace in the Robertson district, although the town has a team ready to handle emergencies.

Greatest nuisance to the police is inexperienced hikers, who wander off into the valleys, which from the heights look deceptively easy to cross, and get lost.

A fascinating locale for a chase sequence in a thriller book or film is Wingecarribee Swamp, which covers many square miles of the district.

It is a flat, peat-covered area with occasional patches of glistening water.

The peat in most places is five feet deep, but there is a known depth of 83 feet of water underneath.

Occasionally cattle disappear in it, and only police or people who know the area extremely well would venture on to the swamp.

The Robertson court sits only twice a year, in August and January. Most of the cases dealt with involve people travelling through the district.

Last August 31 cases were heard in the local courtroom. The charges were mainly stealing, traffic offences, shooting on Sundays.

Constable Bowden's wife, Joyce, was a city girl, from North Strathfield, but now she is as fond of the country as he is.

A policeman's wife in a country town is much closer to her husband's job than in the city.

Mrs. Bowden, who has two children, Denis, 10, and Dawn, eight, has a busy life.

While the two policemen are absent

FAMILY GROUP. Children Dawn and Dennis, Constable Bowden, and Mrs. Bowden relax in the afternoon sun.

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"WHERE DO I SIGN?" Robertson dairyman Mr. Chris Iveson, who must register his herd because he sells milk direct to consumers, fills out the necessary form for Constable Bowden.

HELPING WITH THE WASHING-UP. Constable Bowden dries dishes for Country Women's Association members at dance. Robertson C.W.A. caters at all local functions. From left are: Mrs. T. Hocking, Mrs. M. Wick, Mrs. E. Armstrong, Mrs. F. Walker.

...e is a sweet cop...

from the station on official business, Mrs. Bowden answers the phone, takes official messages, and sometimes delivers them.

She also provides meals for the prisoners, takes reports of crimes, searches female prisoners, and, as her husband says, "is as good as another policeman and equally as efficient."

The country policeman serves as a substitute for that obsolete institution, the parish pump. His activities in this way often seem remote from what city people think of as police work.

Apart from dairying and vegetable-growing, the chief occupation of Robertson people seems to be forming committees.

They have committees for the Bowling, Football, Hockey, Cricket, and Tennis Clubs, and one for every aspect of local progress, such as the Show, School of Arts, and Park committees.

On many of these Constable Bowden serves, or at some time has served. One month, Constable Bowden was away from home every night except one.

Lively youngster

ROBERTSON is a very old settlement. The first pioneers arrived there in 1862. Many of the farmhouses date back to the last century.

It is not known exactly how old the police station and residence are, but they were built in Queen Victoria's reign, because the letters "V.R." are entwined in the wrought-iron of the verandah.

Robertson, in common with most country towns, has its oldest inhabitant.

He is Ned Humphries, who is 83. His mother died when she was 104 and her mother at 106.

It is not surprising then that Ned Humphries is one of the liveliest youngsters in the township, and an active and enthusiastic member of the bowling club.

His father was one of the pioneers of the district, who came in 1862. Ned remembers his father walking along a bush track to Jamberoo, 20 miles away, every Saturday morning, and carrying back the week's provisions the same day.

He remembers, when he was a lad, one man going 25 miles to Kiama, on the coast, to fetch a doctor for a man with a broken leg, and walking back the same day.

A local industry which flourished briefly while liquor was in short supply during the war was distilling.

In the caves in the mountains a very potent brand of moonshine was made for a short and happy period, until the hideout was raided.

Constable Bowden said that one sample confiscated by the Customs Department was 127½ per cent. overproof. Rum is generally 33 per cent. overproof, so whoever bought the Robertson brand of hooch certainly got value for their money.

Constable Bowden said he asked one of the retired distillers what moonshine tasted like, and was told it was "very good for snakebite and mosquito-bite."

Sometimes Constable Bowden's job keeps him busy 24 hours a day, sometimes only a few hours. When he is free of official chores he is a man with hobbies.

He breeds cocker spaniels and at present has six dogs. He gardens enthusiastically, and he fishes for trout (after issuing himself with a licence at 10/-).

When he was stationed in Sydney, Constable Bowden belonged to the Police Choir, and he has a robust baritone voice. He is also willing to entertain at private parties with impersonations of Bing Crosby, Richard Tauber, and other singers.

Constable Bowden is very keen about football, although he doesn't play any more. He played for the Wingecarribee Club, which represents Moss Vale and Robertson, when he first came to the district, and now is one of the selectors.

He was one of the selectors of the Southern Division League team which defeated Great Britain at Wollongong earlier this year. He teaches wrestling at the local athletic club.

Constable Bowden calls himself a career policeman.

He thinks his lot is a very happy one. (Perhaps when Gilbert wrote his ditty he was intent on making the sentiment fit the rhyme, and knew as little about police as he did about pirates.)

Judging from Constable Bowden, being a country cop is rather a "sweet cop."

PROSECUTOR in traffic case, Constable Bowden questions witness Constable Vincent Buckley in Robertson courthouse. On bench is Mr. D. Cayford.

COACHING FOOTBALL TEAM. Keen Rugby League man, Constable Bowden outlines tactics to team members. Standing (from left) are: A. Morris, F. Williams, R. Dinguall. Below: R. McGregor.

MUSICAL EVENING. Constable Bowden sings "On the Road to Mandalay" to entertain friends. From left are: Mr. J. Clark, Mrs. D. Cayford, Mrs. J. Clark, Mr. D. Cayford.

TALKING OVER THE NEWS. Constable Bowden chats to Robertson's oldest inhabitant, Mr. Ned Humphries, 83, in a sunny corner outside Mr. Humphries' weatherboard home. Mr. Humphries has keen mind.

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5789921

They keep their chins well up and stay fit

Former actor says health depends on body stance

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

A revival of the Alexander method for zestful living is taking place in Melbourne, where Mr. Alan Murray, who has completed a course of training in it, is teaching pupils.

According to Tasmanian-born F. Matthias Alexander, now 81, most of mankind's ailments may be traced to the habit humans have of pulling their heads in.

MR. MURRAY has graduated from the Alexander School in London, where the founder still teaches his "Right Use of Self" technique, which he claims marshals mental and physical resources.

Pupils include Sir Stafford and Lady Cripps and Aldous Huxley.

According to Mr. Murray, the Alexander method is not a series of physical exercises, but a training in breaking down old habits of action for a new approach to everyday living, from hurrying for a train to sweeping the kitchen floor.

"A set of muscles at the top of the spinal column should allow the head and spine to operate like a well-hung door on oiled hinges," Mr. Murray told me.

"Almost everyone instinctively creates a 'false' hinge round about the nape of the neck instead of some inches higher at the base of the skull, where the spine ends," he said.

"When the body is piloted from this 'false' hinge the entire nervous and physical system is thrown out of balance."

Mr. Murray said he shuddered at the gruelling housewives give their spines when they automatically whipped through their household chores.

Mr. Murray also worries when he thinks about women who are ignorant of the correct relationship between spine and head performing pre-and-post-natal exercises.

Mr. Murray was introduced to the Alexander theories on zestful living about five years ago when his wife, who was in poor health following childbirth, took a course of lessons in London. He was so impressed by her recovery that he became a pupil himself.

Mr. Murray said that a group of Australian doctors was interested in studying the Alexander method.

Mr. F. Matthias Alexander, who used to be a Shakespearian actor, worked out his "Right Use of Self" technique in Melbourne more than 50 years ago.

It was all done with mirrors.

Mr. Alexander used to become embarrassed when his voice persistently suffered "fade-outs" at critical moments on the stage.

After months of constantly watching himself in mirrors while speaking, he discovered that his voice returned and his health pepped up as long as he didn't stick his neck out.

Mr. Alexander concentrated even more on his mirrors, "gradually was able to direct his spinal column to perform the job nature intended it to fill."

Mr. Alexander and Mr. Murray now teach that keeping the chin up, not in, counters ailments ranging from asthma to nervous disorders, and broadens the personality.

BEFORE TAKING F. MATTHIAS ALEXANDER'S COURSE IN ZESTFUL LIVING: Melbourne University Conservatorium Drama School student Jan Mudge has "body slumped, neck falsely hinged."

AFTER TAKING F. MATTHIAS ALEXANDER'S COURSE IN ZESTFUL LIVING: British Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Stafford Cripps, keeps his chin poised and his neck correctly hinged according to the Alexander theory. Sir Stafford Cripps is keen vegetarian.

"TREAD LIKE A PANTHER" is the instruction Alexander-method teacher Alan Murray gives drama student Jan Mudge. He tells her to point knee instead of toe, prevent hips thrusting forward.

WRONG WAY to walk is with hips and chin forward and toes pointing out. This stance, according to Mr. Murray, pulls front of body out of alignment, causes many nervous and physical disorders.

KEY TO CORRECT USE OF BODY lies in head being directed forward and up, says Mr. Murray to Jan Mudge as he shows her what he means. The spine straightens out when head is held correctly.

KNEE ACTION, not back bending, is the right approach to using carpet sweeper, broom, or vacuum cleaner, claims Mr. Murray. Demonstrating, Jan Mudge keeps feet apart, follows action of sweeper by bending knees instead of backbone. Be graceful, says Mr. Murray.

ALL HOUSEWORK should be performed with straight back, and without loss of length between shoulders and hips, Mr. Murray says. Jan here brings beans she is stringing up to convenient level with arms, instead of bending her body over to the work.

WEIGHT rests on thighs, not on base of spine, when Jan has a cup of coffee in the Murray manner. She keeps head forward and up, back straight, and arms in relaxed position, with elbows directed by shoulders so that they fall free of the body.

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WARM WELCOME FOR DIGGERS IN KOREA

AUSTRALIAN TROOPS CROSS FROM JAPAN TO KOREA. This picture, taken by Cinesound News, shows members of the 3rd Battalion on board one of the transports that took the unit to battle stations.

British officer impressed by fitness and training

From MASSEY STANLEY, in Korea

No troops who have landed in Korea, with the exception of the British, have undergone more intensive training than the 3rd Battalion of the Royal Australian Infantry Regiment.

The Australians are more fortunate than most equivalent American and British battalions in having a solid leavening of battle-experienced men in their ranks.

THE proportion of veterans among Australian N.C.O.'s is also probably the highest in the theatre.

The result of this was already obvious when I saw the 3rd Battalion in its assembly area near Taegu.

The area was a battlefield only a fortnight earlier.

My experience has been that members of the average American unit would have dropped all other precautions but the wearing of steel helmets when so far from the actual battle zone. Not so the supposedly casual Australian.

Every concealment opportunity had been taken, every camouflage ruse exploited. Fox-holes were skilfully dug and distributed, guards were well placed and alert.

If a sudden air raid had occurred I am satisfied there would have been few casualties, if any, in the Australian lines, and little damage. I'd hate to think what would have happened to the adjoining American installations.

The Australians have since gone forward with no illusions. They were told, almost brutally, by Brigadier B. A. Coad, Commander of the British Brigade in which they are serving, that their mopping-up programme offered little prospect of glory, though it was dangerous and nasty work.

Over a lunch of frankfurts and pickled cabbage from the American rations, and Australian scones and tea, Captain B. S. O'Dowd and some rank and file members of his H.Q. Company said they were resigned to the "dull" time predicted for them.

However, many of the younger men were downcast. World War II veterans — like battalion R.S.M. W. J. Harrison, of East Coburg, Melbourne, who has seen too much fighting to regard anything the North Koreans provide as any novelty — were philosophical.

"The odds are we won't miss out in the finish," was a typical comment. "We have signed on for three years' service wherever sent, and it isn't too much to hope that there will be somewhere else to send us after Korea washes up."

Highest compliment so far paid to our troops and their C.O., Lieut.-Colonel G. H. Green, of Grafton, N.S.W., was the expression on the face of brigade-commander Brigadier B. A. Coad when he reviewed them at a parade organised in his honor.

"I'm just staggered by their wonderful appearance and fitness," he said later to Colonel Green.

Australian ground forces have been building up steadily—at first secretly—for a month. The advance parties had their share of adventure bringing supplies and laying the foundations for the later arrivals.

One of the most exciting adventures befell nine Australians on board the 60ft. diesel-engine craft Unkasen, bringing a cargo of 100 tons of supplies, a three-ton truck, and two jeeps from Japan to Korea.

The passengers were Lieut. E. G. Alford, of Carlton, Sydney; Sgt. T. Mason, of Warrawool, N.S.W.; Cpl. A. Lane, Scarborough, N.S.W.; Spr. W. A. (Buddha) Balmer, Bairnsdale, Vic.; Dvr. L. Hong, Camperdown, Sydney; Pte. K. Merriman, Camberwell, Melbourne; Pte. J. Salvia, Glebe, Sydney; Pte. A. Criscoll, North Melbourne; and Pte. S. Ebert, Prahran, Melbourne.

The Unkasen left Kure with every prospect, according to weather predictions, of a good passage across the Korean Strait.

Heading out to sea, she suddenly ran into a cyclone. Huge seas threatened to suck her down, but the Australians weren't drowned. Instead they became temporary castaways.

The Unkasen made for Tsushima Island, in the middle of the Korean Strait. Corporal Lane has recorded the story of those few days in laconic but graphic war diary entries. Here are some extracts:

16th. Cyclonic storm. Will have to make for Tsushima. As we turn, all rations washed overboard. We had two days' rations for only seven men, though nine aboard. Jap crew has own rations. Took shelter at Mizusake. Signalled coastal patrol for help. Don't think they saw. No radio. Nothing to eat.

17th. Pool all possessions. Buddha Balmer and Keith Merriman take these and go in search of food. Result was interesting mixture of purchase and barter. One rooster equals 1 chocolate bar, one bar of washing soap, 2oz. of tobacco, and 100 yen; 1 onion equals 2 packets of cigarettes and 1 bar of toilet soap. "Without costs," Buddha obtained quantity of carrots.

18th. Left Mizusake 0900hrs., but compelled to put into another inlet—Nita Wan. Not even "living off land." No money or goods for further barter. Hong and Salvia volunteer to go on habitation-to-habitation canvass. From various sources they get haversack of rice. Balmer also "liberated" one fairly large pumpkin. Quiet day.

19th. Left Nita Wan 0700hrs. Lady Shirley (formerly General Robertson's yacht), pressed into supply-carrying service, passes us on way back to Kure from Pusan. Reached Pusan without further trouble at 1100hrs.

The Australian advance party in Korea, numbering 60, was commanded by Major Leslie Hopton, of Adelaide. He's a Tobruk Rat who has remained in the Army since 1939. With bulldozers and hard physical labor, Major Hopton and his men transformed a former municipal dump into an excellent camp site.

Teamwork in home competition

Many married and engaged couples are working together on entries for our Plan-A-Home Contest.

"My wife and I like . . ." or "my fiancee and I agree that . . ." are phrases that occur often in covering letters sent with entries.

CLOSING date for the contest is November 10. Readers are asked to submit plans as soon as possible before that date so that preliminary judging may be done.

Entries received indicate a great deal of thought in the preparation of plans, and lively differences of opinion on certain aspects of home building.

A number of readers have asked if enclosed verandahs should be included in the permitted floor space of 14 squares. If the verandah is completely enclosed, it should be included as a room.

RULES ARE SIMPLE

YOUR entry must consist of:

1. A plan of a three-bedroom house situated in the suburbs or in the country.

2. A brief explanation of the plan and a description of color scheme and furnishings.

Plan:

A ground plan with the sizes of the rooms indicated and positions of doors and windows marked. If you propose to build in some of the furniture, show where this would be done.

The house may be up to 14 squares (1400 sq. ft) in size, excluding verandahs or terraces.

Site for the home is a block of land 50ft. in frontage. Frontage to road faces south. Most pleasant views are to north.

Explanation:

Say in your own words why you arranged the rooms as you did and add a description of the way you would furnish it, giving colors and the type of furniture.

Conditions:

No person who earns a living, or has ever earned a living, as, or is training to be an architect, architectural designer, architectural draughtsman, builder, or interior decorator may enter this competition.

Finalists will be required to sign a declaration that their plan is their own unaided work and that they have not had advice or help from any architect, architectural designer, architectural draughtsman, builder, or interior decorator.

No member of the staff or relative of a member of the staff of Consolidated Press Ltd. may enter this contest.

Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received. The decision of the judges will be final and each competitor will enter the competition on that basis.

Copyright on all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd.

Write clearly and on one side of the paper only.

Address your entries to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney. The envelope should be marked—Plan-A-Home Contest.

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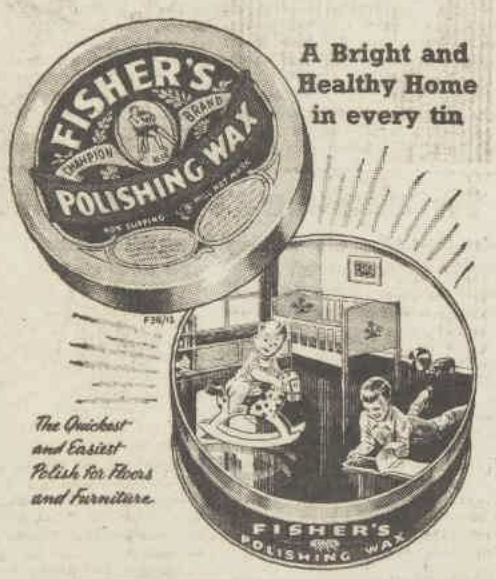

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BOOK REVIEW

by AINSLIE BAKER

In an age of hail-fellow-well-met, reporters-at-large, and cafe columnists turned international observers, it is a welcome change to find a travel book written by an author with a cultured mind.

Such an author is Roderick Cameron, who with his mother, the Australian-born Countess of Kenmare, visited this country in 1947.

MR. CAMERON'S awareness of historic values, appreciation of architecture, and eye for color and design make him a fruitful observer.

He writes with ease about the dresses of the ancient Egyptians, the bathing habits of the Versailles Court, Australian colonial architecture, and Lowestoft china.

Cameron has constructed his book as a triptych. The subject of the central panel is Australia. Egypt and Ceylon form the pendants.

If "My Travel's History" (cumbersome title taken from Othello) is a first book—as I believe it to be—it is an achievement.

Fortunately for the reader's temper, most of the author's irritating immaturities are exposed before the book gets readily under way.

It seems at one stage, with allusions to Lady Diana Duff Cooper, the Prince of Monaco, Lady Cunard, truffles and champagne, that it is going to be just another book by a tiresome and affected young man. This proves to be far from the case.

The first section of the book deals with the tombs of the Mamelukes, a trip up the Nile by paddle steamer ("like an Edwardian country house evoked from the past, transplanted by chance on the Nile"), and a caravan to the oasis of Fayyum.

A visit to the tombs of the nobles in the Valley of the Kings gives this feeling of ancient Egypt:

"We are handsome, and lean, and tall, with powerful shoulders and flat muscular chests, we have sinewy arms terminating in long nervous hands, narrow hips, and shapely legs: our wives and daughters are enchantingly pretty, willowy with great big eyes like a doe and cool hands and shell-pink nails.

"Our sons, like ourselves, are bronzed and healthy, kilted in the purest white linen, which exposes their knees and calves, nervous and muscular as is generally the case with a pedestrian race; our feet are long, thin, and flattened for we are always going barefoot. We usually dress in white and our women too."

The most beautiful tomb of all Cameron considers to be that of Rhamose, a councillor of Thebes in the reign of the heretic King Akh-en-Aton, in whose time Egyptian art came to its renaissance.

"The gods and royalty were always in profile, it was only the slaves who were portrayed full face, for Divinity deigns not to notice the paltry doings of this world," Cameron says in describing the tomb of Har-em-hab, the soldier Pharaoh.

Cameron writes as a painter might. "Shrill yellow" describes a native child's dress. "Their fallen petals the texture of kid gloves worn by a woman at a ball" (magnolias). And of gum trees, "sun-refusing leaves."

He calls Canberra "a capital in search of a city . . . an early Corot landscape—pale, pale sky and lion-colored hills. Shadow are dusty blue and grey, soft in outline, furred like the skin of a peach."

The person Mr. Cameron was most interested in meeting in Australia was Mrs. Dairy Bates, the Kabbarli and self - appointed guardian of the aboriginal.

He went with his mother to see Mrs. Bates several times in the small suburban house to which she has retired in Adelaide. They found her "cheerful, gay, warm-hearted, an extraordinarily young-old lady of eighty-eight, with failing eyesight and failing memory.

She told him on parting, "I am old and I can give you advice. Be good, but if you are you will be dull."

Cameron has what amounts to a genius for eccentrics and originals. He collects them wherever he goes, like other men might collect spoons showing the coats-of-arms of cities they have visited.

RODERICK CAMERON

Best of all, Cameron loves old ladies who cling to a vanished way of life. He is tender and charming in writing about them, obviously adoring their foibles and indexing them with a connoisseur's eye.

He finds few complimentary things to say about Australian cities. He repeats the truism that Sydney had the misfortune of acquiring the means for her expansion in the flush of the Victorian era, when tastes were often vulgar.

But "Sydney has its charm," he adds. "One must hunt carefully for it, though. Like a faded beauty, one catches fleeting glimpses of what must have been . . . St. James' Church in King Street is probably the most beautiful building in the southern hemisphere, comparable, all except for the steeple, to the best of Wren's works."

Cameron, who is still in his early 30's, is a self-confessed disciple of 18th-century French art. He is unhappy and fidgety in any but ancient cities.

It is only when he gets away from Australian civilisation and is in touch with something primitive and forceful that he is in any way attuned to the country of his mother's birth.

There is a long chapter devoted to the Great Barrier Reef, which the Kenmare party inspected at leisure from a 50-foot motor cruiser. Cameron has some interesting things to say about the Hermannsburg Mission, cannibalism, and the rites of blood initiation that the aborigines practise.

"My Travel's History" is published by Hamish Hamilton, London. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.

Editorial

OCTOBER 21, 1950

NEW TASK IN KOREA

COMMUNISM has proved in North Korea, as it has in other parts of Asia, that Eastern peoples can be taught the involved technique of modern warfare in a few years.

After four years' training the North Koreans swarmed out of their mountains into the agricultural country of the south, equipped with artillery and tanks, and well versed in the lightning strategy of war to-day.

The democratic forces of U.N.O. were only just strong enough to hold the tide of swarming, fanatic Northerners until the full weight of American arms could be thrown into the conflict.

In a country where white-robed elders walk in majestic calm, wearing black horsehair hats, Communists were able to mount a highly mechanised offensive.

Now U.N.O. must prove that the forces of democracy can teach the better values of the ways of peace as successfully, in as short a time.

They must restore to the white - robed elders and their families the opportunities for meditation and reflection, in their Land of Morning Calm, so cruelly wrested from them by war.

More important still, they must bring economic prosperity to the country.

The brilliant strategy which ended the campaign in the south is a salutary lesson to aggressors that will lose its point if the advantage is not consolidated by rapidly restored order.

All eyes in Asia will be fixed on Korea, and the job democracy is facing.

Establishment of peace and prosperity would enhance the reputation of U.N.O. in the East, but it is even harder to make peace than it is to make war.

U.N.O. cannot afford to fail in Korea if it is not to suffer the fate of the League of Nations.

Loss of prestige there could render useless the crusade for democracy and jeopardise the future of civilisation.

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BRIDAL PARTY. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Chauncy with bridesmaids Susan Watt (left) and Noni Throsby, bride's mother, Mrs. Frank Throsby (second row), and bridesmaids Del Throsby and Pam Chauncy, husband of groom's mother, Mr. J. Goldhill (back row), and Mrs. Goldhill, Tiggy Moses (groomsman), bride's father, Mr. Frank Throsby, Dick Treweeke (best man), and Paddy Throsby (groomsman).

HAPPY COUPLE. Peter Chauncy and his bride, formerly Jill Throsby, duck from confetti showered on them by guests after their marriage in 100-years-old Throsby Memorial Chapel, adjoining the bride's home at Moss Vale.

THREE COUSINS. Mrs. John Throsby, left, and Mrs. Leslie Friend, of Double Bay, discuss wedding with Peter Osborne, of "Merloora," Mittagong.

YOUNG GUESTS. Sister and brother Jan and John Parkinson, "Hoxton Park," Liverpool, chat with Wendy Throsby, daughter of the George Throsbys, of Moss Vale, at reception. Wendy is a nurse at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

AT RECEPTION. Flaxen-haired Muriel Marks wears sugar-pink organdie ballerina frock and fluffy pink bolero as she describes bride's frock in detail to her mother, Mrs John Marks, of Moss Vale.

Country WEDDING

DIRECT descendant of one of Australia's early explorers, Jill Throsby, was married to Peter Chauncy in the family chapel at Moss Vale.

Jill is the eldest daughter of the Frank Throsbys, of Throsby Park, Moss Vale. Her ancestor was Dr. Charles Throsby, who was ship's surgeon on the convict ship Coromandel, which came to Sydney in 1802.

Her family's tiny, century-old sandstone church is set in a corner of the original grant of 1000 acres of land which was given to Dr. Throsby by Governor Macquarie as a reward for his explorations.

• • •

"THROSBY PARK," set on the brow of a hill, took 300 convicts two years to erect, in 1834, and has been the seat of the Throsby family for six generations.

Every nail is handmade, and the woodwork, even to the magnificent white columns on the long verandah, is solid cedar.

The tiny church could not accommodate all the guests, so only 30 close relatives attended the ceremony at 5.30 p.m., but 150 guests were present at the reception an hour and a half later, in the family's massive white home, "Throsby Park," which adjoins the chapel.

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BRIDE'S dainty gown of frothy white nylon net and chantilly lace was a gift of family friend Mrs. Wynyard Batty, of nearby Bong Bong Park, Burradoo, who designed and made the frock.

GUEST AT WORK. Bride's uncle, Jim Robinson, who cooked most of food at reception from his own recipes, offers an oyster pattie to Tony Toohey and his mother, Mrs. Irving Toohey, of Berrima.

SLICE OF CAKE. Jane Throsby and David Hoskins, of Moss Vale, offer wedding cake to Jane's mother, Mrs. George Throsby, Maris Maddox, of Sydney, and Richard Sly, of "Rippowan," Bowral.

YOUTHFUL attendants were Jill's sisters, Noni and Del, Peter's sister, Pamela, and Susan Watt, who chose buttercup organdie frocks patterned in tiny white flowers over stiff melon-green taffeta. Jill's bouquet of orchids and carnations was brought from Sydney by the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. J. Goldhill, and Mr. Goldhill, of Point Piper, on the afternoon of the wedding.

• • •

NO stiff artificial orange blossom for the bride, as heavily scented blooms on her veil came direct from orange orchard of her uncle and aunt, Dick and Betty Osborne, of "Hillcrest," Windsor.

• • •

ALTHOUGH the home has 28 rooms, none was big enough to accommodate 150 guests at the reception, so the bride's father erected a marquee in the grounds. Lovely flowers on the wedding tables and in the home were arranged by Betty Osborne and Mrs. W. McNaught, of Bowral, who began the task at 9 a.m. on the wedding day. Fragrant lilac, pink cherry blossom, hyacinths, and bluebells all came from neighboring farms.

SIX china swans, bearing orange blossom, sedately encircled three-tiered wedding cake which was a masterpiece of intricate icing in lattice effect, silver doves, and wedding bells. Cake was made by a family friend, Mrs. Joshua Hunt, of Bowral, who also made Jill's 21st birthday cake. It was iced by Mrs. Hunt's daughter, Val North, who said she has "never had a lesson."

• • •

MASTER hand behind the appetising menu for the wedding feast was no Continental chef, but the bride's uncle, Jim Robinson. He spent the afternoon whipping up an exotic chicken dish, Chinese turkey, and enough varieties of macaroni and spaghetti to delight the whole Italian nation. At 5 p.m. Mr. Robinson was seen sucking a raw egg "to get my voice back," as he was soloist at the wedding half an hour later.

• • •

COFFEE and sandwiches were served at 10.30 p.m. when couple were farewelled as they left for honeymoon at Narooma. They will live at "Wattle Hill," a mile from "Throsby Park," on their return.

Anne

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Persuasive Woman

Continued from page 10

BUT the first person who came to his table after Cissie had taken her bows was Beatrice. "I hope you didn't come here to make trouble," she greeted him.

"I came to get the facts for my lawyer." He rose and glowered at her.

"Now, Tom," Beatrice seated herself heavily. "You have the wrong slant, as usual. Cissie and Joe made an amicable deal after you left town, to the vast relief of everyone."

He could see Cissie making her way towards him.

"Here she comes now," he said. "I'd like to talk to her alone, so I won't keep you."

"You certainly will keep me." She lifted her finger for a waiter and ordered a drink. "I have a committee of three lined up to get you certified if you make me any more trouble. Now try to be nice . . . Hello there, Cissie. I was just telling Tom we're glad he's back."

Cissie nodded coldly and permitted Tom to seat her. "How did you think it went?" she asked indifferently.

"Your performance was superb, as usual," he said, averting his eyes, for fear his wrath might melt away. "Of course, you stole the material, no matter what Beatrice told you."

"Beatrice didn't tell me a thing!" she said angrily. "I prefer not to deal with agents. Now don't lose your temper with me again, Tom Chandler, no matter what you think. Joe and I had no trouble coming to an agreement."

"No doubt," he said. "But he can't act without me, as my lawyer will make clear to you."

"Cissie hit the nail right on the head," Beatrice said, "when she said she was the only singer who could put your songs across. They certainly never made any sense before. She said to me the other day, 'If Tom doesn't stop biting the hand that feeds him, he'll end up writing verse for singing commercials.'"

"I didn't say . . ." Cissie tried to interrupt.

But Beatrice was warming to her work. "I agree with Cissie, she doesn't owe you a thing. As far as the professional theatre is concerned, you and Joe are babes in the woods, but luckily Joe is a sweet fellow and willing to take advice. As Cissie said, you'd be smart to let him handle all your contacts."

"Beatrice, will you kindly let me . . ." But Cissie, who had to take care of her vocal cords, was unable to make herself heard. Beatrice was in voice.

"Joe's been lovely!" she roared. "He didn't want to accept anything from Cissie for playing her accompaniments, because he has some sense of gratitude, but of course she insisted on paying him. Cissie is perfectly willing to pay when she gets something for her money, but why should she offer top prices for cold-storage turkey? I don't blame her for being sick of you. Well, maybe you can get June Hailey for your next show."

Cissie turned to Tom desperately. "Is there any way we can get rid of this ghastly woman?" she said imploringly. "She's driving me crazy. I've got to talk to you alone, Tom."

"Goodness, my party will think I'm neglecting them," Beatrice said airily. She rose. "Remember, Cissie, Joe and I are on your side. As you said yourself, you don't have to take a thing from any dime-a-dozen librettist with delusions of grandeur." Bestowing an enormous wink on Tom, which involved all her facial muscles on the side that was not visible to Cissie, Beatrice sailed off.

"I see no point in prolonging this discussion," Tom said to Cissie between clenched teeth.

"Please, Tom," she begged him, "don't pay any attention to that horrible woman. She's trying to make trouble between us, so she can put June Hailey in your next show. I was hurt at the way you talked to me the other day, but I didn't say those dreadful things." She laid her hand on his arm.

"I know I was rude," Cissie said penitently, "but you always make me so mad. Years ago you promised me something in your next show. Then you forgot all about me and picked June Hailey. And you never wired or sent flowers or even called up when I had a success. Then, when I went to you for night-club material, all you had on your mind was getting as much money out of me as you could. I admit I'm not so extravagant as you are, but I'm not a cheap skate." Her voice was tremulous.

"'Skinflint' might be a better word," he said coldly.

"It wouldn't hurt you to be more of a skinflint," she said gently. "Now don't be mad, Tom, but when I called you the other day and found your phone was disconnected, I paid the bill. It was huge, and I bet most of those long-distance calls were unnecessary. I'll take it out of what I owe you."

"You had no business paying my telephone bill," he said, enraged. "I'm going to sue you for that, among other things. Just what kind of deal did you and Joe make while I was conveniently absent?"

"You're the worst-tempered man I ever knew," she said dejectedly. Again he had to avert his eyes. When she looked dejected, he couldn't keep his mind on his lawsuit. "I had to go to Joe when I couldn't reach you," she said pleadingly. "I told him I'd pay your price for the songs."

TOM was cynical. "A sudden change of heart, wasn't it?" he asked. "Apparently Joe has some magic that I lack."

"Joe had nothing to do with it. I've always been crazy about your stuff."

He disregarded this overture. "It seems awfully funny," he said, "that Joe offered to play your accompaniments for nothing. It isn't like him. Unless there's a personal reason."

"There is a personal reason. If you'll glance to the right, you'll see her."

Joe was sitting at a table with the feminine half of the dance team. Tom's face cleared and broke into a grin. He felt as if he had been reprieved from a life sentence. "Pity help me," he said jubilantly. "I'm going to have to work a Brazilian dancer into a show about the Quakers of old Philadelphia. Did I tell you, Cissie, De Laszlo wants to do my next show?"

"He wants to do it if he can get me for the lead," she said. "Who do you think sent him the script?"

"For Pete's sake!" He put his hand over hers. "You will be in it, won't you, Cissie? I know I've been disagreeable, but I thought you and Joe—I mean, I guess I was jealous."

"Was that it?" She looked radiant. "Honestly? Or are you just being nice because you want me to be in your show?"

"That's not half of what I want," he said eagerly, hitching his chair closer to her and taking her other hand.

Cissie gave a slight gasp. Beatrice, on her way out with her party in tow, staring like interested sightseers, had paused by their table. "It's nice to see that you young people are happy," Beatrice benevolently informed Cissie, Tom, and the room at large. "But try to remember, Tom—you're not on a park bench. Although, that's where you would be, if it wasn't for me."

(Copyright)

HOME MOVIES

Use your "EVEREADY" flashlight for looking at baby.

"EVEREADY" for putting the milk jug out.

"EVEREADY" for checking on noises in the yard.

EVEREADY Brand FLASHLIGHTS BATTERIES AND BULBS

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THERE'S going to be some fun on Garden Island, Sydney, when the Navy celebrates Trafalgar Day on October 21. Not only will the magnificent Captain Cook Dock be open for inspection, but a submarine, H.M.A.S. Taciturn, will turn on quite a show.

The dock will be filled up and the submarine will dive, surface with guns blazing, be hit with an imaginary shell, appear to be damaged, and roll over and sink.

And while all this excitement is going on, navy fire-fighters will go through flames and divers will work under water.

Nelson's famous signal, "England expects that every man this day will do his duty," will float aloft as it did 145 years ago at the Battle of Trafalgar.

Ocean yachtsmen build a new boat

LIKE their Viking ancestors, Tryg and Mick Halvorsen, of Neutral Bay, Sydney, well known throughout Australia for their sailing activities, cannot keep away from the blue water.

Having raced thousands of miles and brought the Trans-Tasman Cup back to Australia from N.Z. with their 34ft. cutter Peer Gynt, they sold the cutter for dollars in America.

Now they are busy getting ready a new racer for the 1950-51 Sydney-Hobart yacht race.

To be launched late this month, Solveig, named after the girl-friend of Peer Gynt in the famous Ibsen story, is a Scandinavian-designed 36ft. double-ended sloop.

Tryg tells us they will defend their Trans-Tasman Cup in January. Also, with a bit of luck, they may enter the next big American blue-water classic, the San Francisco to Honolulu race next year.

* * *

ABSENT - MINDED professors have nothing on world-famous conductor Otto Klemperer, who recently visited this country.

On arrival in Australia by air, Klemperer went to alight from the plane, probably deep in musical reverie, without his shoes, his brief-case, or personal hand luggage.

WORTH REPORTING

Paris is tired of boyish look

WE sense we are not alone in giving a sigh of relief when Australian fashion designer Eve Ogilvie tells us Paris has dropped the Boyish Look, revived from the days of 1920.

Miss Ogilvie brought back this cheery piece of news from her most recent trip to Paris, New York, and London in search of the most appropriate "look" for the Australian woman's 1951 winter wardrobe.

"New York is still clinging to the chemise dress, but if Paris has dropped it, it's dead," she assured us. "Collections are generally feminine, with every curve where it should be. The 1920's have their last flutter in the flaring-below-the-knee line. Fath's collection is built around this line.

"The bodices are not the old washboard type, but draped under the bustline, then tight to the knee, where the flare is sometimes accentuated with contrasting fabric."

After the many ropes of pearls we've seen around Sydney women's necks, we were surprised to hear there was not a pearl in the collections. Every necklace was of heavy, diamond-like rhinestones, with bracelets to match.

Sun glasses can be used as mirrors

A FASHION note which fascinated us recently: the newest glare glasses imported into Australia from Italy, where they are manufactured for America.

These glasses look like any other smart sun glasses. The pair we saw were pink-shelled trimmed with blue, but when you turned them round and looked into the front of the lenses they became perfect mirrors. There's no trick, and it's a trade secret which even the distributors don't understand.

"Why, from milkweeds, of course."

The ice-cream man cometh no more

ICE-CREAM seller Mr. Fred Craven, aged 65, of Ealing, London, travelled 100,000 miles selling his ware to Londoners, but he still doesn't like it himself.

Mr. Craven has just retired after 28 years' employment with a sausage-making firm.

The connection betwen ice-cream and sausages would not strike an Australian immediately. However, when Mr. Craven began peddling his wares there was a superstition in England about eating pork and rabbit in months which had no "r" in their name.

So his firm decided to turn to ice-cream in May, June, July, and August, when sausage-selling came to a standstill.

From 1922 to 1939 Mr. Craven, in flowing white cape and white chef's cap, sold his ice-cream along a fixed beat.

In 1939, when "Stop Me and Buy One" ceased because of the war, 8500 men were employed selling ice-cream in this way.

Although ice-cream is now being made in England again, the ice-cream seller on wheels hasn't regained his old popularity.

Children who cannot grow up

OUR publication of Pearl Buck's moving story of her daughter, "The Child Who Never Grew," has brought a sheaf of correspondence from mothers and others interested in the problem of backward children.

These extracts from readers' letters bring home the heroism with which these wonderful women shoulder their burden. They also emphasise the need for special schools and treatment.

Hawthorn, Vic.: "Many, many thanks for the space you provided in your paper for 'The Child who Never Grew.' I have a child who is mentally retarded. There is a great and pressing need for widespread recognition of these children."

Port Noarlunga, S.A.: "I have suffered like Pearl Buck. The agony a parent goes through is unbelievable. She has not exaggerated a bit. Here in South Australia we have the Minda and Craigburn Homes, which are doing grand work."

Lismore, N.S.W.: "My search too was for a home for my child, not just to be hidden away, but treated as a human being. I found St. John of God Brothers, who are doing a wonderful job."

Murrumbeena, Vic.: "My little girl is now nine. We mothers with other children cannot spend every minute of the day with the backward one. There is the hopelessness of nothing being done to help them too. Pearl Buck's story gives us fresh hope."

is lover of flowers

THE secret of the marathon run in office of South Australia's 54-year-old Premier, Mr. Tom Playford, may lie in the relaxation he finds in his garden. Mr. Playfair has outstripped the previous record premiership of 11 years 297 days held by the late Sir Henry Parkes, of N.S.W.

His home at Norton Summit, in the Adelaide hills, is at the head of a gully, the slopes of which are covered as far as the eye can see with thousands of cherry trees.

Round the house gardens include masses of rhododendrons, hydrangeas, foxgloves, roses, and other flowers.

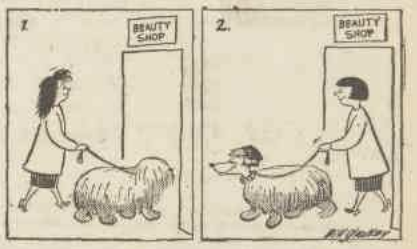
But his greatest pleasure is in his large orchid-house, which he built in his spare time, taking almost two years to complete the job.

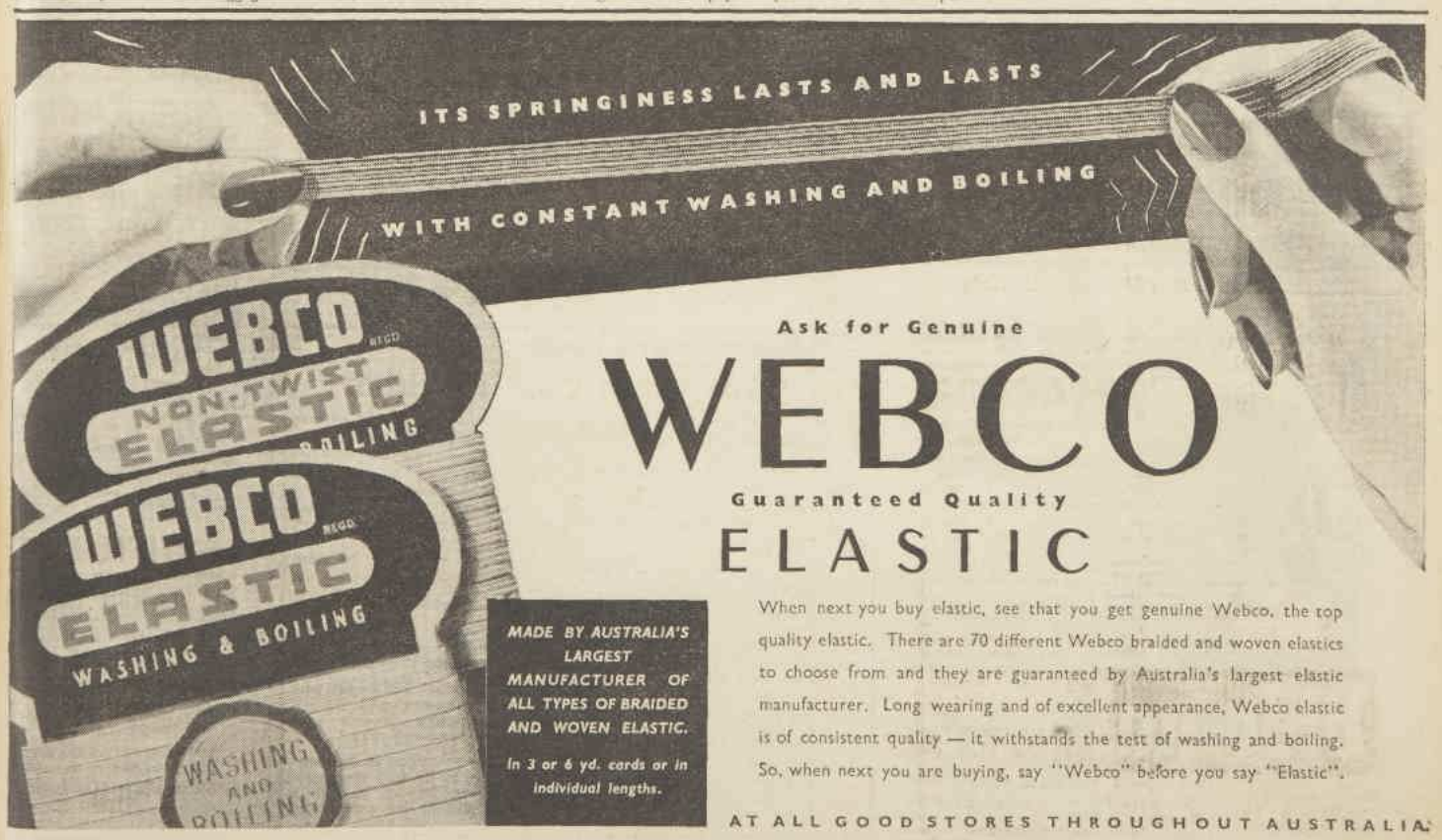
He has hundreds of varieties and he never makes a trip to Canberra or other cities without taking back a new plant or two. At the moment he is keenly watching a flower developing on an orchid he brought back from England last year.

The night Mr. Playford passed the premiership record he and Mrs. Playford were at the pictures.

"We have many official outings together," Mrs. Playford told us, "but we can rarely go out together privately. It was lovely."

The Playfords have two growing-up daughters and one son, Tom Playford, who is five years old and the fifth generation to carry his name. His great-grandfather was Premier of South Australia from 1887 to 1889 and from 1890 to 1902.





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Enjoy DAILY

REGULARITY

and build yourself UP without medicines

Mrs. B. Parry, of 6 Woniora Ave., Wahroonga, N.S.W., writes: "I suffered from constipation for years, and tried all kinds of medicines. Today I rely on All-Bran alone, and I feel a new person."

Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural Laxative, Health Food and Blood Tonic

Your health depends on what you eat—every day. Today's soft, mushy, over-cooked foods often lack the vital bulk your system needs for regular elimination. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies smooth-acting bulk which helps prepare internal wastes for easy, gentle and natural elimination . . . *no medicines needed.*

Health Food

Made from the vital outer layers of wheat, Kellogg's All-Bran brings you more protective food elements than whole wheat itself! Kellogg's All-Bran is actually richer in iron than spinach—and it is a natural source of Vitamins B, for the nerves, B_2 for the eyes, Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones, and Niacin for the skin. It not only relieves constipation, but builds you up day by day at the same time.

Delicious This Way

Kellogg's All-Bran has a tasty toasted, nutty flavour. You may prefer to eat it sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal or straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Ask for Kellogg's All-Bran. Sold at all grocers.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN*

*Registered Trade Mark

A.B.T.S.-5

If toothbrush warns of **bleeding gums**

Look out! You may have

PYORRHEA

4 out of 5, regardless of age, may have it.

Dreaded Pyorrhea—natural enemy of beautiful teeth and healthy gums—is no respecter of persons. 4 out of 5 may get it!

Neglect may lead to soft, spongy gums and loosening teeth. So start taking better care of your teeth and gums. See your dentist. Then, at home, massage gums and brush teeth twice daily with Forhan's—the only toothpaste with the special anti-Pyorrhea astringent of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

Forhan's

DOES TWO JOBS — CLEANS TEETH, SAVES GUMS

The only toothpaste with the special anti-Pyorrhea astringent. Price 1/10. Extra large tube, 2/9.

Agents: Sheldon Drug Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"PAT."—Smart linen frock, featuring a new neck and sleeve treatment, with an unusual skirt effect. The material is linen in white, yellow, tan, natural, light pink, blue, turquoise, and brick.
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32, 34, and 36in. bust, £5/5/-. Postage, 2/6 extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32, 34, and 36in. bust, 79/11. Postage, 2/6 extra.

"VERA."—Smart blouse, featuring Peter Pan collar with front buttoning and cuffed sleeves. The material is a rayon crepe-de-chine in white, blue, pink, and maize; also sheer linen in pale blue, green, pink, maize, and white.
Ready To Wear: Linen, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 35/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 37/6. Crepe-de-chine, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 29/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 32/6. Postage on each, 1/6 extra.
Cut Out Only: Linen, 32 and 34in. bust, 25/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 27/3. Crepe-de-chine, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 21/1; 36 and 38in. bust, 22/9. Postage on each, 1/6 extra.

"BETTY."—A smock with patch pockets and tie neckline in an attractive floral seersucker. Color choice includes red and navy, dusty pink and black, turquoise and pink, and pale blue and navy, all printed on a white ground.
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 21/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 24/9. Postage, 2/- extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 12/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 14/6. Postage, 2/- extra.

• *NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted. Fashion Frocks are sent by registered post.*

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post:

Box 4008, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4008, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use sister—others only.)

It isn't the baking that makes a scone-tray a wreck...

It's harsh cleaning

But sprinkle a little VIM on your pot cleaner and...

VIM's added cleansing power will shift all that baked-on flour without scratching

ALL-DAY *Energy* NIGHT-LONG *Rest*

—WITH HOT OXO

After any effort and exercise you need hot Oxo—to put back energy and strength: the strength of Beef.

And OXO soothes the nerves and gives you restful sleep.

OBTAINABLE AT ALL UP-TO-DATE GROCERS

PERSONALITY QUIZ:

Are you a good neighbor?

Do you apply the good-neighbor policy or do you irritate the folk next door? This quiz will help you to find out. Answers on page 24.

1—Is your family a rowdy, happy-go-lucky one, which has lots of late parties, radios blaring, car horns honking, and the dog barking?

2—Do you time your friendly visits (when you take flowers, home-made cakes, and gossip) so that your neighbor is always glad to see you?

3—Do you always know when the young couple next door have had a row, or when the teen-age girl came home later than usual?

4—The man next door has lent you his lawnmower. Before returning it do you wipe it free of grass and oil it?

5—Would you bother to investigate strange lights or noises next door, when your neighbors were on holiday?

6—When your neighbor tells you he has just bought a radiogram, do you feel compelled to say, "We're going to buy one, too"?

7—Would you refuse to mind the neighbor's baby on the ground that the responsibility was too much for you?

8—Following a disagreement with the next-doors, have you ever threatened to go to court?

9—Your child has fought with the neighbor's child. Do you feel unfriendly towards your neighbor because of this?

10—Do you refuse to have anything to do with the people next door because you think they're not in the same social scale?

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HAZEL

"Cut the meat balls in halves?"

BUTCH

"Make her cut it out, Slug. Every time I find somethin' good to eat, she tells me how many calories is in it."

It seems to me . . .

By

Dorothy Drain

IN Queensland, where I'm writing this week's column, there are undoubtedly a great many things of import going on, from an outbreak of safe-blowing to a shortage of onions.

However, the object of my few days' visit was to see something much more absorbing, and which surpasses in fascination anything I saw in seven weeks round the Far East—a new niece.

All the hackneyed things in life are true. They are, in fact, hackneyed because they are true. And one of the most notable of these is that while one's interest in a strange baby may flag, a baby to whom one is related is of never-failing interest.

This is partly because relatives, especially aunts, have the immemorial privilege, when confronted with new nieces or nephews, of assuming the mantle of mother-craft experts.

"See," you say proudly, "she's gone to sleep. Now if you walk her up and down THAT way, using a kind of waltz step, it may be hard on the carpet, but it rocks her like a cradle. Why do you think there are all those old songs about rocking babies to sleep? And the hand that rocks the cradle, and all that? Must be based on something, you know."

The reason that this interference is allowed to go on from generation to generation is that mothers, while aware that their children are being spoiled, can't resist the fact that relatives share their conviction that this is a really remarkable baby.

* * *

WITH some surprise I note that there was only one Queenslander among the eight finalists in a nationwide tea-drinking contest sponsored by the Tea Bureau.

How careless of me, I thought at first, to be absent from the country when a contest of this kind was being conducted.

Later, reading that this finalist, an incinerator fireman, drinks 75 cups of tea a day, I realised that my record of 15 was nothing to boast about.

Still, you would think that a State where many hotels serve tea with the soup would produce more than one finalist in such a competition.

Those of us who were reared in the tea-drinking belts of Australia are apt to apologise for the preference when in cosmopolitan society. It would probably be better for our pride and the tourist trade if we made a feature of it, demanding tea with the soup at the Savoy and Shepheard's just as the Americans demand their iced water.

* * *

ONE of the big things that nations have to learn is to love their allies, even if they can't love their enemies.

Although most individuals of any country find that individuals of any other country aren't bad sorts when studied at close quarters, national prejudices die hard.

I had an illuminating instance of this when travelling on an American transport plane. An American serviceman turned to me and asked pleasantly, "Excuse me, Ma'am, are you British?"

I said yes, that I was Australian, and was described on the plane's manifest as a "British female."

"I thought so," he said. "I said to my friend here, 'I think that lady's British,' but I didn't like to ask you at first, in case you were offended."

ONE of the girls in our office, about to be married, asked how I enjoyed my trip. I was able to assure her that, should she travel abroad, a husband would be one of the most useful things a woman can take along with her luggage.

All the Customs and Immigration forms one fills in going from country to country are designed so that husbands fill them in for wives and children.

Travelling by sea these matters don't loom so large. There's time to forget them between ports, and to hear all about the quirks of particular countries from those on board who've been there before.

In air travel, though the forms undoubtedly help to pass the time, they seem to be always with you.

Feminists, for all I know, may look forward to the day when a wife makes her own customs and immigration declarations before arriving in a new country.

But I have never pretended to be a feminist.

As I filled in forms assuring the Singapore authorities that I carried no firearms or dangerous drugs, declared to the Philippines people that my person and baggage were free of the seeds of various noxious weeds, told the Japanese customs clerks what foreign currency I carried, I decided that married women would be very foolish to interfere with the present state of affairs.

They don't know how lucky they are, never having to wonder wildly whether they've thoughtlessly packed a revolver among their nylons.

* * *

IF there were any validity in the notion that practice makes perfect, I ought by now to be able to pack, having packed 15 times in the past eight weeks.

But, for practice to make perfect, there must be some initial talent for the job.

Nevertheless no returned traveller can resist giving advice to others.

The thing about packing as in everything else is to know your limitations.

If you can't fold a dress, there's no use wasting your time trying to learn how when in foreign parts. Instead, take nothing but seersucker, jersey, or nylon for hot climates.

Even if you don't quiver at spending six shillings to have an evening dress ironed, it's still more convenient if the things don't need ironing. Whether you're working or travelling for pleasure, there are better ways to spend your time than fussing about clothes.

But as for those two perfectly good pieces of advice one always hears: (a) travel light, and (b) take everything you need. One is as good as the other. Reconcile them if you can.

* * *

A SIGN on display in a city bookshop reads: "Book of the Hour."

The author has a notion; an idea
Burns in his brain and haunts his fevered days.
Perhaps he spends a month, perhaps a year,
Vain fellow, in the hope of critics' praise.

Someone may surely like it, someone must,
He thinks; and types with toil and ! et
And secret hopes that when his bones are dust
It may adorn some standard classic set.

Yet in his heart, there sounds a grateful cry
When "Book of the Hour" his masterpiece they hail—
An hour he'll treasure later when it lies
Marked: "All on this table sixpence," at a sale.

LAST DAYS!
RINSO/LIFEBUOY
£6,000 Big Spring Double
3 BIG FIRST PRIZES OF A 12 H.P. VAUXHALL SEDAN
See how the prizes double up!
3 VAUXHALL 12 H.P. SEDANS
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24 HOTPOINT VACUUM CLEANERS
48 SUNBEAM MIXMASTERS
96 HAWKINS PRESSURE COOKERS
192 HOTPOINT ELECTRIC IRONS
381 PRIZES IN ALL
Hurry! Hurry!
BE IN THE RACE FOR THE BIG PRIZES IN THIS EASY CONTEST. GET DETAILS AND FREE ENTRY FORMS FROM YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE TODAY. CONTEST CLOSES OCT. 19TH
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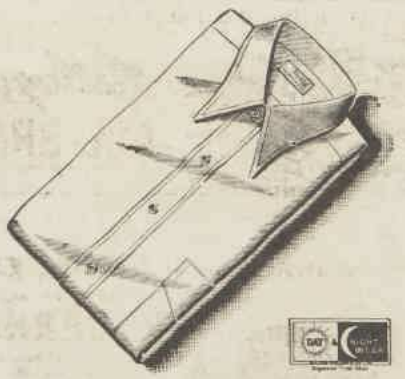

the choice of all sportsmen

On the green, the courts, the oval—wherever sportsmen gather—you'll find cream 'Viyella' shirts the popular choice. 'Viyella,' the wonder-material that wears so comfortably and so well, refreshes itself with each laundering. And that helps you enjoy a game all the more!

'Viyella' Regd.

SHIRTS — if they shrink we replace

Choose your 'Viyella' shirt at leading men's stores THIS WEEK

'VIYELLA,' Box 3335, G.P.O., Sydney

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It's the kiddies favourite NEW lolly-flavoured Gibbs DENTIFRICE

YOUR CHILDREN will run to clean their teeth when you give them the new Gibbs Dentifrice in a specially coloured container for their very own use. * New Gibbs has a delicious fresh-tasting aniseed sweet flavour that all children love.

And what's more, mother knows Gibbs is so good for teeth — it cleans them thoroughly, helps keep them sound, leaves mouths fresh and sweet! Gibbs is economical, too! A solid dentifrice, it easily outlasts two tubes of ordinary toothpaste — children can't leave unsightly trails of toothpaste decorating the bathroom.

Buy Economical New Gibbs Dentifrice Today!

Keeps kiddies teeth -and your own sparkling white

* A DIFFERENT COLOURED CONTAINER FOR EACH MEMBER OF THE FAMILY!

Gibbs now comes in bright-coloured containers — red, blue and green. There's one for each member of the family — one for each kiddie to call his very own!

G.84.WWB2

Don't let your hands say "Housework"

USE Softasilk AFTER EVERY HOUSEHOLD JOB

Hands busy with housework need the gentle care of Softasilk. Use it always after housework, and your hands will be loved not alone for their usefulness but for their romantic loveliness. Softasilk is an excellent powder base and is so soothing to the skin after winter winds.

MEDIUM, 1/3
LARGE, 2/-
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KEEP A TUBE IN YOUR BEDROOM IN YOUR BATHROOM IN YOUR KITCHEN

IT'S HANDIER IN A TUBE

SOFTASILK Hand Beauty Cream

—SA/120

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average

★★ *Train of Events*

THREE directors working on four stories handle the full shooting script of Ealing's entertaining "Train of Events," which is one of the movies which shows the finale first and then flashes back for the conflict.

The fact rates mention because it accounts for the uneven effect of the two comedy and two dramatic stories which culminate in an express train crash.

Peter Finch, Joan Dowling, Jack Warner, and Valerie Hobson each head a unit of film.

If proof is needed that Australian Peter Finch has range as well as depth of expression for the screen medium, here it is. His portrayal of the post-war neurotic who kills his no-good wife, Mary Morris, is the most holding episode of all.

Also on the dramatic side is the sequence in which Joan Dowling, playing a friendless waif giving shelter to a German (Laurence Payne), steals in order to buy for him a passage to Canada to make a new start.

Sturdy British trainman Jack Warner brings a sure and warming touch to the commonplace of middle-class suburban life with Gladys Henson and daughter Susan Shaw, who creates diversion with rival beaux.

Brittle triangle-comedy engages Valerie Hobson and John Clements as a composer-conductor and his wife, with ballerina Baronova filling the third base as the other woman.

Well-bred dialogue adds an astringent note to the spectacle of the modern wife disposing of her husband's facile affair with afternoon-tea and muffins for three.

In Sydney—Embassy.

★★ *Lost Boundaries*

"LOST BOUNDARIES" deals with the lot of the negro in American life, and although it has neither the emotional impact of "Home of the Brave" nor the gentle appeal of "Pinky," it has a quiet sincerity that is impressive.

In telling the story of a white-skinned negro doctor who is torn between his desire not to renounce his negro blood and the impossibility of practising if he professes it, the film depicts personal tragedy without losing sight of wider social implications.

In each phase of action—during the young doctor's confusion, his unwilling concession to necessity in posing as a white man, and his anguish when he is forced to tell his children and the community that he is a negro—the audience sees the plight of one man and realises that of many.

The most outstanding quality of "Lost Boundaries" is that the film is always what it starts out to be . . . an example. It is never sidetracked by personal issues into failing to draw the comparison between Scott Carter, the individual, and the negro population as a whole.

On the debit side is the fact that the width with which the basic problem is treated makes for lack of penetration, and also introduces a tendency to tell rather than enact.

The Universal film is notable for a fine cast. Mel Ferrer gives an excellent account of himself as Scott Carter. His performance is matched by that of Richard Hylton as his son, and among supporting players Canada Lee, as Lieut. Thompson, is outstanding.

In Sydney—Lyceum.

★★ *In a Lonely Place*

WHEN a tough-talking Hollywood writer with a reputation for erratic, even violent, behaviour becomes involved in murder, tense developments are inevitable.

Columbia's film provides a made-to-measure role for Humphrey Bogart as the fiery, fist-flinging author who attracts suspicion because he had taken home attractive restaurant cashier Martha Stewart, whose body is found on a hillside after having been tossed from a speeding car.

In this niche Bogart has the advantage of smooth dialogue and plenty of limelight. In fact, the film is largely a character study of his neurotic but brilliant Dix Steele, and the actor handles it with aplomb.

The testimony of Gloria Grahame is the author's alibi, and from this beginning a closer association grows, only to be overshadowed by doubt of his implication in the crime until the real culprit is pinned down.

The part calls for a blonde of intelligence and sensitivity; undoubtedly Miss Grahame has other virtues.

Good support is provided by Jeff Donnell, Martha Stewart, Frank Lovejoy, and Carl Benton Reid.

In Sydney—Victory.

★ *Mother Didn't Tell Me*

THIS innocuous comedy with an obstetric air is amusing up to a point.

Ingenuous young women who throw inhibition to the wind when they meet the right male are standard motion-picture types who are usually good for a laugh.

Here the heroine is a promotion expert, who promotes herself into marriage with the handsome young medico over his own doubts concerning her suitability and the expressed displeasure of his mother.

Of course she makes all sorts of blunders, and the ludicrous comparison between what she fondly imagined life as a doctor's wife would be and actuality is funny.

Dorothy McGuire, with a past reputation built on dramatic and romantic roles, shows a flair for zany comedy that is charming.

Her co-star, William Lundigan, one of Fox's bright young men, is pleasant. Others in the cast include June Havoc, Gary Merrill, Jessie Royce Landis, and Joyce MacKenzie.

In Sydney—Century.

PERSONALITY QUIZ

Answers to Personality Quiz published on page 22: 1. No. 2. Yes. 3. No. 4. Yes. 5. Yes. 6. No. 7. No. 8. No. 9. No. 10. No.

Eight to 10 right: You carry out the good neighbor policy.

Six to seven: There have been disagreements, and the blame can fall upon both sides. Try a little more tolerance.

Under six: It's hard to realise that YOU are annoying. Don't be a snooper, too aloof, or an unwanted visitor. Strike the happy medium or else live in a desert.

ON OTHER PAGES:

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State Secret, Page 50
Vera-Ellen in London, Page 52

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Flush Kidneys With Cystex and You'll Feel Fine

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(Sgd.) M. L. Zessin, Thompson Estate, Brisbane.

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CLEMENTINA: *Love brought only tears*

FAMOUS WOMEN

● Mistresses of royal personages are usually endowed by history with some sort of romantic aura, often in spite of sordid intrigues and flagrant defects of character. The opposite is true of Clementina Walkinshaw, mistress of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the Young Pretender, and mother of his only child.

CLEMENTINA had her full measure of the ill luck which overshadowed those loyal adherents — the Jacobites — who worked for the restoration of the Stuart kings to the English throne lost in 1688 by King James II.

James II's son, the exiled James III (the Old Pretender), failed in an attempt to recapture the kingdom from the Hanoverians in 1715. James III's son, Charles Edward, failed in a similar throw in 1745.

Clementina fell in love with Charles in Scotland when he was truly "Bonnie Prince Charlie," a tall, handsome man of 25, who exemplified all that was best in the Stuarts—their kingly grace, their courage, charm, chivalry, and ability to lose gracefully.

They met during his brief triumph over the English, and just before he was himself defeated decisively at Culloden, and sent in flight through Scotland to France.

Clementina became his mistress during his subsequent years of exile. They were years of increasing bitterness and poverty, when Charles was pitied and derided by half Europe—years of domestic quarrels and of despair, which he tried to drown in drink.

For Charles, Clementina Walkinshaw sacrificed everything—home, country, fortune, kin, peace of mind, and good name. Yet even posterity has been harsh, stressing her foibles and failings without acknowledging the devotion that led her to link her fate with a lost cause and a broken leader.

Even her loyalty was suspect. The Jacobites feared that Clementina, living with the Prince in France, might betray him and The Cause to the Hanoverian Court in England at which one of her sisters was a lady-in-waiting.

This explanation of her unpopularity with the Stuart adherents seems a truer one than the vague suggestion that there might have been something in her past life to which they took exception.

From the Jacobite viewpoint Clementina's background would seem to have been unexceptionable.

Her father, John Walkinshaw, of Barrowfield, was a loyal supporter of the Stuart monarchy, and in 1716 was sent by Prince Charles' father, the exiled James III, as his envoy to Vienna. Her mother was the former Catherine Paterson, sister of Sir Hugh Paterson of Bannockburn House.

Most historians agree that it was during her father's period serving the King in Europe that Clementina, the tenth and youngest daughter, was born in Rome, about 1721. Strength is lent to this belief by the fact that she was the only one of the Walkinshaw girls to be baptised and reared a Catholic, a circumstance which later was to cause dissension between her and her lover.

John Walkinshaw possibly helped to rescue Princess Clementina Sobieska, the Prince's Polish mother, from the toils of the Austrian Emperor, thus enabling her to marry James in 1719. In 1721 the Princess stood godmother to the baby girl to whom she gave her own names.

Some writers believe that Charles and Clementina were playmates during their childhood days in Rome. Others say that their first meeting did not occur until many years later in Scotland.

Whether it was the renewal of an old acquaintance or an introduction, Charles and Clementina, it is certain, met at Glasgow in January, 1746, when Clementina was one of the Jacobite ladies waiting on Charles.

A week later they met again when Clementina was staying with her uncle, Sir Hugh Paterson, at Bannockburn House, when Charles successfully besieged Sterling — a flash of triumph in a campaign that was soon to collapse.

Charles had developed a severe cold. Clementina nursed him at Bannockburn House during his illness.

It has usually been supposed that their liaison began at this period. Many recent writers object that Charles at this time was little interested in women, that he had inherited from his ancestress Mary Queen of Scots a frigidity which, coupled with an attractiveness to the opposite sex, often resulted in bitter enmities.

After their meeting at Bannockburn nothing is heard of the friendship between Charles and Clementina till 1752, when she went to Europe to become a canoness in one of the Chapters of the Austrian Netherlands —an organisation which is described as "a cross between a girls' school, a women's college, a ladies' club, and a religious order," and entry into which was much sought after by girls of the upper classes.

Charles heard of Clementina's arrival and sent for her to come to Paris to him.

Again it seems that he had no intention of beginning or continuing a liaison but that he merely needed a trustworthy courier.

At this meeting they began almost immediately to live together.

They were both in their early thirties. What attraction this slender, freckled girl had for Charles has never been explained except perhaps that she was from his beloved Highlands.

Although the association, thus begun, continued until 1760 romance was short-lived.

Unlike many mistresses of royalty Clementina does not appear to have had any political ambitions or to have used her position for any sort of intrigue, although most Jacobites, and even James III himself, often expressed the fear that she might make treacherous use of the State secrets to which she was admitted by her lover.

Soon after the beginning of their association an observer wrote:

"The Pretender keeps her well and seems to be fond of her."

The following year, 1753, Charles' only child, Charlotte, was born to Clementina and baptised in the Church of Our Lady of the Fountains at Liege.

The name of the father was given as "the noble Lord William Johnson," and the mother as "the noble Lady Charlotte Pitt."

CLEMENTINA WALKINSHAW sacrificed everything for Bonnie Prince Charlie, but her only reward was grief and obloquy.

Almost immediately, however, question of a separation seems to have arisen, and in November Charles arranged to have Clementina sent to Paris, writing:

"My mistress has behaved so unworthily that she has put me out of patience, and as she is a Papist, too, I discard her also!!!

"P.S.: She told me that she had friends that would maintain her, so that such a declaration and other impertinences make me abandon her. I hereby desire to find out who her friends are that she may be delivered into their hands. Daniel is charged to conduct her to Paris."

The real cause of the first ultimately fatal rift has never been revealed, but it seems most likely that it was nothing more than a domestic quarrel, arising out of incompatibility.

There seems to have been some dispute over baby Charlotte being baptised in the Catholic Church. In addition Clementina continually taunted her lover with the enormous sacrifice she was making by living in sin with him.

Apart from religious disputes, Charles, according to Clementina, was so jealous that he insisted on surrounding her bed with chairs piled high on tables and to which were attached bells which would tinkle if anyone entered her room.

After a reconciliation Clementina and Charles resumed a stormy domestic life complicated by Hanoverian spies and recurrent periods of penury which the increasingly fretful Charles tried to relieve by pawning his possessions.

Charles made and discarded futile plan after plan to recover, with or without French help, the throne that was lost to him forever.

Life was lightened only by their devotion to their daughter, whom Charles called "Pouponne" ("Roly-Poly").

Further evidence of the unhappy domestic position between "Young Mr. Misfortunate" and his mistress was manifest in 1754, when a traveller reported having witnessed an undignified tavern brawl between the pair.

On that occasion Charles addressed Clementina as a "coquine" ("wanton") to which she replied: "Although a Prince you are unworthy to be called a gentleman."

In 1756 Charles and Clementina and their daughter were living at Basle as Dr. and Mrs. Thompson when the question of a separation again arose. During these discussions James wrote to his son:

"If your concern about her, as I flatter myself, be not her person, but the security of secrets you have confided to her, I don't see what excuse or pretence you have to delay sending her into a convent where I will maintain her and her child decently."

In 1760 Clementina took matters into her own hands, and, having secretly fled with Charlotte, wrote to Charles:

"Your Royal Highness is too great and just when you reflect not to think that you have pushed me to the greatest extremity, and that there is no woman in the world who would have suffered so long as what I have done."

She ends a passionate outpouring by sending somewhat incongruously her good wishes to her "dearest prince."

Charles was wretched and furious at the loss of Charlotte. "I shall be in the greatest affliction until I get back the child which was my only comfort in my misfortunes," he wrote.

An attempt to kidnap Charlotte from her mother failed and Charles, in fury, threatened to burn down every convent in Paris till she was found.

But in this, for the last time in her life, Clementina triumphed. She and her daughter were safe in the Convent of the Nuns of the Visitation under the protection of the Archbishop of Paris.

Clementina never saw Charles again, although she lived for more than 40 years longer. She continued to write to him and encouraged Charlotte to do so in the hope of obtaining some recognition and support, but Charles ignored all letters.

He was silent even before Clementina's plea disclaiming any selfish motives. "I adored you and do so still, and it never was nor never will be interest that entered into my sentiments for you . . ."

It was left to James III and his second son, Henry, who had become a Catholic cardinal, to support mother and child. James also created Clementina Countess of Alberstrof.

It was not until Charlotte had reached womanhood that Charles offered to accept her in his household as his daughter if she promised never to see her mother again, but Charlotte refused the condition.

Later Charles relented and Charlotte went to live with him. He was then an embittered, tragic wreck, who had alienated most of his friends, but Charlotte nursed him devotedly and he died in her arms in 1788.

Even after his death Charlotte did not bring her mother to join her in Italy.

Clementina outlived both lover and daughter. She died at Fribourg, Switzerland, in November, 1802, where she had been living for a decade in poverty, obscurity, and neglect.

Her Scottish kinsfolk, spurning even her memory, refused the few small tokens she bequeathed them.

BOOKS in which the story of the romance between Bonnie Prince Charlie and Clementina Walkinshaw is told include "The Life and Adventures of Prince Charles," by W. D. Norrie, and "Prince Charles and His Ladies," by Compton Mackenzie.

Poets in private

A new feature telling of the private lives of famous poets will begin next week. First in the series will be the life of Lord Byron, poet, lover, and revolutionary.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS

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Count of Ten

Continued from page 5

FINALLY, Tiger Tipton managed to speak. "How are you, honey?" he said. "You look wonderful."

"I'm fine," the girl lied.

Tiger Tipton looked at the radio on the table beside the bed. "Listen to the radio much?" He felt that the question was sudden and awkward, and added, "Is it a good one? Stuff comes in clear?"

"It's fine," the girl said, and unaccountably began to weep. Between her little sobs, she said: "You never call me Dolores Dubious any more."

"Ah, honey, I wore that joke out. Why, it used to make you annoyed I used that old joke so much."

"Lying up here," the girl said through her tears, "I guess I got sentimental about that joke."

"Okay, Miss Dubious, see you to-night." Tiger Tipton came over and put his great hands under his wife's shoulders and kissed her. "See you to-night."

"But I'm really Mrs. Tipton, aren't I?"

"You sure are, baby."

"But what's the use of that?"

. . . . . .

The reporters in the promoter's office looked up at Tiger Tipton as he came in, and he said hello to them. Then he walked over to a chair and sat down.

Nick Pulaski cleared his throat importantly. He stood up and rapped on the desk with the promoter's paperweight. "Fellows," he said. "I'll lay it right on the line. Tiger here is going to fight the champion next June, making the most glorious comeback in the annals of boxing, only he's making a condition: The news that he's fighting can't get to his wife."

There was a ripple of laughter, and Nick said slowly, "It isn't a joke, son. Mrs. Tipton is really sick in hospital—so sick if she hears the Tiger's fighting again it might—it would maybe make her a lot worse." He paused. "Maybe it would cause her to not get well," he added. "But if the radio boys will spot their stuff at certain times, we can rig it so the radio won't be in her room when they're talking about the fight. We'll fix the paper some way."

"Is the Tiger broke?" Joe Johnson, sports editor of the local paper, asked.

Tiger looked at him and nodded.

Nick said, "Yeah, and the stuff they're doing for Mattie runs big money."

Joe Johnson had seen Tiger Tipton fight many times and he had known him a long time. He knew a story when he saw one. So he said, not knowing whether it was possible or not, but knowing a story, "We'll run off a special edition of our sheet. Just for her. Just one paper every night with nothing in it about the fight."

"When is it safe to mention the fight on the air?" a radio newscaster asked. "If she listens to me, I'll never mention the fight."

And so a little city in the Middle West ganged up to keep a sick ex-chorus girl from learning that her husband was going, once more, into the ring.

It was, of course, a great human-interest story, worth to the paper (in those editions that Mattie Tipton did not see) reams of avidly read space. And circulation, too. But all the little people that kept the word from Mattie Tipton—well, they just did it . . .

Tiger Tipton went into training. Thirty-five summers and thirty-six winters had come and gone for Tiger Tipton, and the training was a chore, a drudgery that came hard. His old skill and stamina came back very slowly, and only part way back at that. They never do come all the way back. But still he had been a good fighter, always in the best of condition; a slow starter who piled on pace, and he had a record of wins that was marked with many late-round technical knockouts.

The champion was a young negro, big-boned and lean, an explosive puncher, and Nick Pulaski thought that perhaps in the old days, when the Tiger was at his peak, he might have given the colored a boy a good fight if he could have survived the first six rounds. Now, of course, it figured to be no contest. The champion would assassinate him.

He said as much a few days before the fight, for Nick was a realist. "Of course," Nick said in the little dressing-room, watching the Tiger standing on the scales, "there's no percentage in getting your head knocked lopsided . . . You remember what Baer told Artie Donovan when Artie was countin' him out after Louis had teed off on him and Artie thought Max ought to get up?"

The Tiger was thinking about his wife, who was growing steadily worse, and he answered absently in the negative, looking sadly at the figures on the scales.

"Maxie said, 'These people paid to see a fight, not a murder.' I always thought Maxie showed real good sense."

The Tiger turned and looked at his manager and nodded.

"And you training as if it's for your life. You'll get your money just the same," Nick said.

The Tiger said slowly, thinking. "This is a little town, and everybody in this town has helped me not let Mattie know about the fight. I can't cheat them."

"Cheat them!" Nick said. "What will you be doing for them letting them watch you lose?"

That night in the hospital they only let him stay a few minutes, but long enough for Mattie Tipton to say, "You're getting thin."

IT scared him for a minute, and he grinned falsely, trying to think of something to say. "I miss your cooking, honey," he said finally.

The girl tried for an instant to smile, for she had never cooked but once. Just one time, and with the traditional results of funny-paper brides. But now she spoke of that time, tiring herself, recalling details of that fiasco as if trying to relive it, and Tiger Tipton guessed, then, that his wife knew she was dying. And that she didn't care.

The morning they weighed in, the morning of the fight, they told him she was resting—no change. The big colored boy, the champion, asked politely of her, and Tiger Tipton muttered something, and then was afraid he'd been rude and added, "She's about the same, Champ."

The champion spoke of how his own mother had once been so sick the doctors gave her up, but now lived hale as anything in New York.

Nick Pulaski said, from old habit, "The Tiger's in the greatest shape of his life. He's going in there strictly to win. He aims to make the champ jump out of the ring."

Tiger Tipton frowned at him, and the colored boy grinned to show he understood that Nick was talking for the late editions and the gate. "I hope your wife gets well real soon," he whispered.

Tiger Tipton was afraid to go by the hospital that day, and so he tried to rest, lying in the hotel room, waiting for the night. Nick Pulaski came and asked him how he was.

The Tiger said he was all right.

"Nobody knows where you are," Nick said. "I didn't want anybody to bother you."

It was warm, and he looked down at his now lean, naked length, remembering all the sparring, all the roadwork, all the rope-skipping, all those arduous chores behind him now forever.

Please turn to page 34

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MEN TO BEWARE OF!

MISUNDERSTOOD GENIUS. He must always have a sympathiser pandering to his vanity and listening to the story of why he wasn't given the job instead of Brown.

Last week we warned the men. This week we draw the girls' attention to six types of men who'll make difficult husbands.

If the present man in your life could be any of the six shown here—look for someone who'll make a more agreeable life companion.

Such types grow worse with time, not better, so don't deceive yourself that you can change him.

JEALOUS. He'll glower if the girl he's with is noticed by another man—an incurable fault that increases with age. Then he'll sulk until coaxed into a good humor.

OVERDOMESTICATED. Knows too much about cooking and housekeeping for his own good.

•

PLAYBOY. Never wants to go home; will want married life like single.

PATRONISING. Has the "just sign here, little woman" mentality. Refuses to pay any girl the compliment of admitting she can understand business.

BORN TO A RUT. Never wants to go out or to see or hear anything or anybody. Perfectly satisfied with himself and his own closed mind. He'll be a bore before 40.

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"SUNNYSIDE," famous old Adelaide home at Glen Osmond, which has been converted into a film studio by its present owners, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Dobbie.

Historic mansion becomes movie studio

By FREDA YOUNG, staff reporter

An Adelaide couple, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Dobbie, plan to produce Australia's first film musicals in a century-old mansion, "Sunnyside," at Glen Osmond, in the foothills.

There they will make several musicals including "She Didn't Know the Gun Was Loaded" and a musical short depicting the campfire life of Australian stockmen.

"SHE Didn't Know the Gun was Loaded" will be made in conjunction with the Adelaide College of Music. It will have a court background, and the jury will be hillbilly instrumentalists.

Harry Green will be production director and Reg. Newman musical director.

The campfire short will feature outback songs of local singer Peter King.

A long musical, planned for later this year, will use Adelaide College of Music Hawaiian group.

Mrs. Dobbie works out plots and sets, watches continuity, and directs the films she and her husband make.

Mr. Dobbie is the cameraman.

Society centre

FIRST step in the venture was to convert "Sunnyside" into a film studio.

When Sir William Milne, for seven years president of the Legislative Council, owned the house it was the centre of a gay social life. He was in Parliament for 24 years and was fond of entertaining.

"Sunnyside" was two-storied then and stood in 80 acres of garden. Two big entrance-gates were flanked by lodges.

One of the subsequent owners reduced the top story to attic rooms, which still have traces of their former splendor in regency-striped paper on what used to be the ballroom walls.

Sir William, who had a wine and spirit business in the city, planted his property with vines and erected there the first still in South Australia.

The grounds have long since been subdivided, and the house now stands in two acres of trees and shrubs.

Though the imposing gateways were sold with other blocks, Mrs. Dobbie intends to make a garden in keeping with the traditions of the house, with big lawns and terraces.

A few weeks after buying "Sunnyside," Mr. and Mrs. Dobbie had the north wing converted into a soundproof theatre, the floor of which is covered with burgundy floral carpet.

Here the Dobbies will make and screen films.

The kitchen is so big that it has been chosen as the room to be used for interiors. Two cupboards which have been built into the walls will have to be dismantled before they can be removed, and the two ranges and chimney pieces will be taken out.

When the upper story, which included the ballroom, was removed, the main staircase was dismantled, but the narrow cedar stairway leading to the servants' quarters, now attic rooms, is still there.

French-polishers have restored the cedar woodwork of the house to its former glowing tint, and a lofty bookcase has been cut down to made a wide sideboard. The doors are fitted with moulded glass which experts estimate to be 200 years old. Eighteen-inch skirtings in many of the rooms are of cedar. This was apparently held in less esteem than pine when the house was built, because the lofty entrance hall and the double doors leading into reception rooms from the hall are framed in light pine, beautifully grained in the manner of the last century.

Even the porcelain bath and shower were set in cedar. One of the carpenters ripping down the woodwork found the signature of his grandfather, C. G. Langley, scrawled underneath a board over the date, December 29, 1896.

It will be many months before the reconditioning of the house is complete. Hall and lounge-room carpet is being woven in England. Three hundred yards are on order.

The Dobbies told me they went into the film business almost accidentally, five years ago, after they bought a film camera. Mr. Dobbie then had a radio factory.

Two years ago they made their first documentary, the story of the Hermannsburg Mission, which they called "Sons of Night."

Mrs. Dobbie did the research, and wrote the script. Then husband and wife went north to make the film.

Having obtained authentic wardrobes for the cast, they began filming at Bethany, in the Barossa Valley, the point from which the first Lutheran missionary in South Australia set out. They followed his route to the first station, near Cooper's Creek, filming the progress of the mission waggon on the way.

The Dobbies made 12 copies of the film, which were bought in England, America, South Africa, and Europe.

At "Sunnyside" Mr. Dobbie has discovered a trapdoor which might prove the inspiration for a mystery thriller—or farce.

In the room he selected for his bedroom he discovered a massive old trapdoor which had been nailed down.

Removing the nails he lifted it by its ring latch and went below.

The next chapter of this exciting narrative then had to be postponed. The carpet layer wanted to work above.

But Mr. Dobbie had time to observe an oblong excavation, with shovel marks preserved in the hard sides, almost filled with loose soil.

When he has a little more time he intends to investigate.

HUSBAND AND WIFE film team, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Dobbie, of Adelaide, are now planning to make musicals—the first to be attempted in Australia.

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Australian Girl Stars in ROSE MARIE on Ice

From **HAROLD DVORETSKY,** of our London staff

PAT GREGORY, 21-year-old Australian skating star, has scored another triumph in England. She is playing Wanda, the Indian girl, in "Rose Marie on Ice," the £50,000 skating adaptation of the musical comedy of 20 years ago.

There are more than 200 in the cast.

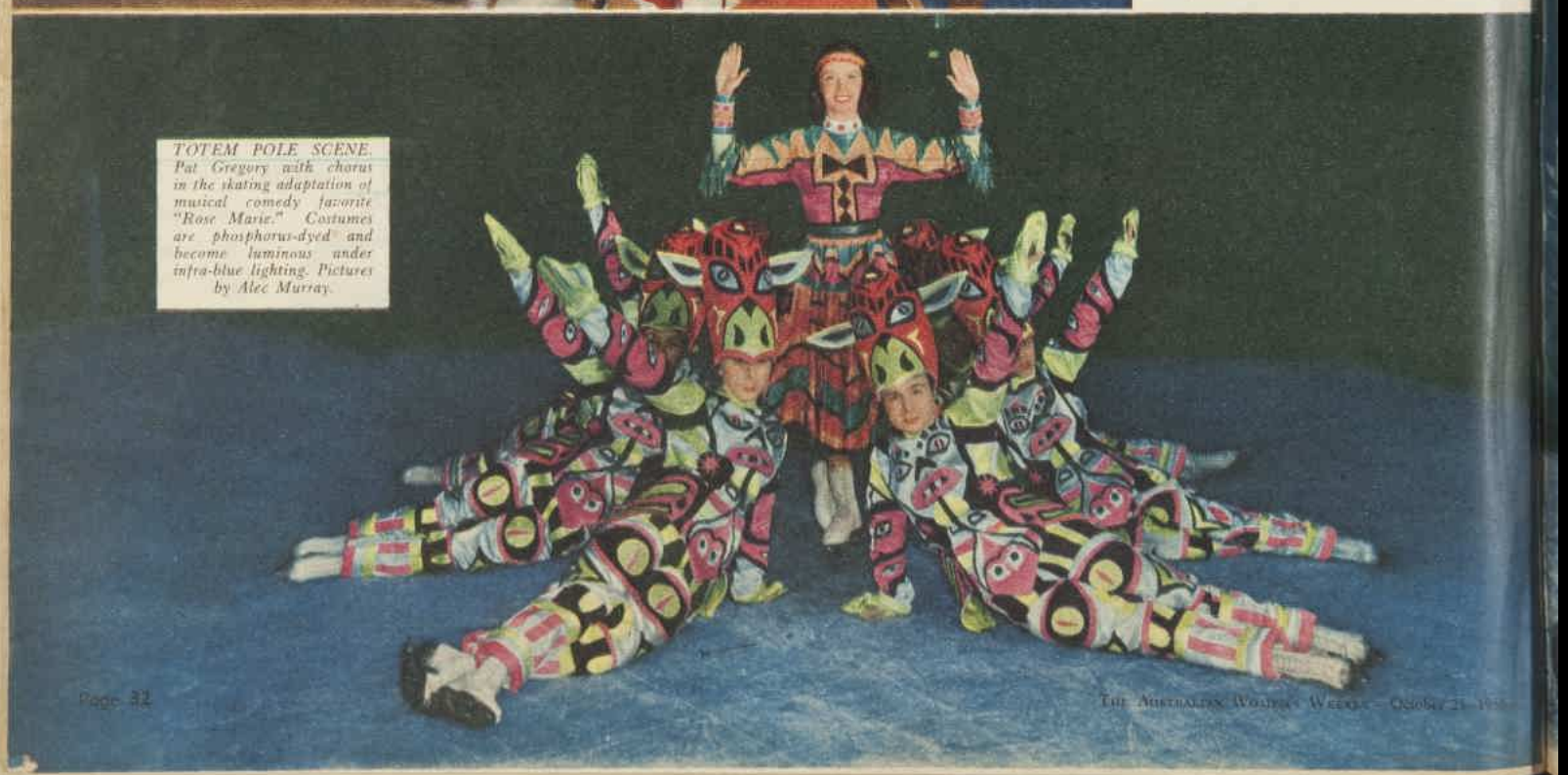
Skating fans in Britain are enthusiastic about Pat, who has had mounting successes since she arrived in London in February last year.

Veteran showman Tom Arnold signed her up within a few days of her arrival. He sent her round London skating rinks giving exhibitions, while he awaited an opportunity to place her in a star part.

Last Christmas Pat scored a tremendous hit in her first starring part in "Ice Pie." Then came lead in "Ice Cascades," which played to packed houses throughout the United Kingdom.

Now she is in "Rose Marie on Ice"—with a salary of £100 a week.

IN DRESSING-ROOM (left) at Harringay Skating Arena, London, Pat Gregory smooths wig she wears for role of Wanda in "Rose Marie On Ice."



TOTEM POLE SCENE. Pat Gregory with chorus in the skating adaptation of musical comedy favorite "Rose Marie." Costumes are phosphorus-dyed and become luminous under infra-blue lighting. Pictures by Alec Murray.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page6050561

PAT GREGORY, as Wanda, Rose Marie's sinuous Indian rival, favorite of an earlier generation of theatregoers.

On the opening night, when Pat led the chorus of 36 girls skaters in the Totem Pole sequence, the 7000 people crowding the Harringay Skating Arena cheered her.

Pat's fiance, Hal Downey, a former Sydney ballroom dancing champion, who accompanied her to England, is also her manager. Now that the success of their trip is assured they have bought a car, christened "The Bug."

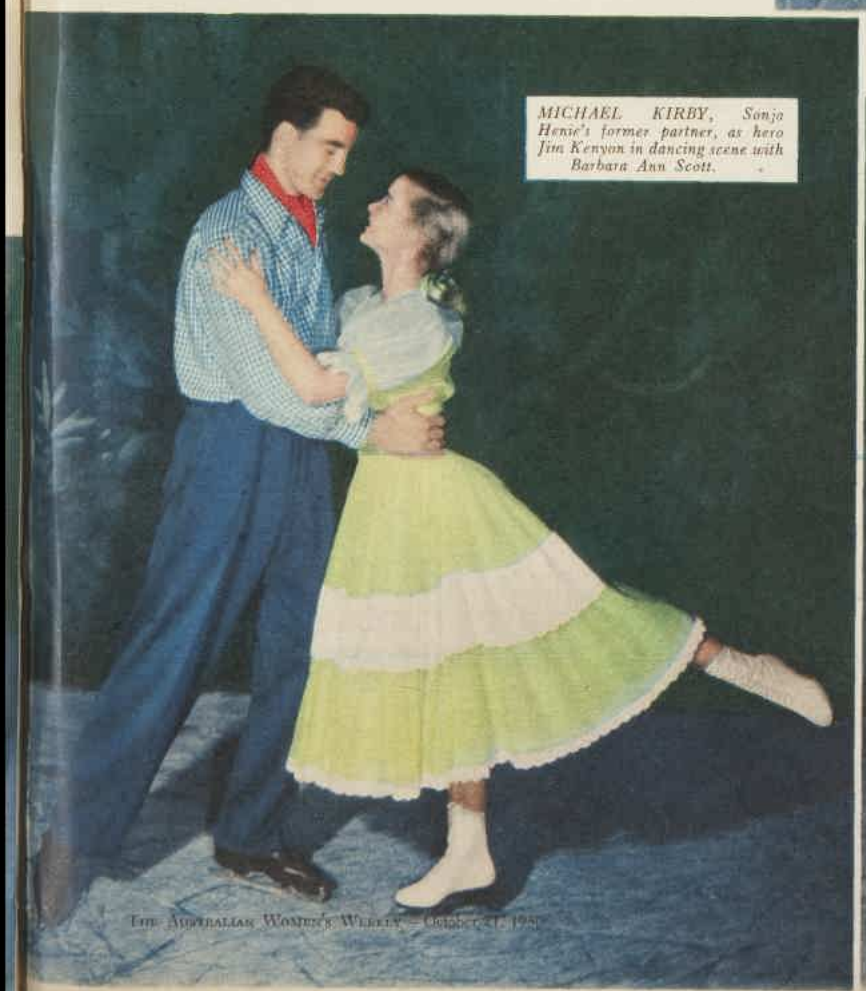
Hal had never worn skates until Pat coaxed him into a pair. Now he is so proficient that he plays a Mountie in the show.

Pat and Canadian-born Barbara Ann Scott (Rose Marie) don't speak their parts, and had to spend hours with their "dubbers" so that their lip movements coincided with speech and songs.

Geraldo and his orchestra supply music for the show.

"Rose Marie on Ice" has proved the best show-business gamble launched in London since the war. It will probably go later on tour of the U.S. and Canada.

PETITE BLONDE CANADIAN Barbara Ann Scott (above) has title role in "Rose Marie on Ice." Aged 22, she has been three times world champion figure-skater. Brunette Pat Gregory (below) as Wanda. The girls, who are great friends, rehearsed 17 hours a day for their roles.



MICHAEL KIRBY, Sonja Henie's former partner, as hero Jim Kenyon in dancing scene with Barbara Ann Scott.

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RAISING his arm, Tiger sat up a little, ridging the muscles of his stomach. "I came around pretty good," he said at last.

Nick Pulaski said, "Wonderful." He added, "If you were five years younger you'd give him a bad night. I'd bet my share of the purse you'd go the full time."

"Haven't you already bet he'll stop me in two?" Tiger Tipton asked wryly.

Nick Pulaski called him a dirty name, his voice a little husky with emotion, for they had known each other many years. "I've got no share," he said. "You get it all, clean, without any per cent. for me."

Charles Tipton closed his eyes and said over to himself the Lord's Prayer, and then stopped, realising he did not want that God's will be done unless God wanted Mattie to get well. And how could he be sure of that? So he began, "And now I lay me down to sleep," that being the only other prayer he knew. At the end he asked only that God bless Mattie; but thinking, after, of Nick not taking a cut but giving it all to him, he threw in Nick, too. It was the best he could do.

It was a long, long time until ten minutes to nine . . . Nick had gone to the dressing-room to watch them bandage the champion's hands, meticulously observing the formalities as if it were really for the title and The Tiger had a chance—that it wasn't just a one-night stand on a barnstorming tour for the champion.

There was a battered phone on the wall of the little dressing-room and now it took on the aspects of a face, black and accusing in the eyes of Tiger Tipton. His hands were awkward with bandages, but he dialed the hospital.

Waiting for the answer, he turned to the room: "I want to thank you, Joe, and your boss," he said. Then looking at the young radio reporter who would give the fight on the local station from ringside. "Thank you, too, Mattie's never tumbled."

It got so quiet the squeaky voice of the girl who answered could be heard, an then there was a pause and the muttered question from Tiger Tipton.

He pushed the earpiece against the broken cartilage of his left ear, and nothing could be heard but the crowd outside and above watching, buzzing suddenly like a great bee and then subsiding.

Tiger Tipton turned a putty color and dropped the earphone, not putting it back in the cradle. Lines fell into his face, and he didn't say anything for a moment, but when he spoke he heard his voice flat and even: "Let me sit here alone for a minute."

Nick Pulaski moved swiftly and hung up the phone and said, "Blow, fellows," and he went out with them and stood just outside the door.

Tiger Tipton sat there and balanced his mind like a cracked egg. Mattie was worse. Much, much worse. . . .

The nurse saw the radio was there, but to-night it didn't matter. Mattie Tipton lay silent and it seemed as if she would not talk again. Suddenly she said in a childish, shallow voice, "Turn on the radio."

The nurse moved automatically and flipped the switch, then flipped it off. Mattie Tipton said, "Leave that—the fights . . ." The nurse went for the doctor.

Count of Ten

Continued from page 28

The doctor came and looked at Mattie Tipton from where he stood at the foot of the bed. He looked at her for thirty seconds, and then he nodded to the nurse, and the nurse went back and turned the dial on the radio. The doctor stood still, looking down at Mattie, and the nurse moved into a far corner and sat down, taking up as small a space as she could and holding herself quite still. The new voice came into the room like hailstones on the roof. . . .

Tiger Tipton got up and walked to the door and out of the door and started up the long aisle to the ring, and Nick fell in behind him, and sound moved with them as they came.

In the ring, when the Tiger was introduced, Nick had to push him, and he stood up and made one turn on his heel and sat down again. . . .

The disembodied voice came into the hospital room with the sharp urgency of gunfire: "And now Mattie Tipton's man comes back once more to fight for the money that may make her well again. She doesn't know this. Yours truly has never mentioned it. The paper ran off special editions that didn't mention this fight just for Mattie Tipton. . . . But here's the bell." . . .

The champion came out quickly, and, from old habit, Tiger Tipton moved to meet him. The champion was a little embarrassed. This thing had built into a fight, a real fight, and he felt sorry for the man he met, and thought to end it quickly. He stabbed with his great left hand, and then feinted with his right and hooked the left explosively.

BUT it took Tiger Tipton too high on the cheek, though it opened a cut on the eye and dropped the white man. Tiger Tipton rose at seven, and the referee moved to rub the resin from his gloves where he had pushed himself up.

Tiger Tipton knew he had never faced such a man as this, and all the futility, all the uselessness of the whole long, painful training, all the hopelessness of this fight, came and sat upon his mind.

He stalled out the round, clinching and cowering, and made it to his corner with the bell.

Nick Pulaski said, "Take ten next time or I'll throw in the towel."

"What is there?" Tiger wondered. "Nothing, now." And then another errant thought came to him: "I can't fight death." And he made up a phrase that he would never put into words, for Mattie had been the only one to whom he could say those things.

But there was Nick, and you could say anything you wanted to when you were dying inside, too. "Death," he said aloud to Nick. "You can't fight death. He can walk right through walls." Then he went on, "But you can fight a colored boy—What if he is the champion—he puts on his gloves one hand at a time."

The bell rang then. He wanted to say some other things, though he knew it would take him time to arrange the words. He wanted to say that there was pride of workmanship and that there was gratitude for all the people who hadn't let Mattie get hurt knowing he was fighting. But mostly he wanted to say that when you did what you could—just as the doctors had, just as everybody had—you did it your best—if you were a man. He remembered just in time.

"No towel, Nick, ever . . ."

The doctor at the foot of Mattie Tipton's bed hadn't moved. He looked down upon the girl who lay there on the bed, and the announcer's crisp, excited words came into the room like the voice of conscience, though not so still and small.

". . . I was down in the dressing-room, and the Tiger called the hospital, and now we have checked. Mattie Tipton is much worse, and so Tiger Tipton, fighting for the money that might make her well, came into the ring to-night with his fight already lost."

The announcer's voice was a tense whisper now: "But something happened to the old Tiger. He went out like a man in a trance, and the champion almost stopped him in the first round. They started to throw in the towel from his corner, but Tiger Tipton wouldn't let them. And then something happened . . . Oh, he's magnificent out there to-night, ladies and gentlemen! With nothing to fight for, he's fighting like a champion, anyway. Nick Pulaski has got both the Tiger's eyes open now and he's taking the fight to the champ, piling on the pace. What held him up those early rounds? . . . And now here's the bell for the last round."

The doctor saw the tears come down the side of the girl's face and move down to the pillow. "You understand?" he asked.

The girl nodded. She looked different.

"I won't throw in the towel," she said. "And I understand so much." She moved her hands together on her chest as if hugging to her all that she understood . . .

". . . This was a no-decision bout, an exhibition, really. But it turned out to be a tremendous fight. Here's the champion!"

The familiar panting drawl came over the air: "I'm lucky. He's a great boy."

"A great champion and a great sportsman, ladies and gentlemen, and now . . . but no, the Tiger's gone." . . .

The Tiger came in late that night, his face a hasty patchwork of bandages. He came into the room.

"She heard most of the fight," the doctor said.

"She's better?" Tiger Tipton whispered.

The girl opened her eyes and looked up at her husband. "Isn't he beautiful?" she said.

The tears came down under Tiger Tipton's bandages, salty and stinging in the cuts.

"I didn't hear the decision," the girl said.

"No decision," Tiger Tipton said thickly. "They called it a draw."

The girl hugged her chest drowsily, happily. She spoke once more to the doctor, and she wrapped up all her pride and love and all the things she understood in the phrase. "I'm Mrs. Tipton," she said. "The champion's wife."

Tiger Tipton came around and knelt by the bed.

The doctor looked at his watch, but he couldn't see it. "At a time I could not tell," he thought, "Mrs. Tipton passed a crisis and began to get well."

(Copyright)

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM

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"The things I learned about sleeping!"

FIRST NIGHT AT SEA, and I knew why they called it a luxury liner. Relaxing in that sleep coaxing 'DUNLOPILLO' mattress, lulled by its deep-sleep comfort, was truly, truly honeymoon luxury. "Darling," I whispered, "Let's have a mattress just like this, just for you and me."

"THAT'S JUST GOOD SENSE, HONEY. 'DUNLOPILLO' keeps on dispensing this sort of luxury for years and years and years after any other cushioning has sagged into senile discomfort." Next morning Jim showed me the two-sided 'DUNLOPILLO' Deep 5". One side soft the other firm.

BRIDGET WAS EMPHATIC. "You talk that fine husband into buying 'DUNLOPILLO' right throughout the house. It'll save you hours and hours of housework. No mattresses to turn . . no cushions to plump. 'DUNLOPILLO' springs right back into shape. We use them right throughout this hotel."

IN THE DEPARTMENT STORE next day, I took Bridget's advice. "'DUNLOPILLO' actually breathes," I told Jim. "Thousands of air bubbles keep the mattress ventilated and cool on the hottest nights." The salesman said "It's so clean and fresh-smelling, and . . ." "Whoa," said Jim, "I'm sold."

FIRST VISIT from the girls—and was I proud! Everything had that sleek tailored 'DUNLOPILLO' look. "My dear," they said "you should write a book on 'How to tame bachelors'—your home is a dream." Naturally, I purred like a cat. "Want to know my secret—it's 'DUNLOPILLO.'"

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these facts about "DUNLOPILLO" cushioning

- *You can't wear it out. 'DUNLOPILLO' lasts a lifetime.*
- *It B-R-E-A-T-H-E-S. Millions of tiny air bubbles ventilate 'DUNLOPILLO'—keep it cool, fresh-smelling, clean.*
- *'DUNLOPILLO' will not sweat—even on the hottest nights. That's why 'DUNLOPILLO' is used on so many hospital beds.*
- *Saves housework—'DUNLOPILLO' keeps its shape for ever.*
- *'DUNLOPILLO' gives you heavenly comfort—at down to earth prices.*

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A million Australians have been waiting for this news

Yes, Bill — I'd love you to come over to-night — that's if you bring your H.M.V. record player and some records.

Are you one of the million?

. . . you can turn your radio into a modern armchair **Radiogram for 14 guineas!**

You can turn those little "Wild Indians" into real music lovers.

If you've felt the urge for good records—now you can play them!

If you want to give your children musical appreciation—now you can do it!

If your teenagers have been pleading for a radiogram—now they can have it!

The price of this H.M.V. record player is sensationally low and it can be bought on easy terms from any shop where you see the famous "His Master's Voice" trademark.

This streamlined H.M.V. record player gives full volume reproduction through your radio. It can be installed in a minute. You just connect up the record player with the terminal which almost all radios are equipped with especially for record players. From that moment on your dream of listening to your own records . . . of building up your own library of all your favourite pieces comes true.

You'll be able to take your H.M.V. record player to any party.

Records for all occasions

DB4659 HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY No. 6 *(Liszt)*
Vladimir Horowitz (Pianoforte)

C3595/6 OKLAHOMA! Vocal Gems
Recorded by the artists of the London production

B9488 SABRE DANCE (GAYANEH BALLET) *(Khatchaturian, arr. Levant)*
LILACS, Op. 21, No. 5 *(Rachmaninoff, trans by composer)*
Benno Moiseiwitsch (Pianoforte)

C3504/5 BLACK, BROWN AND BEIGE SUITE
Duke Ellington and his Orchestra

B9781 FASCINATION *(Marchetti)*
CAMPANA A SERA *(Billi)*
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BC178 OH! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN'
KANSAS CITY
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Simple

● Dress of grey organdie over grey taffeta with little patch pockets on bodice. This is a short evening frock by Mildred Gowns from New York collections.

● Flattering summer evening dress of printed white organdie on taffeta with dainty collar and plunging neckline. By David E. Gottlieb, of New York.

or Sophisticated

● In contrast to New York's simplicity, Paris offers this ensemble by Alwynn in black faille with white satin bodice and matching jacket.

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but everyone sees the difference

Your figure looks better—instantly—the moment you wear Merica's Hi-Line, the brassiere that *never loses its shape*.

The "Diamond-stitched" undercup gives comfortable uplift, and clever designing ensures definite "separation."

At all good stores in blue, peach, white satin or lace.

Each size in three cup fittings.

CREATED BY Merica

SLOWED DOWN by stomach trouble?

If work and pleasure are being slowed down by stomach suffering — **STOP!** — and take a dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Just a spoonful in a glass of water—and what a difference to your digestion! The stomach is settled and soothed, pain disappears and you are free to concentrate on the job in hand without a qualm. And that is not all. Not only is relief speedy but it lasts over a protracted period.

The reason for this is because some of the ingredients in De Witt's Antacid Powder, among which is one of the fastest acid neutralisers available, take care of the excess acid in the stomach, bringing immediate relief. Other ingredients spread a protective and soothing coat on the inflamed stomach lining, and also continue to slowly neutralise the acids as they are being formed.

The most striking feature that distinguishes this world-famous standby is the way in which it is repeatedly recommended by one-time sufferers all over the world.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has never failed them. It will never fail **you**. Get a canister for your cupboard straight away and look forward to a serene and settled stomach. Get the giant 4/6 economy size while you're about it. It contains two and a half times the quantity in the 2/6 size.

De Witt's

ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises Acid - Soothes Stomach - Relieves Pain

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SOMEONE ISN'T USING NEW PERSIL YET!

[Is that *'someone'* **you?**]

Sooner or later you're bound to come round to **NEW PERSIL** for...

WHITEST WHITES **BRIGHTEST COLOURS**

For real enthusiasm hear what **Mrs. P. Crowe of 6 Rofe St., Leichhardt,** has to say:

"Recently I changed to New Persil and I'm really pleased at the difference it made to my white things from the first time I used it. Of course I'd heard of Persil whiteness, but I never believed that my white things could be so white and clean as they are now." "I reckon," Mrs. Crowe continues, "New Persil's just as good for my colours and fine things, too. I've noticed that my coloured frocks and blouses are brighter than they were before I started using New Persil and it's ever so gentle to the fine materials."

(Actual letter on file)

YES, FOR ALL YOUR WASH NEW PERSIL GIVES THE BEST RESULTS

AND THE SECRET? The secret is the blend of pure soap and oxygen in New Persil's oxygen-charged suds. Ordinary suds loosen surface dirt, leaving deep dirt in the weave to discolour clothes. But New Persil's oxygen-charged suds bubble *through the weave* floating out every last scrap of dirt with the utmost gentleness. Persil whiteness — Persil brightness — is *cleanness*. Only New Persil has this special blend of pure soap and oxygen which works so thoroughly yet is so safe for clothes and hands alike.

NEW PERSIL FOR DISHWASHING, TOO!

New Persil's busy suds get to work in a jiffy dissolving grease. Your dishes come out gleaming . . . what's more with Persil so gentle, hands are so safe.

P.42.WWFPC

NEW PERSIL GIVES EXTRA CLEANNESS...EXTRA GENTLY

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Rendezvous in Riga

Continued from page 7

FOR a while I leaned against the railings of the Crimea Bridge, watching the Moscow River slide around behind the Kremlin, and decided maybe I ought to go straight to Karaviev.

For ten minutes I felt swell, the way you do after you quit juggling a decision. What's wrong with making inquiries about old friends? But as I came up the hill, behind St. Basils, and crossed Red Square, I began to feel less sure again. How did I know Karaviev wasn't waiting for me to tip my hand, that even mentioning Nikki's name wouldn't start a fission that would blow the whole works apart?

I might even put Nikki on the spot, and how did I know he would want to help? Maybe he thought his wartime brother-in-law was just another of those stooges Pravda likes to rant about. Or by now he might be 1000 miles away, working for some metals kombinat in the Urals, or making trucks in Leningrad, or maybe in the salt mines.

When I got out of the elevator, the girl on the floor desk handed me a note from Tony Sellers which said: "If you get this by 1.30, come over for lunch." Ten minutes later I was banging on his door in the Moscow.

After eating, we rode the Metro out to the Gorki Park of Culture and Rest and found a bench under the trees where we could talk without being overheard. Before then the whole MVD could have listened and all they'd have heard was how it looked in the National League this year.

When we had settled ourselves, Tony took a quizzical look at me and said: "Okay, pal, what brings you to Moscovy?"

I started to tell him about the machine-tool deal, but he grinned and said: "Lovely. But what's really on your mind? You're among friends, total of one."

"Where's Anna?" I blurted out.

Tony burst out laughing. "When a guy asks you a direct question, he sure gets another in return," he said. "I don't know where she is. Don't tell me you two are still married. What's the gimmick?"

I put him in the picture and said, "How do I find her between now and Monday?"

"You don't," Tony said. "The less mooping you do the better for you and the better for her. Your cue is to play the harmless dope, feasting your eyes again on old Moscow, but not on members of the populace, with accent on the female."

"What about Nikki?" I asked.

"Last I knew," said Tony, "he was around. Right in Karaviev's Ministry, if I remember right, but that was a year ago."

I got up and started pacing the grass in front of the bench, like a stall-walking racehorse. Tony dusted ashes off his coat and said, "Let's walk. We don't want anybody getting the idea we're nervous."

We went down by the water and about all Tony said in half an hour was, "Let me think this out, Bill. This is tough and I don't think you've got a chance. Suppose you do find her. So what?"

"I'm taking her back with me, if she wants to come."

Tony looked at me and waited for a young Red Army type to go by with his girl and pass out of earshot.

"That's what I figured you would say," he said slowly, "and you don't make sense. This is Central Park, Moscow. That's the Kremlin you can see over there."

I didn't say a word. We must have walked 15 minutes before Tony broke the silence.

"No use kidding you," he broke in at last. "I had this taped as soon as I knew you were here, and I'm going to play along with you. Maybe I can get you some help. Maybe not. But you're going to do as I say. That's the price tag."

"Put it in words," I said. "Never mind speeches."

"This is going to be a tough assignment," Tony said. "It means you go back to your hotel and do nothing. When you go out, you're just an Old Boy strolling the campus, going to the ballet and buying Kremlin perfume to take home. Your role is to convince them you have nothing on your mind but the job that brought you here."

I could find nothing to say and he went on, "Whether I can do anything or not, I don't know—probably not. If that's the way it is, that's the way it is. But on the other hand, you can bet your shirt that if you start asking questions, or paying mysterious calls, nothing will happen, excepting maybe the curtailment of your freedom to get around. Above all, sit tight and don't stampede. If it gets to be aeroplane time and you haven't heard anything, get on the aeroplane and go."

That was certainly swell. Don't get excited. Take it easy. Don't stampede. Leave it to Tony, who may not be back. But I said okay, I'll do it.

The next day it was raining, and I stayed indoors, not stampeding. Around 5 p.m. the phone rang and a woman's voice asked if I would come over to the Ministry to see the Gospodin Karaviev to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock. I said to tell Mr. Karaviev I would be there.

The talk was pleasantly desultory. Had renewing my acquaintance with Moscow been a happy experience? Was I impressed by all the rekonstrukziga, the new office buildings, the great blocks of flats to be seen everywhere? Did I intend to see Oulanova in "Swan Lake," to-night? One of his young men would be charmed to accompany me. I said that would be wonderful, still wondering when the bad news would begin.

The real reason for the interview came with the second glass of tea. The Sestroresk would be at Libau in about four days. Would I be prepared to fly to Riga, please, in three days' time, and to proceed thence by rail? I would be notified later of the time of departure. I hoped my face didn't look like a chuttering gargoyle's as I said that would be splendid.

Karaviev stood up, indicating that the interview was over. We shook hands. But just as I reached the door he said: "A moment, Mr. Cosgrove. I forgot one thing. Our Embassy in London informs me that you are anxious to know the outcome of your unfortunate alliance with the Citizeness Anna Katerina Boronin. You will be pleased to learn that the young lady received a divorce on September 2, 1947."

The question: "Has she married again?" I didn't dare ask. I didn't even dare think of it. I just rolled with the punch, while the pouch-eyed Russian bored in with one of those dotted-line looks, to see how I was taking it. Karaviev pressed a button. A buzzer clattered in the next room. The door opened. In walked, of all people, Anna's brother.

"Nikki!" I exclaimed, and started across the room, hand extended. My ex-brother-in-law merely bowed stiffly from the waist like a pre-war Balkan diplomat and said "How do you do?" My long-lost relative by a former marriage was certainly glad to see me!

Then I heard Karaviev, behind me, saying, "Knowing that you are old friends who worked together during the Patriotic War, I knew you would like to renew Comrade Boronin's acquaintance while in Moscow." As I swung around there was malevolence on the Commissar's face. On Nikki's I could see no expression of any kind.

I cursed myself for walking into Karaviev's trap, if trap it was. I tried to swing out with fast, light talk, but Nikki was making like an iron curtain. I managed to say it was nice to see Tovarisch Boronin again and to thank Karaviev and bow out. It was a cinch I wouldn't be getting any help from Nicholas Boronin.

I looped around back of the Bolshoi and downed a couple of vodkas in the garden restaurant in Kouznetzky Square. Then I walked through Sverdlov into Revolution Square and out by the Lenin Museum, wondering why Karaviev had mixed news of the divorce with bringing Boronin in.

Had Nikki been briefed, or was Karaviev pulling a fast one on both of us? Was he trying to catch me by surprise? Or Nikki? Or was this a way to show that my ex-wife's folks wanted no part of me?

I wandered into the museum, still guessing, and a guide with a pointed stick showed me the overcoat Lenin wore, back in '22. I got tangled with a busload of kids from the country, while the comrade with the pointer talked on. All I could think was that I must see Tony Sellers.

Please turn to page 42

My favorite poem

Here is a favorite poem from another of our readers, Miss Myra R. Gander, of Cowper St., Randwick, N.S.W.
Send us your favorite lines. They may be a complete poem or an excerpt.

EVERYONE suddenly burst out singing;
And I was filled with such delight
As prisoned birds must find in freedom
Winging wildly across the white
Orchards and dark green fields; on; on; and out of sight.
Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted,
And beauty came like the setting sun:
My heart was shaken with tears, and horror
Drifted away . . . O, but everyone
Was a bird, and the song was wordless; the singing will never be done.

—By Siegfried Sassoon

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"Dri-Glo" are famous for their wonderfully luxurious bath towels. And now they are making the softest naps for baby. Only the finest super-quality cotton — beautifully bleached and one hundred per cent. hygienic—goes into these "Dri-Glo" baby naps. They are ready for instant use.

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Knowing how many times they have to be washed, we make our "Dri-Glo" naps in extra-strong double-warp yarn, with a special non-fray edge that won't go "raggy" with washing. That's why "Dri-Glo" outlast any other naps for wear.

"Dri-Glo" also make special super-craft nursery towels for baby.

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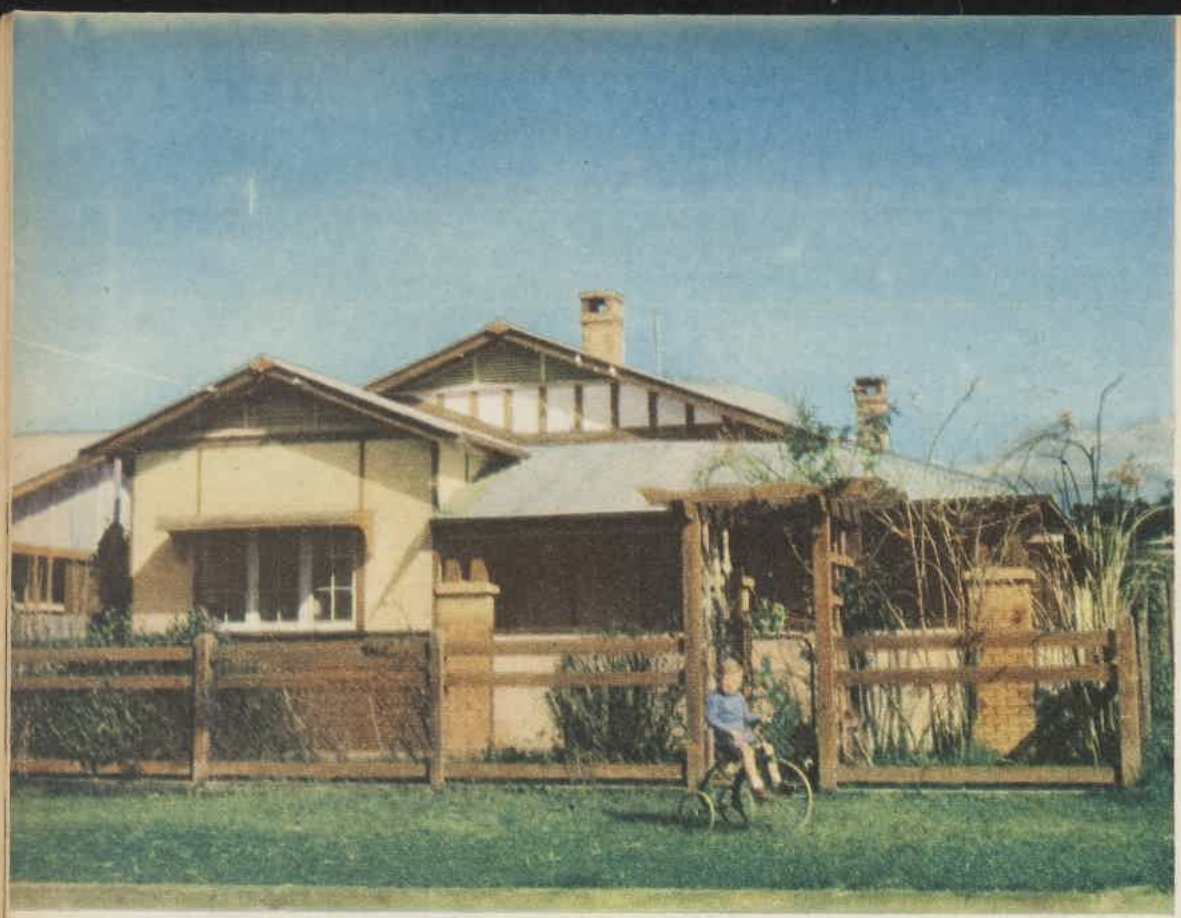

Setting for

Sara Quadruplets will spe
their birthplace, the pretty tow
Bellinger River, north coast of

THERE the babies will have every opportunity to develop into healthy youngsters, with plenty of sunshine and fresh air. As they grow older they will find ample recreation at hand. First outings will probably be pram rides in the park, just behind the town's main street.

The swimming-hole nearby in the Bellinger River is a favorite spot with youngsters, and although it disappeared during recent floods, the townsfolk expect to see it again soon.

Children play tennis on the town courts in the daytime and adults take over at night.

QUADS' HOME in Hyde Street, Bellingen. Big brother Geoffrey rides his bicycle on the grassy footpath (left).

FATHER, Percy Sara, holds sons Phillip and Mark, and his wife, Betty, nurses Alison and Judith (below).

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...ADS' EARLY YEARS

...eir first years at ... Bellingen, on the ... South Wales.

Pictures by, Ron Berg, staff photographer.

BELLINGEN school, which the Quads may attend, has more than 300 pupils. Outdoor lessons are held.

BETTY SARA, who grew up in the thickly populated London suburb, Chiswick, is happy in Bellingen, which has population of 1600, and nestles in a pretty valley. She makes occasional visits to Percy's family in Sydney.

BETTY SARA arranges bassinet for tiny Alison, who is growing more like her pretty sister Judith.

PLAYGROUND in Bellingen Park, with modern recreation equipment, is popular.

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NL1-50

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Destroy unsightly hairs permanently by the "Vanix" devitalising treatment. "Vanix" penetrates deep into hair tissues and kills the roots without affecting the skin.

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For informative folder, mention this paper and write to "VANIX," Box 38A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

"HUMAN RUST"

Food waste (Human Rust) adheres to the inner walls of the large intestine much as rust collects in a water pipe. The result is self-poisoning which causes 95% of present day ill-health, constipation, headache, neuritis.

Coloseptic clears away Human Rust by first loosening then smoothly removing this food waste by normal evacuation and keeps you in good health and strength.

COLOSEPTIC
FOR BETTER INTERNAL CLEANNESS
At all Chemists and Stores

4713

Rendezvous in Riga

Continued from page 39

TONY met me in the lobby of the Moscow, and before I could say a word snapped, "Let's get out of here!" and we went across the square towards the gardens under the Kremlin wall.

When I started to talk as we weaved through the sidewalk crowd, Tony squeezed my arm and hissed "Shut up!"

But when we were where it was quiet and I told him what had been happening, he said plenty, which added up to did I want to get him run out of Russia? If Karaviev had been throwing his Sunday pitch didn't I suppose he had brains enough to have somebody watch to see how I had taken it?

Would I go back to my room and act like a guy with nothing on his mind; go take a ride on the Metro, go to the opera, go roll a hoop in Red Square, but keep away from him? I was the decoy, see? My job was to make the Russians think I had nothing on my mind about an ex-wife, or about anything but what I was supposed to be here for.

I asked him if he could sit still in similar circumstances, and he said no, he was sure he couldn't, but that didn't change things. It was the only hope we had.

"Listen, Bill," Tony pleaded, "this isn't the Moscow you knew in '45 and these aren't the same Russians. Whether I can do anything or not, I don't know. Either way you probably won't lay eyes on me again before you go. Good luck!"

The next two days were lived in a vacuum. The first night I went to "Swan Lake" with Karaviev's boy, but Oulanova might as well have not been there.

I spent the second night looking out the window at nothing. Along towards daylight I dozed into a stupor, but by 7 a.m. I was in the tub, freshening up for a day of palsied inaction.

By mid-afternoon the tension was getting unbearable. I went down to the Service Bureau and had them get me a ticket to the puppet theatre, just because Anna always liked marionettes. In desperation I hoped I might run into her. After casing the first-act crowd, I left. Another five minutes of watching puppets dance on strings, and I'd have run screaming out of the theatre.

The next day I didn't even go out. About 11 a.m. the phone rang and I practically jumped across the room to grab it, thinking it must be some kind of signal from Tony. It was Karaviev's secretary to say a man named Makrinski would be coming to see me at 5 p.m. about the journey.

Makrinski turned up at 5.40 p.m. and said my papers would be over shortly and that he would appear, please, at 6 o'clock next morning with a car to the airport.

That last night in Moscow was terrible. Midnight passed, and I cursed Sellars for a glib double-crosser who had talked me out of doing the thing I had crossed half the world to do.

Morning came at last—and with it Makrinski, the first guy I'd met since leaving Helsinki who could take the system in his stride. Makrinski just sloughed off all troubles. To be obsequious was completely beyond his nature. Wherever he went he carried on voluble and explosive conversation with every minor oligarch who crossed his path, and invariably wound up with a retinue of petty functionaries falling over each other to render service.

His laughter was a gale. His words were shouts. Makrinski was a throwback to the brave days when a citizen of Russia could function as a person in his own right.

The car swooped on to the airport and Makrinski and I ran into the terminal building, breathless, to show sheaves of tickets, documents, visas, and permits to a chorus line of characters in motormen's caps. Makrinski yelled at them, one by one and collectively, and when the torrent of words subsided, two insisted on carrying our bags out to the edge of the field.

We sat on the pile to wait for the plane, while Makrinski cursed the Russian system of deferred departure.

"You Russians are all the same," I said. "Nobody has been on time since Peter the Great."

Makrinski burst into a roar of laughter. "A Russian, you say!" he shouted between gusts. "Gospodin Cosgrove, I must inform you. I am no Russian. A Lett, is me. Soviet citizen, also. But no Russian. A vast different."

He bellowed again like a bull, as if this were the piece de resistance of the laughs of the year. Then he looked at me with manifest seriousness.

"But you, Gospodin Cosgrove," he said, "you seem unhappy. Perhaps no breakfast, da?"

"Da," I said. "No breakfast."

Makrinski rocked again with merriment at this priceless sally and began to dig into an imitation leather valise, from the insides of which he unearthed an untidily wrapped parcel and a paper bag which obviously held a bottle. He looked at me with a friendly grin and said: "This will make travel a pleasure. Yes?"

I swigged deep of the vodka, gulped, winced, and felt strong enough to face the caviare.

The plane was a wartime one, still blurrily camouflaged. Fifteen minutes after we started breakfast it lumbered alongside and the pilot switched off and climbed out.

For the next half hour nothing happened. Then the engines kicked over. The plane taxied to the junction with the nearest strip, turned, burst into a roar of engines and was air-borne without even a pause to rev the motors. There were no safety belts. Passengers smoked placidly during the short and bumpy take-off.

Even before the undercarriage had been pulled up, Makrinski had turned sideways, relaxed, and dropped off to sleep. In the excitement I'd almost forgotten my troubles. As I lit a cigarette I told myself the wild-goose chase was over. I had failed and I would never see Anna again. Almost immediately I smudged it out and slept.

The jar of wheels hitting runway awakened me. Makrinski, wide awake, grinned at me. I grinned back. The guy was doing me good.

The Intourist hotel in Riga's bombed-out downtown had a room for us, and, while I shaved, Makrinski went to find out about the train to Libau. In about an hour he burst into the room clattering like a teletype.

"Many messages, Gospodin Cosgrove," he beamed. "Including one from the Commissar Karaviev. You will not be inconvenienced by returning to Riga, as it is now arranged that everything will be cleared at Libau. Is this satisfactory, please?"

I said it was most satisfactory. The sooner I could be on my way the better. Makrinski said good and let us go out, because we had things to do, and as we emerged into the street he said, "First, let us sit in the square, where we can feel the sun."

I suggested we take a walk, and Makrinski answered: "My friend, I request you to come to the square, because I can talk much better when sitting where I know nobody is listening." I said khorosho, and we crossed into the parked area in the middle and found a bench.

At first we talked about nothing much and I began to get the fidgets again. People were going by, and Makrinski cased them interestedly, one by one, as if looking for someone. But presently, when nobody was in earshot, he began to ask odd questions for a country where everybody operates on the idea that silence is golden, especially in the presence of foreigners.

"You were in the Soviet Union during the Patriotic War," he said. "Did you make some friends?"

"Yes," I answered. "Many good friends. Things were different then."

"Da," he said. "They were much different."

More people began to go by. Makrinski watched them with fixed attention, despite the careless grin. When we were alone again he said: "You have one friend in Moscow now. An Amerikanski. The journalist Sellers."

Spoken so softly as to be almost inaudible by a person whose most casual remarks usually sounded like public speeches, the statement came so unexpectedly I almost fell off the bench. Hours ago, back in Moscow, I had drilled myself to forget the whole business. Now here it was, right in front of me.

Yes, I said, I knew Sellers, in America before and in Moscow during the war.

My senses had tautened like fiddle strings. Was this the signal Tony had told me I might get? Or was Makrinski just a big MVD boy, looking for promotion? Did he figure to draw me out, lie low until the last case of machine tools had been passed, then clap a bracelet on me? I had to take the chance.

"You know the journalist Sellers well?" I asked.

"Since 1943 on the Volga," he answered. "He wrote many good things of the Red Army."

"And you see him sometimes now, in Moscow?"

"Only two days ago I did," Makrinski said. "He spoke of you."

I was about to lead straight down the middle when my companion suddenly burst into roars of mirth, slapping my shoulders and his own thighs.

Please turn to page 55

RIVETS

Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont, charming member of American society, says — "Pond's Dry Skin Cream is the nicest cream I know for softening dry skin."

If you are over 25 Beware of DRY SKIN

From about 25 on the natural oil that keeps skin soft gradually decreases. Even before 40 — a woman may lose as much as 20% of this oil skin needs.

Replacement help is at your fingertips with *new* Pond's Dry Skin Cream! Three features make this new cream extra softening: 1. It is *rich in lanolin*, most like skin's own oil. 2. It is *homogenized* to soak in better. 3. It has a *special emulsifier*.

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Lanolin-Softens by Night — Work plenty of Pond's new Dry Skin Cream over face, throat. Leave 5 to 15 minutes, or *all night* for extra softening.

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..Gambling's Fun!

but not when you're choosing a refrigerator!

1. *The useful Prestcold meat tray: above it is the Cold Cooker ice-maker with its own door to prevent temperature loss. On either side of this unit, there's ample space for tall bottles of milk and beverages.*

2. *Prestcold's vegetable crispator keeps salads always delightfully and appetisingly crisp 'tho made days before used! Glass covered for your convenience.*

3. *For storage of vegetables here's Prestcold's tilting two-compartment bin—behind it the famous Prestcold's silent "Presmetic" power unit, sealed for life against dust and moisture, never needs oiling and which operates for only a penny a day.*

4. *The "Prestador" separate storage door for frequently wanted items: so convenient! and a feature which adds to the proved economical operation of the Prestcold.*

There's no gamble about choosing a Prestcold, product of the Empire's largest refrigerator factory. Prestcolds come from England. Prestcolds are engineered from Empire materials with traditional British thoroughness. Long trouble-free service is literally built into every Prestcold. To you these facts mean you can choose Prestcold confident that it will give you the safest and surest food protection for the longest time at the lowest cost. And without any noise or fuss or bother for, as well as having every worth-while convenience-feature, Prestcold alone has a sealed "Presmetic" power unit: it's lifetime-efficient and never needs even a drop of oil. Don't gamble . . . choose Prestcold . . . the finest refrigerator you can buy anywhere . . . at any price . . .

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Prestcold domestic refrigerators are made in 3, 5 and 7 cu. ft. capacities by the Empire's largest manufacturers of refrigeration equipment. Illustrated is model S-772 of 7 cu. ft. See Prestcold units at your local electrical or department store and measure Prestcold's convenience, obvious quality and sound honest value against any other make. For commercial or industrial Prestcold units, consult the State Distributor of the State in which you live.

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TEENA by Lilla Terry

As I Read the STARS

By WYNNE TURNER

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): Your marriage, domestic, and social life is due for an uplift over the next few days. Start planning from October 19. Personal ties and partners are well disposed and could bring much happiness your way.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): One of your brightest weeks for work, health, and career. Be active, energetic, and industrious. Fortune favors you from October 19 to 24—so try not to lose any opportunities.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Expect bright and happy days until October 24. Entertain and enjoy the company of others, or try your luck in new enterprises and speculations. All matters close to your heart are well aspected.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Put your plans into action this week, especially those that surround your domestic sphere. An increase in family assets or some deserved happiness or gain should reach you by Sunday.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Happy and exhilarating days greet you this week. Local travel and social activity should add interest and enthusiasm to all your affairs, with October 21 one of your important days.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): If you seize opportunity wisely this week, you could make some surprising progress in your financial affairs. October 19, 20, 21, and 24 are your lucky days, especially in dealing with others.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Personal effort and initiative will bring rich rewards this week, with October 19 to 24 special days.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Your stars may not give you full scope for all your plans this week. But many interesting things are building up for your near future. Let them brew a little longer.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): This week could bring new and exciting friendships, with the realisation of some romantic wish. Make the most of all opportunities on October 19, 20, 21, and 24—four very happy dates.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): A good week to achieve some of your ambitions if you get busy before the week-end. Plan from Thursday.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): About one of your best weeks to make important decisions concerning your future, especially in connection with change or travel. New ideas are sure to keep you busy right up to October 24.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): From October 19 to 21 push ahead with all matters that will increase your financial security, for you have luck around.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Doctors Prove the Palmolive plan brings 2 out of 3 women

Lovelier skin in 14 days!

You too, can look for these improvements in only 14 days!

THE PALMOLIVE PLAN BRINGS YOU

Brighter, clearer skin - Finer texture - Better tone - Fewer blemishes - Less oiliness - Smoother skin - Fresher, clearer colour

HERE'S THE PLAN THE DOCTORS PROVE

Wash your face with Palmolive soap. Then for 60 seconds, massage your clean face with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this twice a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage will bring your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect.

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"Who is she?"

"Isn't she lovely!" That's what men and women so often say about the blonde or brunette who uses new Sta-blond or Brunitex "Make-up" Shampoo. No wonder she catches every eye.

She can be YOU. Sta-blond and Brunitex do even more than make your hair MORE SHINY and RADIANT—they ENRICH its natural colour by several shades. They were the first shampoos to contain Lanael (concentrated Lanolin).

Be a "Who is she?" girl! Try Sta-blond if you're fair or Brunitex if you're dark—see what your friends'll say tomorrow!

NOW AVAILABLE AS LIQUIDS—IF YOU PREFER

VIRGINIA ROBERTS'

STÄ-BLOND & BRUNITEX

for fair hair — for dark hair

make you prettier

BOVRIL makes good cooks better

BOVRIL gives that *extra* flavour to all soups, pies and savouries. And nourishment, too!—for Bovril is the concentrated goodness of beef. Bovril is also a tasty sandwich spread—and a cup of hot Bovril daily makes you feel *fine*!

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LIFT THAT SOAP VEIL!

Bring out the full beauty of your hair with **NEW**

Vaseline LIQUID SHAMPOO

TRADE MARK

Ordinary shampoos, even the most expensive, leave a veil of 'soap' film over your hair. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo contains no soap or greasy oils—needs no special rinses. It gives your hair a thrilling new silken sheen.

Here is a new *kind* of Liquid Shampoo with a new *kind* of lather, "WONDER-FOAM." "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo bursts into millions to tiny bubbles which penetrate to the roots of your hair . . . so thoroughly . . . so gently. Now you can really clean away every speck of dirt and dandruff from your *scalp* as well as your hair.

Reveal new highlights . . . "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo leaves your hair clean, full of sheen. It accents natural highlights already in your hair . . . but also brings up thrilling new highlights . . . *and does it the first time you use it.*

No special rinses needed "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo rinses out completely—even in the hardest water. No lemon or vinegar rinses needed. It contains no soap or greasy oil, so cannot leave a dulling film over your hair. It must suit *your* needs because it is perfect for normal, oily or dry hair.

Hair sets easier . . . curls last longer After using "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo your hair sets easier, feels softer and "springier." You find curls last longer than before, while every hair gleams with a bright new silken sheen. Try "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo right away. Once you do, you'll never want to use any other method . . . or want any other shampoo. Get a bottle from your local chemist or store—NOW.

PRICE 3/- PER BOTTLE

"Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of the Chesebrough Manuf. Co. Consd.

New "WONDER-FOAM" lather . . . leaves your hair clean, full of sheen.

Normal, oily or dry hair . . . it makes no difference to "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo. The amazing new "WONDER-FOAM" penetrates deep down to the roots . . . cleans away every speck of dirt and dandruff from your *scalp* as well as your hair. After your first shampoo, look in the mirror and you'll see your hair gleaming with a thrilling new silken sheen. Run your fingers through your hair and you'll feel the difference . . . so much softer, 'springier' . . . so full of life again after "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo.

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, with lovely
PRINCESS NARDA: Are in search of the mysterious and feared King of Marvel, said to dwell on a crystal peak to which visitors are forbidden. They are travelling by jet machines and are fascinated when they see a glistening, gleaming peak, as transparent as clear water, looming thousands of feet into the air. They race ahead for a closer view. NOW READ ON:

For this busy bee...

Give yourself more leisure and make meal times a pleasure—by serving tasty Imperial Camp Pie.

Cooked to perfection by Imperial Chefs, and with the "home-cooked" flavour **sealed in the can**, Imperial Camp Pie is a real boon to the busy housewife when it comes to meal-planning and preparation.

And what a budget-helper it is —no bone, gristle or waste of any kind!

Serve Imperial Camp Pie regularly!

● This attractive Imperial Camp Pie salad is just one of the many ways of serving Imperial Camp Pie. Prepared in a jiffy, it's fine for jaded appetites . . . provides a tempting, nutritious meal you will be proud to serve to your family or guests.

● Here's a tasty sandwich filling for parties, picnics or cut lunches. Imperial Flavour-sealed Camp Pie topped off with delicious Imperial Tomato Sauce. Imperial Camp Pie spreads easily and makes delicious sandwiches everyone will love . . . tops in **food value**, too!

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They're flavour-sealed

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Joan Fontaine as she co-stars with Joseph Cotton in the Paramount Hal Wallis production, "September Affair"

"I'm a Lux Girl!" says Joan Fontaine

"My Lux Toilet Soap active-lather facials bring quick new loveliness", Joan Fontaine says. And tests by leading skin specialists have proved that, with pure white Lux Toilet Soap, 3 out of 4 complexions grow lovelier in a very short time. Try the famous beauty lather of pure white Lux Toilet Soap for yourself and bring out the film-star glamour in your skin.

"I love the big new Bath Size Lux Toilet Soap", says Joan. So much more beauty for your money. Buy pure white Lux Toilet Soap in the big bath size today—for an all-over film star glamour treatment every night.

9 out of every 10 Film Stars use Lux Toilet Soap – Lux Girls are lovelier.

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Stars of drama and classical films

MARGARET SULLAVAN (right), distinguished actress of stage and screen, returned to Hollywood after an absence of several years to film "No Sad Songs For Me," for Columbia. Unusual and highly dramatic in theme, the film co-stars Wendell Corey and Viveca Lindfors.

HEDY LAMARR (below), one of filmland's beauties, is now appearing in Paramount's "Copper Canyon," a period Western, in which she wears a demure wardrobe of gingham and velvet. In "Samson and Delilah," the Cecil B. de Mille biblical epic, lavish but scanty garb is the order of the day.

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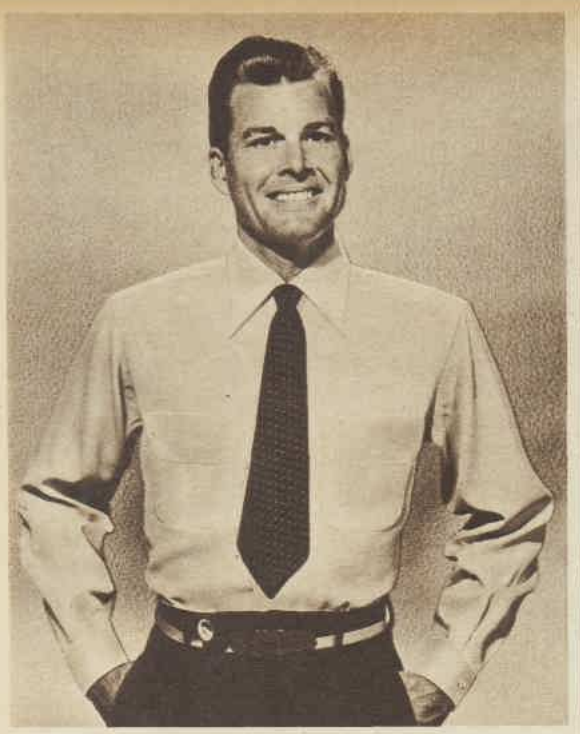

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Look for the label—insist on the genuine

Country Club *Tailored by Buckwalter* *with the* PAT. PEND. **NEATLINE** *collar*

STYLED BY SPIRE OF CALIFORNIA

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!

YES, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily shampoos leaves dulling film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favourite shampoo*—to-day.

A COLGATE QUALITY PRODUCT

Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair! 3/-

HB/120

1 AWARD presentation to visiting American Dr. John Marlowe (Douglas Fairbanks) is made by ruthless Colonel Galcon (Jack Hawkins), a cabinet minister, in Vosnian capital of Strelna, Central Europe.

2 APPALLED to learn he is possessor of political secret of such importance he must temporarily be held captive, Marlowe escapes, tries to contact outside world.

STATE SECRET . . .

3 PERSUASION brings help from Lisa (Glynis Johns), a half-English actress, with police at door.

THE British team of Launder and Gilliat has collaborated in this dramatic suspense drama with a political viewpoint. The Ruritanian setting of "State Secret" is given as Central Europe.

The mythical State is called Vosnia, and a special Vosnian language has been invented for the film. Surrounded by towering mountains, Vosnia appears on the surface to be an attractive and pleasantly civilised country, but underneath there is fear and decay.

A distinguished American surgeon is suddenly plunged into the dangers of the dictatorial police State when he arrives on a short visit to collect an award for outstanding work made by the International Congress of Science, then meeting in the capital.

4 BETRAYED to police after giving Marlowe shelter the previous night, Lisa realises they will be liquidated if caught in political trap. They run for it.

5 FORCE is applied to shifty Karel Theodor (Herbert Lom) to take letter to England. He refuses, so Marlowe tells him the secret. Theodor is so terrified at disclosure he agrees to help Marlowe and Lisa escape.

6 JOURNEY up into mountains, where smuggling gang will try to get them across Vosnian border, is harrowing. Their guide is shot and falls to death.

7 ENCOUNTERING mountain trooper, Marlowe overpowers him and forces him at gunpoint to lead them to frontier. Just when escape seems certain they are caught and Lisa is wounded.

8 FACE-TO-FACE with implacable Galcon, in hut in mountains that encompass Vosnia, death from the firing squad seems inevitable, but fate has one last surprise in store . . .

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Every woman appreciates the unexpected gift . . .

especially when it's

"Old Gold" Chocolates

Your gift need not be expensive to be appreciated. You'll be delighted with the response when you "Say it with 'Old Gold'!"

The half-pound box contains two inviting layers of tempting chocolates — twenty-three delicious pieces, fragrant with the tantalizing aroma of fresh chocolate.

Twelve different varieties in each box . . . and each a distinct artistic creation made from fresh, wholesome foods and lavishly coated with smooth, rich "Old Gold" Chocolate.

A selection slip inside the box describes each variety.

Two of the **12** *different varieties in every half-pound box . . .*

Marzipan Finger

A delicious confection of blanched almonds crushed into a thick, rich marzipan paste and covered with fragrant "Old Gold" Chocolate.

Nutty Butter-scotch

A tempting combination of creamy butter, almonds and roasted peanuts, richly coated with smooth, rich "Old Gold" Chocolate.

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MAKE-UP and wardrobe specialists at work with Vera-Ellen, who has gone to Britain to star in a British musical, "Happy Go Lovely," which aims to beat Hollywood.

Charm and talent in new musical

From BILL STRUTTON, in London

In her latest effort to beat Hollywood, Britain has imported a team of American stars and a crack American director for the £300,000 musical "Happy Go Lovely."

THE stars are Vera-Ellen, America's latest dancing success, David Niven in the romantic lead, and Cesar Romero.

Bruce Humberstone, who made Danny Kaye's "Wonder Man," will direct the musical for Associated British.

For David Niven especially, assignment to the male starring role in "Happy Go Lovely" is an important film event.

A series of unrewarding recent films leaves him, through no fault of his own, badly in need of a career pick-up. Everyone in the industry is hoping that he will find it in "Happy Go Lovely," and he has made no secret of the fact that both the film and his part in it are very much to his taste and talent.

"I am delighted to have been given this chance to appear in a big-budget British musical," says the charming star, "and am looking forward tremendously to working with that clever youngster, Vera-Ellen."

Vera-Ellen co-starred with Danny Kaye in "Wonder Man." She is Fred Astaire's newest leading lady in "Three Little Words." The dancing world is at her feet since her sensational "Slaughter On Tenth Avenue" dance sequence with Gene Kelly in "Words and Music."

"Momma" came to Britain with Vera-Ellen, "just to look after her."

Vera-Ellen is now installed at the Dorchester, Park Lane, and startled the top-hatted doormen there at six o'clock on her first morning in England by turning out in dancer's tights ad pumps and going for a run in Hyde Park.

Here is probably the hardest-working girl in films. And that, in a world which is awake and on the job when the cock crows and often comes home with the milkman, is really saying something.

Vera-Ellen is the career girl par excellence. All her thoughts focus with remarkable singleness on one object—to become a better dancer. When she arrived—bearing with her five dozen opera-length nylons for her film—she was asked what she wanted to do most in Britain.

"Make a good film," she said, and looked very earnest about it.

It was Sam Goldwyn who gave her the big chance which led to this dazzling row of musicals and landed her on the top pinnacle among the dancing stars. He came along one day on the set and

WHILE FRED ASTAIRE and Red Skelton are interested elsewhere, Vera-Ellen investigates the contents of a lunch-box in this off-set shot taken during the filming of "Three Little Words," the dancer's last film before leaving for England.

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VERA-ELLEN and David Niven (above) listen as director Bruce Humberstone explains what he wants in a scene from "Happy Go Lovely," the new British musical. Right: Vera-Ellen and David Niven in a shot from the film.

watched her doing scissor kicks. An assistant director said, "What a terrific technique that girl's got"

The great Sam snorted, "Technique nothing. What an impish look she's got on her face while her feet are flying. Give the girl a speaking part. We have a star on our hands."

And so it proved. But Vera-Ellen still disagrees with Sam Goldwyn. "An actress—me?" she said. "Don't make me laugh. These are the only actors in my family." And, delicately, she raised her skirt to show her calves.

It was one of those rushing-here-and-there days down on the set of "Happy Go Lovely" when I saw Vera-Ellen. There were dress sessions with the wardrobe designer, photo sessions for the publicity boys, a conference with director Bruce Humberstone on the script, a trip to the theatre to see the morning's rushes and an interview with me, for you, for lunch.

There was something nice about the timing of this. "Why, goodness me!" said Vera-Ellen, "I'm right in the middle of reading 'A Town Like Alice'! It was the first book I picked up in my hotel bedroom, and I can't put it down."

Three suitors

SHE had her blonde hair drawn back and a cute tam-o'-shanter perched on the back of her head. Her ears jingled with charms on a bracelet as she gestured. One of the charms was of two dancers in top hats against a golden skyscraper.

"Fred Astaire gave me that," she said, "as a memento of our film together, 'Three Little Words.'"

On the third finger of her left hand there was a ring, but she crossed her heart and assured me there was no story in that. Then she said, with perhaps the hint of a blush, "Well, I'll see, it's like this: There are three lovely steady suitors back home, and this trip is going to help me make up my mind about one of them. It'll be a question of which one I miss most."

She would only have a grapefruit and coffee. "My waist is 21in. now," she said. "I'll have to get it down to 20. Unfortunately, there's so much odd rushing about to do that I don't find time for organised classes to limber up correctly.

"I was hoping to get a regular workout with the Sadler's Wells Ballet while I was over here, and meet some of the boys and girls there. But it's just not possible. I am here every day of this film.

"Perhaps later on they'll give me some time off, and then, maybe, I'll be able to see England. This place is like walking past a lovely dress-shop and not being able to stop. There's so much to be done."

There are few trivialities in Vera-Ellen's blonde head. She has a straight and serious answer for every question, talks quietly and with a dry humor oddly at variance with her snub nose and twinkling eyes.

Hardworking? Vera-Ellen is so much in demand and wanted so urgently back in Hollywood for a new film with Fred Astaire that Elstree is having to work week-ends to pack her home safely by the end of September.

Edinburgh provides the setting for "Happy Go Lovely." Cesar Romero is cast as a brash American producer who tries to gatecrash the classic Edinburgh Festival with a touring revue.

David Niven is cast as a wealthy greetings-card manufacturer.

And there is a little newcomer to watch in this British picture—Diane Hart. Diane, petite, dark, with a flair for dry comedy, not unlike that of Glynis Johns, distinguished herself in the West End stage version of "The Chiltern Hundreds," and makes her first big-film-role debut in "Happy Go Lovely," in a comedy part as Vera-Ellen's girl-friend.

Director Bruce Humberstone, a slight, thin figure with a pencil-line moustache and a vinegar wit, is working at high pressure to get his first British musical finished on schedule and to deliver Vera-Ellen back to M.G.M. on time.

It is a little ironic that much of the talent should have to be imported from America to stiffen a musical with a British flavor, but Associated British are realists when it comes to box-office.

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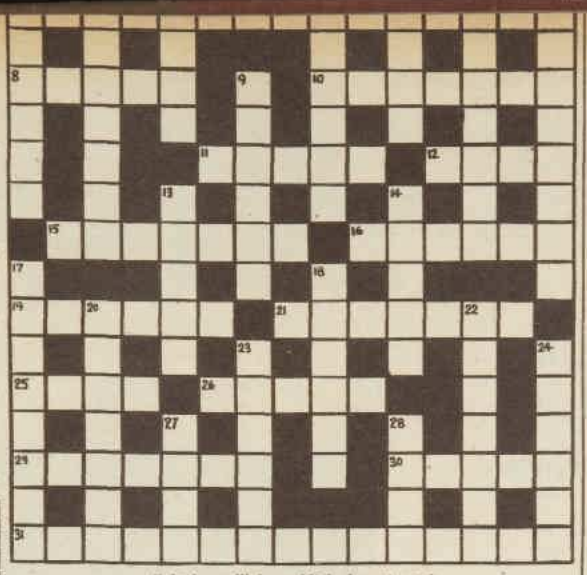
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Is all in an ill gap. (Anagr., 2, 5, 7. Very simple.)
8. Victims of deception inside up (5).
10. Interjection expressing astonishment in crime (7).
11. This piece of land with water surrounding is already taken by a tenant (5).
12. Gladly speak falsely and loud (4).
13. Temporary to bury I am (7).
16. On this mount since the 13th century lives an order of mendicant friars (6).
18. A Chaldean city or a goddess of dawn (6).
21. Bert a Canadian province (7).
25. I am an additional paragraph of devils (4).
26. Rise and get a style of costume (3, 2).
29. She helped Theseus to kill the Minotaur (7).
30. This French love is love-affair in English (5).
31. Waves three keels (Anagr. 3, 6, 6).



Solution to last week's crossword.

M	A	S	S	A	C	R	E		A	P	P	E	A	R
A		E		D				S		A		D		E
R	A	P	I	E	R	S		H	E	R	R	I	N	G
M		A		N		Y		E		T		T		A
D	I	L	Y		I	D	O	L	S		P	O	O	L
R				S		N		L		P		R		
E		A	N	T	L	E	R		A	R	R	I	V	E
A		T		A		Y		A		O		A		N
L	A	H	O	R	E		A	N	N	U	A	L		E
		L		T		A		G		D				R
S	T	E	W		A	L	L	O	T		S	T	A	G
T		T		I		T		R		T		A		U
A	R	I	A	D	N	E		A	N	A	G	R	A	M
V		C		L		R				R		D		E
E	N	S	U	E	D		D	U	N	T	R	O	O	N

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. More than the second half of this seal is severe as a Scot (6).
2. Coil you brown a man from Gulliver's Travels (7).
3. Catalogue lean over on one side (4).
4. Holy bag-like membrane Communist (6).
5. Goddess is twice (4).
6. White metal of platinum group made of three eyes and drum (7).
7. Town in N.S.W. (7).
9. Unpolished transformed citrus (6).
13. Gills of oyster can defy (5).
14. Young child and fifty tower in Shinar (5).
17. Dweller aspirate a bit and a six-footer (6).
18. Agricultural implement whose Monday is the first after Epiphany (6).
20. Mean grovelling person related to a crocodile (7).
22. Pour groups of three signs of zodiac (7).
23. Be a pack of cards and adorn (6).
24. Pen for horses in the U.S.A. (6).
27. Five hundred lie can be lazy (4).
28. Mother about a horse (4).

Rendezvous in Riga

Continued from page 42

A SOBERLY dressed man, passing along a diagonal path only a few yards from our bench, looked towards us, and bowed. Makrinski waved a hand casually and continued to roll out words until the passer-by reached the edge of the square and stepped off the kerb into the traffic. Then he dropped his voice again.

"Speransky, of the Commissar Karaviev's office," he said.

We were silent for a moment. Then I asked: "What did the Gospodin Sellers say about me?"

"Please," said Makrinski, "we must speak quietly, as if of ordinary things. You must not excite. Have you a light, please?"

He exhaled a cloud of smoke.

"The Gospodin Sellers asked me to help you," he said, "and as we are comrades of the Volga, I must do so. Let us go in and find our lunch."

"One thing first," I cut in. "How did Sellers know that you would be here with me?"

"He did not know," Makrinski replied, "because I did not know myself. I am like you, engineer, and I make many journeys, sometimes to Stockholm, even Finland, when machines or other things are coming to Soviet Union. But how I am here does not matter. Perhaps some day you will know, if you are alive to hear."

While we ate and drank, Makrinski was his normal uproarious self, talking, gesticulating and roaring with laughter. I sat in my chair like a ramrod. There weren't any words in my system right then which wouldn't have come out like dangerous questions in a public dining-room.

"You must act as if enjoying your food and drink," Makrinski said quietly. "Talk and laugh as if life is good. You must not let people think you are an unhappy man, because an unhappy man is usually in trouble."

Back in the room, Makrinski said, "Now sleep. I will come back later."

"How do you think I can sleep?" I asked. Makrinski touched a finger to his lips and went out.

He did not return until the end of an afternoon that was a year long. The train would be going at 8 p.m., he said. We must dine early. Back in the restaurant it was easier to play the hand out. I was keyed up to the job. Things were beginning to happen, though I didn't know whether they would be good or bad.

A porter brought down the bags and a waiter came out to the lobby with bread, caviare, vodka, and Tokay. We must be prepared for eventualities, Makrinski told the man behind the desk, who grinned. Then the two launched into an energetic discussion, of all things about soccer, while I fidgeted and looked at the clock, ticking on towards half past eight. Then a chauffeur came in and said we should go.

Makrinski waved a hand and the fellow went out again. In five minutes he came back, picked up the bags and took them out to the car. Makrinski continued his discourse on the national pastime. I just waited. It was agony.

FINALLY my companion glanced at the clock. The flow of talk stopped suddenly. He shook hands with the man at the counter, snapped in Russian, "Where is that driver?" grabbed me by the shoulders and practically pushed me into the street.

We hit the station in another swelter of haste and shouts and shoving of documents and were bundled into a compartment in a corridor carriage as if the train had been held for our arrival. Then we settled back in our seats and waited interminably for the thing to start.

The train inched slowly out of the station about quarter to 10. Half an hour later Makrinski stood up and stretched. Then he said he would like to visit the next car to look for a friend if I would not mind. I said I would not mind. Makrinski said good, and if the porteress should come, would I ask her to make our compartment comfortable for the night?

I said fine and Makrinski stepped into the corridor, leaving the sliding door open.

Probably 10 minutes passed. I wouldn't know. What I remember was the door sliding along its groove and snicking shut. I looked up and in the dim light of the ceiling bulb I saw the girl porter leaning against the closed door. I looked again and jumped to my feet. It was Anna!

Trying to recall what happened, I guess we both just stood there, maybe for a second, maybe a minute, maybe five. But into whatever time it was four endless years were dissolving. Then one of us must have moved towards the other, or maybe both of us did. Then we were locked together, lips on lips, and the four years were gone.

Neither of us said a word. Words weren't needed. I'd found my girl again. I knew the answer to a question that had brought me clear across the world and the question didn't even have to be asked.

The train lurched and threw us on to one of the seats that ran the width of the compartment. I held Anna away at arm's length and looked at her in the half-light. For all the drab grey, ill-fitting loose rig and equally drab scarf twisted around her head, the uniform of a porteress, it was the same lovely girl I had left behind at the Moscow airport long years ago.

I started to speak, and as I said her name she leaned towards me, touching a finger to my lips for silence and bringing me back sharply to the jeopardy that from here on we would share. In that moment I knew we had come to the gauntlet and would run it together. If one failed, then both would.

All uncertainty was gone. I had my girl and she was into this with me clear up to her wonderful eyes.

Knowing that it was by her own free choice sent the grandest sense of strength surging through me I've ever known. The Cosgroves could slug it out!

The door snicked shut and brought me back to the world I had to live, scheme, and fight in. Anna was gone.

To be concluded

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THIRD OF FIVE LONG, ENGROSSING INSTALMENTS

WHITE Witch Doctor

By LOUISE A. STINETORF

ON the death of her elderly parents, ELLEN BURTON trains as a nurse in order to realise her life's ambition by taking up missionary work in Africa.

Eventually she is stationed at Tani in the Congo country. The REVEREND LEMUEL EARLY is in charge of the mission station.

A highlight in her work is her meeting with forceful but elderly DR. MARY, in charge of a native hospital at N'zem, while among her varied experiences she learns to shoot in order to provide a variation in the mission food.

After Dr. Mary's death, Ellen decides to go and take over her hospital at N'zem when DR. CHARLES CLYDE is appointed to Tani. As guide to N'zem, she has a white trader known as L'LONI, the natives' version of John. The night before they reach N'zem, L'loni asks Ellen to marry him.

Ellen continues her narrative:—

L'loni threw back his head, laughing. "Never mind, Ellen," he said. "These African dialects would trick anyone."

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

PERHAPS if I had been younger I would have reacted a good deal differently to L'loni's offer of marriage.

"For heaven's sake," was all I could get out at first.

He was sitting across the campfire from me and he grinned, but his tone was gentle. "No, Ellen, for your and my sake."

"But why me, of all people?"

The grin never left his face. "Not 'of all people,' Ellen, but of all the women I've really had a chance to know."

I opened my mouth, but words simply did not come.

"I can give you as nice a house as there is in Leopoldville, and everything that goes with it," he went on. "And security. I'm not too young, and neither are you, and I'm not pretending I get hot and cold when I look at you, but Africa can be an awfully lonely place, Ellen, if one doesn't have someone to come back to after trips into the bush. And I'd be good to you."

"But, L'loni, I—I'm a missionary, a professional Christian worker," I finally burst out.

"Isn't homemaking Christian work?" he answered. "And if you wanted to, there is no reason why you couldn't work in the villages surrounding Leopoldville, or even in the native quarter there."

"But, L'loni, I—I——" I stopped, tongue-tied. "I never thought of loving you," I finally got out, with all the finesse of an elephant in a rose garden.

"Love for people our age, Ellen, isn't what it is for young folks. Friendship and respect are what count now. And—I'm clean and decent. I don't drink or gamble or dissipate. I've never bought a black woman. I've never carried booze in my trade goods. I make a good profit, but what I sell doesn't hurt or degrade any purchaser. I stick to my bargains——"

"L'loni," I broke in suddenly, "how old are you?"

"Thirty-five."

"You'll find some nice girl nearer your own age," I encouraged. "There's Sister Susanne, for instance."

"Let me pick out my wife, Ellen," he chided.

L'loni didn't say much more about the matter, either then or in the future, but it was a standing offer. Any time I might have wished, for the next two decades, I could have moved into Leopoldville and taken my place with the townswomen there as wife of one of the richest, most respected men in the territory.

The next day we reached N'zem.

The villagers had known for days that we were coming, and as we entered N'zem a feast was in preparation. "For you as Dr. Mary's successor," L'loni told me. But I wondered if it were not equally for him as Dr. Mary's friend—or possibly just because he was himself.

There was not a great variety of food, but plenty of it, and the quantities consumed were a thing to marvel at. Once the feast had begun, no one but L'loni and I stopped eating until every scrap had been consumed.

Afterwards he asked me, "How did you like the feast?"

"All right," I answered, but sensed there was more behind his words than the simple question. "Why?"

"That little dark brown cake you ate several pieces of—you liked it?"

"Uh-huh. What was it? Millet cake?"

L'loni only looked at me.

"Well, what was it?" I demanded.

"Shall I really tell you?" It was evident that he was enjoying some huge joke.

"Of course!" I was very positive.

"It was midge cake."

"What?"

"Midge cake. Tiny gnats, you know. They sometimes come out of the swamps in swarms. The natives take them out of the air by the basketful, press them into cakes, and dry them. Then, when they want them, they toast them a little to take any mould off. They're considered great delicacies."

Please turn to page 58

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White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 57

I SAID angrily, "L'oni, you're a beast. I turned you down last night, but you're acting like a husband anyway."

Then I stood up and wobbled around behind a hut. Firmly I clutched my forehead in one hand, leaned over, and held my skirts back with the other. Nothing happened.

I straightened up and found myself surrounded by a mob of bright-eyed, curious women and children. There was nothing to do but to turn and go back to the fire. L'loni met me with a grin.

"The python and the monkey were delicious," I announced, without knowing why I said such a thing.

His grin faded and he stared like any popeyed child. "You really knew what you were eating, and you ate it anyway? I have to hand it to you, Ellen—you're some woman!"

I hadn't known until that instant, but I wouldn't have told him so for anything in the world. The rest of that evening I caught him staring at me more than once, surprised admiration lighting up his eyes. And that look, the glow on his face, filled me with a strange happiness.

It was the last thing I remembered after I had lain down to sleep, but in the middle of the night I sat bolt upright on my cot and said to myself in amazement: "You fool! You utter fool! Are you, at your age, falling in love? And with a—a—a—bushwhacking kid?"

I decided that next day I would have to be abrupt with him, to drive any notions he might have completely out of his mind. Then I lay down to sleep again, glowing with a happiness new and strange to me, and thoroughly delightful.

The next morning L'loni brought around an old man who was to teach me Luobolanga. He was wealthy, L'loni told me. He had many women in his kraal who had borne him many daughters, and these he had sold and was still selling to good advantage.

Naturally, only a man of such standing merited the importance of being my teacher. Besides, he knew more pidgin English than any of his tribesmen.

L'loni armed me with a few phrases in the local dialect, such as, "What is your name?" "What do you call this?" and, "I am hungry. I am thirsty." These I memorised like nonsense syllables.

"I'll have to move on before noon," he told me, "but I'll be back to say good-bye." Then he left me with the old man in what had been Dr. N'ary's bedroom and living-room dukas.

Armed with a pencil and paper, I faced my teacher with the intention of learning as much Luobolanga as possible that morning, and every morning thereafter.

"What do you call this?" I asked, levelling my forefinger at a small table against the wall.

"N'lembo," came the answer very promptly.

"N—lem—bo," I parroted, writing the sounds down as carefully as my scant knowledge of the international phonetic alphabet permitted.

"N'lembo, N'lembo, N'lembo," I mumbled, staring at the table. I had no illusions about the task ahead of me. The first weeks would be a brutal memory grind, and after that would come the intricacies of the grammar.

"Table—N'lembo," I was still mumbling when I turned back to the old man. "What is this?" I asked, pointing at a chair.

"N'lembo," he answered promptly.

I turned to my pad. "Chair," I wrote, "N'lembo."

The old man grinned companionably and never took his beady eyes off me for a second. I pointed at the table again. "What do you call this?"

"N'lembo."

"What do you call this?" I turned my finger to the chair.

"N'lembo."

"This?" pointing at the floor.

"N'lembo."

I stared at the old man in perplexity and he continued grinning. Perhaps I wasn't pronouncing my question correctly. I took a deep breath, walked over, and tapped the edge of the table with my index finger. Slowly and carefully I put the question: "What—do—you—call—this?"

"N'lembo."

I flinched at the already too familiar syllables, waited a minute, then tried a different attack.

"N'lembo?" I shouted at him quite suddenly.

He arose from his heels, walked over facing me, and shook a finger under my nose and shouted in return: "N'lembo, bwana! N'lembo! N'lembo! N'lembo!"

I don't know what I would have done had not L'loni come in at that moment.

"How are you making out?" he asked.

"Someone in this hut is crazy," I answered. "And your guess is as good as mine which of us it is."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"N'lembo," I answered.

He lifted his hands, and looked at them. "What's wrong with my finger?" he asked.

"Your finger!" I exclaimed.

"Well, your finger then. Or grandpop's?"

"Now you're crazy, too," I assured him.

"What's the matter, Ellen?" he demanded in that tone which requires an explanation. "Begin at the beginning."

"Everything is N'lembo," I told him.

My teacher held up a finger for our inspection. "N'lembo," he put in triumphantly, without losing a wrinkle of his grin.

L'LONI stared at me for a moment and then threw back his head and laughed, great guffaws of masculine superiority.

"Go ahead, chortle," I told him a trifle bitterly. "The work is mine here at N'zem, to develop as I see need. Right now a good insane asylum would about fit the bill."

"Never mind, Ellen. It's really my fault," he assured me generously. "These African dialects would trick anyone. I should have told you that these people never point with their fingers. They point with their lower lips. See? Like this."

And as naturally as I would lift a hand, L'loni's nether lip shot out in a peak toward the table and he asked, "What do you call this?"

"L'terfi," was the prompt answer. "What do you call this?" His lower lip indicated the chair.

"O'lunboo."

"You see, it's as easy as all that," he assured me.

"Heaven help me," I moaned. "I'll never be able to point at anything with my lip."

"You will," L'loni consoled. "I'll explain to grandpop so he'll be patient with you while you learn."

Guttural syllables flew back and forth between the two men, words spiced with much laughter. Then L'loni turned back to me with eyes dancing.

"Grandpop thinks the men who speak your language would be awfully poor people to go hunting with," he said. "He wants to know how they could manage a bow and arrow or spear if they had to wave their hands about in order to make themselves understood."

The whole village must have laughed at me that evening, and for days thereafter, whenever I appeared, the small fry danced about me, holding up rigid forefingers and dinning into my ears: "N'lembo, mama. N'lembo. N'lembo."

Please turn to page 59

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White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 58

THAT afternoon L'loni went on, leaving me and Jackie, my gun-bearer, behind in N'zem. He also left behind about two hundred and fifty pounds of salt.

"I'll bring you some every time I come through," he told me. "Your money is practically no good here, but salt will buy you anything. A little bit, remember—measure it out by the spoonful. A spoonful for a bunch of bananas, or three or four chickens, or a basket of mealies. A handful for a goat."

"A spoonful of salt for a basket of mealies!" I exclaimed in amazement. A fraction of a cent's worth of salt for a dollar's worth of corn. No wonder L'loni could afford to be generous with his black customers and still make at least eight hundred per cent. profit!

The fourth morning after L'loni had left, I heard a gentle cough outside my door as I stretched and yawned preparatory to getting up. The door opened slowly to admit what had very evidently been Dr. Mary's tea tray. The tray was followed by a tall, handsome youth in a white kanzu.

My eyes sleepily took in this Mother Hubbard type of garment, which looks something like a square-tailed nightshirt and is much affected by the natives of the East Coast.

Then I sat upright and stared in amazement, for the fellow's feet were stuck into heelless slippers, in which he walked as lightly, and much more gracefully, than I did in my brogues. He was the only shod native I ever saw outside Leopoldville and the coastal cities.

"Good morning, mama," he greeted me in English with a broad Scottish accent. "I am Achmed. I will have your bath ready in five minutes."

While I stared at this apparition, he plumped up the pillows behind my back, placed the tray across my knees, picked up my garments of the day before, and went out with them.

On the tray was a little stack of freshly baked mealie cakes, fruit, and a glass of milk. Five minutes later, punctually, Achmed appeared with two jars of hot water.

"This waters is for your face and hands and foots, mama," he explained. "And this waters is for your elsewheres."

He picked up the empty tray, cast careful eye about, and almost backed out of my presence.

Still amazed, I rose, bathed, and dressed.

When I stepped outside the hut, yesterday's garments already fluttered on a line Achmed had stretched between the trunks of two mango trees. Half of N'zem was lined up staring at them in admiring wonder. Achmed lolled against the trunk of one of the mangoes, obviously standing guard.

I was as curious as the villagers. "Where did you come from?" I demanded. "And who in the world are you?"

The kanzu-clad stranger snapped to attention, folded his arms across his breast, and bowed from the waist.

"I am Achmed, mama. I am your houseboy. I will be a good servant, mama, never fear." I thought I detected a note of anxiety in his voice.

"The Bwana L'loni sent me," he went on. "He told me he will wring my neck and break my back and stake me out in the midday sun on a red anthill if I do not take good care of you, and the Bwana L'loni always keeps his word. He said you would pay me sixteen francs a month."

So far as I know, that was the only lie Achmed ever told me. L'loni had set the price at twelve francs, but sixteen francs was not an exorbitant wage for a boy who before the week was out ran the domestic side of my menage as perfectly as an English butler.

Achmed never told me much of anything about himself, true or false. Even when I asked him where he came from, he would wave his hand and say, "Over there," vaguely indicating the East. It was not until L'loni came through again half a year later that I learned his story.

He was from Kenya Colony, a Kavirondo with some Arab in his blood, who had been sent to a mission school in Kisumu. Academically he had done well there, almost too well for his country and time, for his keen mind had quickly overleaped the barriers of fetish-ridden tribal customs.

ON his return to his village, Achmed found that the missionaries regarded him as a child, and his people looked upon him as a still uninitiated man. In his adolescent arrogance, he had flouted the mummery of that ceremony, and had treated the unwed girls with the same easy familiarity he had always shown his female companions at the mission school.

"The witch doctor blew his nonsense up into a major crime," L'loni told me. "Being a mission boy, he didn't just tamely give up to the witch doctor, but fled, and he was smart enough to put the width of the continent between himself and his people."

Aside from the fact that Achmed overcharged me four francs per month, he was a perfect servant. And during his entire time with me, he never once asked for a raise in salary. I gave him several, which he received gratefully, but he never asked.

N'zem remembered Dr. Mary with love and complete confidence in her powers of healing. And now that she was gone, they came to me, the Little White Witch Doctor, with such helpless appeal in their faces and trust in my abilities that I quite honestly believe I healed by faith alone.

Dr. Mary, that wise old woman, had known all along that I would go to N'zem, and had left her medical books and journals there for me, all carefully wrapped in oiled cloth against the ravages of mould, and stored in a galvanised iron trunk to protect them from the white ants.

I read late into the night, every night, until I knew those few books almost by heart, and, crude as it sounds, I taught myself what surgery I know by working on living, usually unanesthetised, human beings. I simply could not look at a shattered limb and shake my head with the sententious excuse that I was a nurse and not a doctor. I tackled the hopelessly impossible because I believed then, and I believe now, that God was with me.

Not many of my surgery patients died; perhaps no larger a percentage than die on the operating tables of America's proudest hospitals. And I don't believe I ever maimed a single patient. There is more to the maintenance of life than starched uniforms and college degrees.

I worked seven days a week, ten, twelve, even sixteen hours a day. How I kept up, I don't know, but it is a curious thing that breakdowns occur usually only in modern, progressive, so-called civilised countries. The missionary who collapses does so, not on the field, but at home on furlough.

CERTAINLY, I never felt lonely at N'zem. I was surrounded almost every waking hour by people who, although I could not converse with them for several months, communicated with me nevertheless, and who needed me.

Before her illness, Dr. Mary had told them about the Little White Witch Doctor who would come after her, and be their mama. They took me in with simple faith that I could ease all pain and cure all physical ills, and at the same time would not make too much trouble for them with their own big black witch doctors.

At least twice a week I took my gun and Jackie and, with perhaps a half dozen men tagging along, went out after game. We could go east or south into the jungle, or west towards the great plains beyond which stretched The Hungry Country; but we could not go to the north.

In that direction, across the little N'zem, tributary of the Tani River, stretched mile upon mile of an apparently endless swamp.

Dr. Mary had gone into that swamp. The Pygmies lived there, the true "little men"—not the Batwa hybrids, who are merely five-foot half-breeds living on the edge of the great swamp. The Pygmies had been Dr. Mary's friends, as all human beings were, and she had snorted scornfully at the fabulous tales concerning them.

"They're shy. Just shy," had been her explanation.

Even on the days when I hunted, I often ministered to as many as a hundred sick people. In Tani I had kept an orderly file of my patients. At the end of the first fortnight at N'zem, I burned what records I had jotted down, and used the time and energy they would have consumed in establishing a ward of sorts in a hut next to my dispensary.

Please turn to page 60

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R. U. R.

White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 59

I DESPERATELY needed help in my dispensary, or at least a nurse of sorts, and at dinner one night I asked Achmed's advice concerning suitable women he might know of in N'zem. He pitied my ignorance quite frankly.

"In hospitals that I have known, mama, the nurses were all men," he told me.

"Why men?" I asked.

He was very patient. "Because, mama, when a girl is big and strong enough for the work you require, she is old enough for a husband and a hoe and babies," he explained.

"How about the older women?" I questioned, but he seemed to regard that suggestion as unworthy of consideration.

A sense of futility settled over me as I approached my work the next morning. And it seemed to me there were more people waiting outside my door than ever before.

My back began to ache before the day was half over, and finally a thousand little devils, each with a knife in its hand, perched themselves on my shoulder blades and began hacking away at the base of my brain—or at least that's the way it felt. It was my first attack of malaria, and, thank heaven, it was an exceedingly light one.

Stupidly enough, I did not diagnose my own symptoms. I only knew it became excruciating agony for me to wait while each patient mouthed the nonsense syllables that seemed so necessary to his peace of mind before he moved on to make room for the next ailing person.

"No wonder Dr. Mary killed herself here," I muttered bitterly, forgetting that my predecessor had lived to a ripe old age.

The shadows were long when my last patient hobbled away. I turned back into my dispensary and sank into a chair, too tired to sterilise my instruments and put away my bandages and drugs, too exhausted to walk the fifty feet between the dispensary and my hut where I knew the ever watchful Achmed was already preparing a hot bath for me.

If it had been Achmed coming to call me, I would have heard his step; he was always careful that I should. But there was no sound whatsoever until someone behind me coughed. I didn't move, and the cough was repeated, softly but insistently.

"Go away and come back to-morrow," I exclaimed petulantly. "After all there's a limit to what I can do."

There were a few seconds of silence and again that cough. Then I remembered that only Achmed of all the souls in N'zem could understand my English; only Jackie, my Hausa; and only God, my French. I felt thoroughly beaten.

Perhaps I would have burst into womanly tears, had not a vagrant breeze wafted in to my nostrils such a stench as I hope never to have to smell again. I whirled about, full of temper and quite enough energy to deal with this new problem.

Facing me stood the tallest, gauntest, most wrinkled old woman I have ever seen, stark-naked except for a goatskin slung over her back and knotted across one shoulder.

I looked her over from head to foot and could not find a single blemish on her; rather, I was impressed with her air of health and physical strength. Then I came back to her face and gazed into eyes that were feverish with—what was it? Terror?

But she did not drop her eyes; instead she stared back at me.

Then I gasped in amazement, for she said to me slowly, laboriously, but still in perfect English and with an Oxford accent, "Mistress, I wish to be a mother."

More astonishing than the old woman's English was the term of respect she had used. I had grown so used to the ubiquitous mama, which implies not only respect and affection, but some claim on the white woman's charity, that I wondered just what she meant.

As she spoke, she seized an edge of the goatskin and slid it around until a pouch formed by the broad part of the pelt rested directly on her hip. Almost as a tabby cat would pick up a kitten with her mouth, the woman's clawlike fingers closed around the back of an infant and held it out to me.

It was only days old and completely plastered with filth. It whimpered, and the woman took a cautious step forward, dropped it into my lap, and leaped back like a child or pet that has learned to expect blows instead of caresses.

All the cumulative weariness of the past months of unremitting toil engulfed me and I lashed out at the woman in a storm of rage.

She watched me, keen-eyed, until I wore myself out; then she opened her lips and slowly, a syllable at a time, repeated her message: "Mistress-I-wish-to-be-a-moth-er."

Perfect English, but the only words she knew the language.

My temper tantrum over, momentarily, I sighed and turned my attention to the repulsive bit of humanity on my lap. There was no doubt that it needed immediate attention.

It took me the better part of two days to clean the infant thoroughly, using the only substance I could muster, oil expressed from the castor bean.

THAT evening I first started on the baby, Achmed came to scold me for working too long. I showed him the child, but when I turned to point out the old woman, she was nowhere to be seen. Nowhere!

Back in the dispensary, I turned to Achmed. "What shall I do with it?" I indicated the tiny bundle of oil-soaked cotton wool.

It was only a rhetorical query, but my houseboy took it in good faith and gave what he considered sound advice. "Throw it into the bushes for the jackals, mama."

I carried the child back to my living dukas and laid it on a chair. In a few minutes Achmed came in bearing a calabash neatly sawed in two. Deftly, but disdainfully, he transferred my new charge to its odd but excellent cradle.

Achmed maintained that attitude towards the child, but he helped me keep it alive. For my part, I shall never again look upon a newborn child as something delicate; the tenacity with which that bit of abused flesh clung to life was amazing.

I had two goats which supplied milk for my table, and Achmed, although such labor was normally below his dignity, caught one of the mannies and tied her to my doorjamb. He milked me a spoonful while I warmed a little sweetened water over my lamp; then with an eye dropper, I gave the child its first taste of food since birth.

I held its lips apart with thumb and forefinger and watched its tongue. Would it swallow? Or was it too weak? The drop of warm, weak food disappeared. Slowly I placed another tiny drop on its tongue.

That first feeding took upward of an hour, and Achmed stood beside me the whole time, cupping the glass that held the milk and water in his hands, in order to keep it warm, and holding it over the lamp whenever I looked at him.

It was an intense and exhausting hour, but before it was over, the tiny tongue was moving, sucking at the tip of the medicine dropper. Then the little head lolled sideways on its fragile stem of a neck and there was the faintest breath of a snore.

Please turn to page 61

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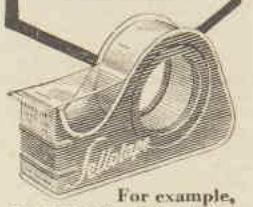

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White Witch Doctor

STRAIGHTENING up, Achmed and I looked at each other, triumph in every line of our faces.

"See! Mata Kwan sleeps," he announced.

"Mata Kwan." I rolled the soft syllables over my tongue. "Mata Kwan. I like the sound of the name you have given the child, but what do the words mean?"

"Mata Kwan, the Son-of-a-Goat," he answered.

African names no longer surprised me, but I opened my eyes wide at this one. Achmed shrugged his shoulders while he pointed to the nanny tied to my doorjamb. "There stands his mother," he laughed.

Still laughing, he turned away, but called over his shoulder in a tone that admitted of no argument, "You must come now and have your own supper, mama."

Supper over, I went back to my sleeping dukas, and stopped in the doorway to stare. There was the strange old woman, squatting on the floor beside the chair on which Mata Kwan's absurd cradle rested.

Without a word or even a change of expression, she arose, walked to the door, and milked a few spoonfuls from nanny into the glass Achmed had used. Again I warmed the water over the lamp with which to dilute the milk and fed Mata Kwan, who must have downed all of two tablespoonfuls.

I made no move that escaped the woman's scrutiny. Although she had disappeared from the dispensary upon Achmed's arrival, there had probably been no instant when I and the baby had not been under closest surveillance.

Knowing what was ahead of me that night, I wondered if it were worth-while to go to bed at all, but finally I undressed, set the alarm clock to go off in a half hour, turned down the light, and unrolled a straw mat on the floor. Then I motioned to the woman that she too should get what rest she could.

But she did not understand about alarm clocks, and she took no chances on oversleeping. I was groggy from the malaria and exhaustion, but before I fell asleep I saw her wrap the straw mat about her shoulders. Then she squatted beside the chair, staring at the calabash cradle.

Stark terror and determination to defend the baby at any cost were written all over her face when next I saw it—a few seconds after my alarm went off. She was standing erect beside the baby's chair, the calabash clutched tightly in her arms.

Tumbling out of bed, I picked up the glass, and held it out to her. Without a second's hesitation she put Mata Kwan down, aroused nanny with a good kick, and milked me a spoonful. This time it was she who held the infant's lips apart so I could see its tongue.

The youngster drank greedily, and I heard the old woman sigh ever so lightly. I looked up and we smiled briefly into each other's eyes.

Every half hour during that entire night, I awoke and fed and otherwise cared for the baby. The next morning when I woke up at the usual time for my breakfast, the woman was again nowhere to be seen. I leaped to my feet and ran to the calabash, my heart almost in my mouth.

But Mata Kwan was sleeping peacefully, as he sucked spasmodically at the tips of two of his fingers. I heaved a sigh of relief, realising that this baby in one troubled night had already woven itself into the fabric of my life.

Achmed brought me my breakfast tray and I asked him about the old woman.

"That one!" he murmured disdainfully. "No, I don't know who she is. No, I don't know where she came from."

I carried Mata Kwan to the dispensary that morning, Achmed trailing behind with nanny on a string. He came to fetch me—and the goat—when lunch was ready, and took us back after a short siesta. The baby created quite a furore among my patients.

I puzzled over the strange old woman's absence when other people were about, and of her immediate appearance when I was alone. Everyone in the village of N'zem knew she was about, yet no one ever saw her but me. During the daylight hours she hid herself like a furtive animal.

Continued from page 60

At the end of two days I had Mata Kwan's body completely clean. He had a beautiful little body, perfect in every way, in spite of the neglect he had suffered.

Achmed was triumphant, but at the same time he cautioned me, "His wiving will cost you much good money, mama."

"His what?" I asked.

"His wiving. When the time comes that you must buy him women," he explained. Achmed was always very patient with me where my stupidity of tribal affairs was concerned.

"But he isn't my son," I protested.

"Neither is he hers," Achmed argued.

"Dear, I was just fooling when I said the biscuits were hard enough to bowl with. Besides, they're not even round."

I recalled the only words the old woman had ever spoken to me in her carefully clipped English. Obviously she knew what she was saying. But if she were not the child's mother, how had she come by it?

I tried to question her in English, French, and what little I knew of the N'zem dialect. Carefully, a syllable at a time. She understood my gestures and that was all. But these she understood well. By the end of a week she was caring for Mata Kwan, not as a tribal sister would have done, but as though he were a white baby—diapers, daily bath, regular feedings, and naps.

Mata Kwan had goat's milk, weak broth, and a little fruit juice, and he thrived like a plant in spring sunshine after a warm rain. In two weeks he more than doubled his weight. It took ten eggs to balance him on the rude pair of scales I had made out of bamboo fibre and banana leaves.

When he had first arrived, his weight only balanced slightly more than four eggs. And when he wanted fresh diapers, or food, he made his desires known in squawks that would have done credit to any other child of his age.

Therefore my protests were not completely wholehearted when Jackie, my gunbearer, came to me with the statement, "Mama, it is more than half a moon now since the people of N'zem have had fresh food and they hunger for it."

"You mean," I corrected him, "that you would like some meat, and a chance to stretch your muscles in the jungle. You're getting fat sitting around the palaver hut all day long."

Jackie, like most African servants, did only the work for which he was hired, and none other.

"All right, Jackie, to-morrow we'll go hunting," I told him. "The old woman can take care of Mata Kwan as well as I. And—"

Again I was thinking aloud, and before the day was over there was proof that although the old woman might not be in my sight when others were around, I was constantly in hers—and in this case in her hearing as well.

"Mama," she said to me that evening, "you can leave the child with me while you kill flesh food for the village cooking pots."

I don't know which surprised me more, that she had called me mama instead of mistress, or that she had spoken to me in stumbling Hausa! Had I only known it, I could have talked with her two weeks before when she had brought me the filth-encrusted Mata Kwan.

We talked a long time that night, two lone women there in a hut on the edge of a great jungle swamp. Aganza—I soon learned her name—was as naturally garrulous as all her African sisters.

AGANZA had picked up my hand and was turning it this way and that, prodding the palm and joints with her fingers.

"It would never do for the hoe," she told me at length. "The skin and the flesh underneath are soft. My hands—" She dropped my palm and spread out her own fingers before her eyes.

"My hands were meant for shaping pots and pounding grain and wielding the hoe. They could never seize torn flesh and fasten it together again before the spirit escaped through the rent in the body."

"Nonsense!" I started to say, but the words died on my lips as my heart leaped at the thought that had just occurred to me.

"Aganza!" I grasped her knee in my excitement. "Why don't you stay with me and learn how to care for sick people? Together we could do so much more. And you would learn quickly, very quickly — I know it. Will you stay, Aganza? Can you? Will those who own you—"

I was pleading, fearful of ties or tribal law that would take her away from me.

Gently the old woman answered: "I must stay with you. I will not go back without Mata Kwan, and if I took him back, they would kill him."

After that, I began instructing Aganza with a view to making her my assistant. As a beginning, each day I would tell her about the patients I had treated.

Her mind was keen and her questions and comments quickly took on a searching quality that sent me more and more often to Dr. Mary's medical books for answers. And as I instructed her, I gradually picked up fragments of my pupil's life.

As nearly as I can estimate, she was about my own age, somewhere in her forties. Her father had been neither wealthy nor prominent, and by African standards she had not been strikingly beautiful; therefore her first marriage had been a simple sale to a neighbor, several times her age, who already had a half dozen wives and a score of children.

Please turn to page 63

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The Amazing Story of *Mrs. Metcalfe*

How a grandmother, 79, suffering intense Rheumatic pain for over 10 years, became a happy woman, free from pain, gained over 2 stone, looks well, "feels better than for years."

No story in fiction could be more dramatic than this amazing, unsolicited statement made by Mrs. M. Maguire, of Henry Street, Guildford, N.S.W., about her mother, Mrs. Metcalfe, of the same address.

It tells of Mrs. Metcalfe's relief from the boundless misery of rheumatic pain as a result of using Lantigen 'C' Dissolved Oral Vaccine. Here are the facts in Mrs. Maguire's own words.

Henry Street, Guildford.

Dear Sirs,—

It is a pleasure for me to write this testimonial on LANTIGEN 'C' on behalf of my mother, Mrs. Metcalfe, above address. For the past 20 years she has been a sick woman. Firstly, Catarrh, which passed into stomach, causing her years of suffering. Ten years ago she had a very bad illness. While in bed she developed the severe joint pains.

INTENSE AGONY

As years went on she was more often in bed than out; every winter would find her in bed suffering intense agony. She is not a complainer ever, but when pain would send her quite delirious the Doctor would come and give her the needle. We (the whole family) have taken our turn night and day, with hot (almost boiling) soda packs on her joints to try and relieve her suffering, which would make your heart ache to see. She would get a little better with warm weather, but each cloudy change found her back in bed.

TWO YEARS IN BED

The last three years she has had possibly over two years in bed. Her joints would come up in hard notches in a few minutes, and she would suffer terribly with pain. It attacked her in knee, feet, hips, arms, shoulders, elbows, hands and jawbones, usually shifting after 24 or 48 hours in one place to another. There was a time when she could not bear the hot packs on her hands; we had cold packs on her hands and very hot ones on her feet at one time. She would be so very weak and helpless. If we made her bed and moved her ever so little, she cried with pain and exhaustion, and it was cruel to touch her.

LITTLE or NO RELIEF

She had everything anyone ever told her, or a chemist ever stocked, but got little or no relief. She was resigned to her fate, a confined invalid, absolutely skin and bone; I'm sure she was not five stone (although never a big woman). She never cared if she ate anything or not, had no interest in anything very much; she was to be pitied.

In February this year she got very bad again and, back to bed, her knee went up like a big balloon in a few days, and all the leg drew up and became deformed (her hands were more or less deformed for years). She suffered intense agony. Neither packs nor anything seemed to do her any good—she was too used to everything that once gave her a little relief. We never thought she could possibly see the winter through; she was clean worn out for want of rest and sleep and down to zero. One day a friend met my brother and asked after her. He said to try LANTIGEN 'C' for her; he knew an old man over 70 years walking about now—he was in bed for years, and LANTIGEN 'C' helped him. Mother has not been well for over 20 years. My brother went to our chemist and asked him for a bottle of LANTIGEN 'C.'

COMMENCED TAKING LANTIGEN

Mother commenced taking it. Before the first bottle was gone she was able to get out of bed, with help. The second week she began to feel better, and less pain. She has taken it to directions, never missing a dose. Now she is on the fourth bottle, having about ten days' supply left. The pains are still in her hands and feet a little, but gradually getting better. She has put on over two stone in weight and eats better than for years.

LOOKS WONDERFULLY WELL

She looks wonderfully well and has an interest in everything; she is so delighted with herself. She says she could get up on housetops and tell the world what LANTIGEN has done for her, and all who are like her that will get it. My brother has driven miles out of his way to tell people about LANTIGEN who he had heard were suffering—perfect strangers.

Mother said if any sufferer doubts what LANTIGEN claims, if they come to her, she will be delighted to tell them how it has relieved her after ten years of a living hell on earth. You may use this testimonial as you like, and her name also, as she can swear to it being the truth—and it is also voluntary.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) M. Maguire.

12 Years Later . . . TO-DAY !

To-day, 12 years later, Mrs. Metcalfe is a well, happy, normal woman of 79. Free from the agonising joint and muscle pains that made her life a misery, she now knits and crochets warm afghan rugs that are the delight of her family, the envy of her friends.

Her hands are supple, her general health good, her outlook on life changed—where once she was an invalid confined to her bed, absolutely skin and bone, she is now well, back to normal weight, taking an active part in life with her family who so devotedly cared for her during her "10 years' living hell on earth."

If you suffer as Mrs. Metcalfe did, then Lantigen 'C' Dissolved Oral Vaccine can help you, too.

Lantigen 'C', taken just like an ordinary medicine, is the proved treatment for germ-caused Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and Fibrositis.

LANTIGEN 'C' BRINGS PROMPT AND REAL RELIEF – AND OFTEN IMMUNITY WHICH MAY LAST FOR YEARS

Lantigen 'C' counteracts the effects of the germs which cause Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, and Fibrositis, because it is a modern, dissolved oral vaccine, prepared specially by skilled bacteriologists working under medical direction.

Works through the Bloodstream

Absorbed into the bloodstream through the mucous membranes of the nose, throat, and digestive system, Lantigen 'C' stimulates the production of "antibodies."

Immunity Promoted

These are the system's natural antidotes to the "rheumatic" germs. They neutralise the germ poisons, reduce inflammation, relieve pain, improve general health. Immunity against further attack is promoted and often lasts for years.

All These Benefits

- Searing joint and muscle pains are relieved;
- Swelling is reduced;
- Your appetite and digestion improve;
- You sleep through the night without pain;
- Wake rested and fresh.

No Injections

Just take Lantigen 'C' like an ordinary medicine in a little water at bedtime.

No Drugs

Lantigen 'C' is perfectly safe for young and old. It is guaranteed not to harm the heart or interfere with other treatments.

Economical

The recommended treatment costs only 3½d. per day. Little, indeed, for the benefits Lantigen 'C' can bring to you.

Other LANTIGEN Treatments

Lantigen 'A'

for the Common Cold.

Lantigen 'B'

for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma, Antrum and Sinus Infections, Recurrent Colds.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST TO-DAY FOR

Lantigen 'C'

THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

that's taken just like an ordinary medicine for germ-caused

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURITIS AND FIBROSITIS

PRODUCT OF EDINBURGH LABORATORIES, SYDNEY

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White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 61

AFTER her first three children had died at birth, Aganza's husband had palmed her off on an unsuspecting stranger. With her second husband, her wandering had begun, and she could no more list for me all the villages she had lived in than she could number her husbands or count her children.

This man had sold her in anger because he did not like the way she cooked his mealies; that one, in order to raise money with which to pay his hut tax; another, because his first wife was jealous of Aganza—the reasons were legion.

Eventually a labor recruit, on his way home from a term of compulsory service on the Government highways, had bought her for a song. He was a young man who should have had a younger woman, but he had no money and Aganza was the best he could do for himself. He beat her unmercifully because she was not younger—and Aganza harbored no ill-will in her heart, for that is normal conduct for men.

She would work hard and earn the money for a younger sister wife and so perhaps, if no gullible stranger passed through the village, and if the jungle spirits were willing, she might purchase for herself a few years of peace.

But the spirits of the jungle had not been willing that there should be peace for Aganza. In the village of N'Titierte, her new home on the Oogau River, there was a man by the name of U'boli, who was markedly different from his relatives and neighbors.

U'boli's father owed his life to the quick thinking, courage, and skill of a white man when the two of them had been charged by a wounded buffalo. And when the black man had asked the white man how he could discharge the debt he owed him, the white man had answered, "Give me one of your sons."

The white man had gone on to explain why he wanted the child, but his words had little meaning to the tribesman. Nevertheless, U'boli's father had placed his son's small hand in the white man's big one and had watched the two of them walk away together, wondering all the while whether the white man hungered for human flesh meat.

His father never expected to see U'boli again, but in a half dozen years the boy returned, his body grown to manhood and his head full of such foolishness as the village of N'Titierte had never heard before.

He had with him curious things he called "books," by means of which he said dead men talked to him. His attitude toward women and marriage was beyond comprehension. When he chose his first and only wife from among the village girls, he insisted that the marriage fee he called a gift instead of a price. Then U'boli had insisted that the girl herself be asked if she were willing to marry him.

The girl had answered, "Yes," very promptly. Why not? U'boli was young, handsome, and rich, and there would be many gifts for her [illegible] many sister wives to share the floor of kraal and shamba. She had been right—except that U'boli would never take other wives.

Whatever she asked of him, he gave her—so quickly and easily that even she knew he was a fool. And when she found that he did not beat her, she treated him with open contempt before the entire village.

Aganza, as one of the old women of the village, tried to help U'boli's wife when she died giving birth to her child.

"After she died," Aganza told me, "The women bound the living child to the dead woman's breast and wrapped the two of them in palm fibre matting. Then they each picked up some small thing in payment for their services, and went away again. Because I had worked harder than any of the others, I had the right to a bigger fee. As I looked about for what I might take, I heard the baby stir under its matting.

"I am not a thief, mama. But many thoughts came into my head when I heard the child stir. I remembered that I had borne many children, and those who lived had been taken from me by men as completely as death had taken the others. And—mama, I undid the matting and looked at the child. I picked it up in my arms and held it. That—that is a very pleasant thing to do, mama."

The old woman's face was tremulous with pleading that I might not blame her, and I nodded understanding. "It is what I would have done, Aganza," I told her.

U'boli had entered the hut as she cradled the child in her arms, Aganza told me. That was further evidence of his peculiarity, for an ordinary tribesman would have gone to the palaver hut and, although he did not feel like talking himself, would have smiled at the jokes of others and have listened politely to the gossip of the old men.

Instead, the lone Christian in N'Titierte had squatted on the floor beside his dead wife and had stroked her face with his hands, and tears had splashed on the matting Aganza had disarranged.

Finally the child had whimpered, and he had seemed aware of it for the first time. He stared at his son and touched its head with a finger that trembled, but when he spoke to Aganza, his voice, although low, was very firm.

He told her she must bring the child to me. He told her what trails to follow in order to reach N'zem, and what she must say upon arrival. He made her repeat the words many, many, many times.

"At first I was not of a mind to do what he commanded, mama," Aganza told me. "But suddenly the thought occurred to me that if I did, and if, as he said, your magic was great enough to keep the child alive, and if—"

The old woman broke off and looked at me sharply for a moment—"and if, mama, I could manage so that no man searching for runaway cattle might ever see me—then no one could take this child away from me!"

Armed with this thought, Aganza had helped U'boli roll a small pelt into the size and shape of a newborn infant, place it on the mother's breast, and rearrange the matting shroud. Then U'boli had made Aganza repeat again and yet again the words she must say to me.

When he felt sure of her memory, he had gone out into the village street, wailing loudly and indecorously until every man, woman, and child in N'Titierte had followed him to the palaver hut in amazement. And when all eyes and ears were turned elsewhere, Aganza had slipped out of the hut and hurried off into the night.

For six nights, stopping only to drink and to hide by day from the possible eyes of strangers who might report her whereabouts, she had fled on the feet of a hunted animal until, on the afternoon of the seventh day, she had stood in the door of my dispensary, repeated U'boli's nonsense syllables, and dropped the filth-encrusted Mata Kwan into my lap.

"So that is why you hide away by day and will help me only at night," I exclaimed. "You are afraid for men to see you lest they take you back."

Her only answer was a silent, watchful half-smile.

Suddenly a great idea seized me. "Aganza, you love Mata Kwan, don't you?" It was not a question, merely preparation for what I meant to say.

"Love?" The word seemed strange to her.

But I hurried on, "No one but U'boli knows you have the child—do they? No one else knows he's alive!"

She flung up her head and clicked her thumbnail against her teeth in emphatic denial.

"Then if you belonged to me, everything would be all right, wouldn't it? You need not live in fear. Mata Kwan would be yours for good. You could help me in my work—" I broke off, hardly daring to ask the next question, but Aganza waited silently.

"The man in N'Titierte, your husband, would he sell you to me, do you think?"

"Pff!" I have never heard a sound so scornful as the old woman's snort of disgust. "A goat he paid for me, mangy and old, and two hens and a scrawny rooster—and the men in the palaver hut laughed at him for a fool."

"Then if I offered him, say, two young and healthy goats—" I began.

"Mama! You do not know how to bargain!" For a moment Aganza was a village woman, shrewd and keen and determined upon every sou of value. That she herself was the object of barter did not seem to occur to her.

The next day I hunted, with twice the number of porters I needed to take back the meat, in the direction of N'Titierte. Luck was with me; early in the day I shot a reedbuck, a kongoni, and two zebras.

I left half the porters to cut up the meat and carry it back to N'zem, but Jackie, the other men, and I headed west by south-west.

It took me eight days travelling with porters to cover what Aganza had made in six nights alone. As I climbed the spur to approach the village of N'Titierte I looked over the flat bench of knoll backed by a wide band of towering pencil cedars. "What an ideal location for a mission station! Hospital here, schools there, mission homes on the bluff overlooking the river!"

I stood lost in dreams until my boys called my attention to a procession coming to meet us. They were used to L'loni's visits and supposed that I too was a trader. What did I have to offer for their ivory? Their kola nuts?

Within me the question seethed: Who was Aganza's husband? She had not told me, and an African woman seldom uses the name of her husband. Full of the importance of my mission, I had very stupidly not asked her. Yet I must deal with him.

It took some doing on my part to get the information I wanted without arousing suspicion or antagonism. I held a clinic as I always did when visiting any village; I traded a little although I had not intended to; I gossiped a lot.

Please turn to page 64

White Styles for Negroes

UNLIKE their men, who like clothes with original cut, such as the zoot suit, American negresses demand "white" fashion styles.

Their urge to copy Miss White America has built up a big fashion industry.

Fashion parades in night-clubs, churches, club-rooms, and even gymnasiums are among the most popular Negro entertainments.

Brown models not only wear Paris models and the newest "white" socialite modes, but feature liquids for straightening kinked hair.

You can get an idea of the result from a two-page picture story in A.M. for October, now on sale. Pictures show models dressing and parading.

A.M., the national magazine, has something for everyone—the best of Australian and overseas fiction, and picture stories. The price is still only 1/-.

Don't wait

until summer is nearly over, and swelter day and night

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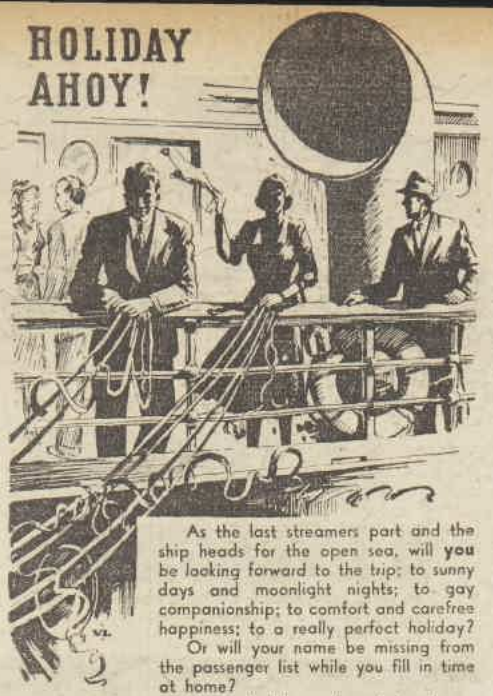
HOLIDAY AHOY!



As the last streamers part and the ship heads for the open sea, will **you** be looking forward to the trip; to sunny days and moonlight nights; to gay companionship; to comfort and carefree happiness; to a really perfect holiday?

Or will your name be missing from the passenger list while you fill in time at home?

Happy holidays depend largely on money. The people who go away each year are those who plan ahead.

A few shillings put each week into a Commonwealth Savings Bank Account will supply the money necessary for your annual vacation. A few more shillings saved each payday will help provide for any opportunity or emergency.

The Commonwealth Savings Bank gives you every encouragement and assistance to save for sunny days or umbrella weather.

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Asthma, Bronchitis Coughing, Curbed Quickly

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you can't sleep? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No dopes, no smokes, no injections, no atomisers. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and in three minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to remove phlegm, promote free, easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing every night, couldn't sleep. Mendaco stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel tomorrow. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

Stops Asthma ★ Bronchitis ★ Hay Fever

White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 63

FINALLY, when I started back to N'zem, on the morning of the third day, Aganza was my slave. I had paid a few handfuls of salt, a couple of yards of merikani, and two empty tomato tins for her. Less than two dollars' value in all—yet I never spent two dollars, or two thousand dollars, to better advantage.

I won't say that everything began to go right as soon as we built Aganza and Mata Kwan a dukas beside my own and she became my mainstay. I do believe, however, that through the relationship I acquired a sense of direction in my work. For the first time since coming to Africa, I was at peace with myself, and those about me.

At the end of a few months Aganza and I were sharing responsibilities almost as equals. I never saw anyone absorb knowledge with greater facility or apply it more naturally. I have a reasonably good mind myself, but beside Aganza I'm a dolt.

Work in the dispensary went so well that we expanded. Together *we built a real hospital*—nothing pretentious, just a few simple dukases. As soon as they were finished, serious cases, usually the victims of tribal witch doctors, filled them completely.

Once again I began to keep a card file of the hospital cases. And since Aganza was immediately curious about the file and I thought it might be helpful to her, I kept it in a phonetic version of Hausa.

I am not conscious of ever having done more than murmur the names of the cards aloud as I ran through them and, perhaps, follow the legend with a forefinger as we discussed a case. Yet one day Aganza went to the file, picked out a card, and read to me what I had written there.

I thought it was a case of memory, and tried her with another card. Then another. We went through every card in the file, and she read every one of them back to me.

"But, mama, the bits of paper speak to me? Why shouldn't they speak to me?" she protested in the face of my amazement. There was no question about it. By the grace of God, and with less help than any other pupil I have ever known, Aganza had learned to read.

I tried to convey to her something of the wonder of her accomplishment, but when I had finished, she only said: "My magic is very little, mama. Only these bits of paper speak to me." She ran a forefinger along the card file as she spoke.

Then she leaned ever slightly and rested her hand on one of Dr. Mary's medical journals. "This bundle of paper won't say anything at all to me. Perhaps it is because it is big magic and for white people only, while this" — picking up a card — "this is little magic and for black people too."

"You—you... have tried to read these books?" I stammered in amazement.

"Was it wrong, mama? I meant no wrong. Yes, I picked them all up, every one of them and hel' them in my hands. I crooned to them and caressed them and offered them bits of food and sips of palm wine, but they would not speak to me, mama, not so much as a faint grunt from a single one of them."

Of course not! They were in print, not script, and English, not Hausa. I started to explain this and then stopped as sudden inspiration hit me.

When I did speak, it was merely to say, "Come to my dukas after you have eaten this evening, Aganza; then, if you want it badly enough, I will make these big bundles of paper speak to you too."

Once again, I was to be amazed at Aganza's remarkable aptitude.

She had never spoken English other than her stilted declaration at our first meeting, but before my first furlough came along—she had been with me scarcely more than two years by then—she read and wrote both English and Hausa with complete ease, and used an English dictionary to help her with the medical terms.

As she learned, we became partners in the truest sense of the word. And why not? She was my intellectual equal and the same sources of information that Dr. Mary had opened up to me were open to her.

As my clinical safaris into the bush increased in length and frequency, I found, curiously, that it was oftentimes not my fame that had spread.

"Do you come from Mother Aganza?" more than one headman asked me.

Our hospital grew, too, but by bit, until, when Dr. Early visited us, we had a little colony of eight dukases. My superior had made the trip to N'zem ostensibly as a pastoral call, but I secretly believed he came to *see for himself* if the work at N'zem had developed sufficiently to merit a substitute while I was on furlough.

I made no attempt to repress the pride I felt as I showed him my menage. He hesitated a moment when I led him past Aganza's hut next to my own, and I tensed myself for the criticism I anticipated—whites living next door to blacks—tsch! tsch! tsch!

When he spoke, it was to say, "When I first came to Africa, my hut was built so close to that of the headman's that rain from our roofs dripped into the same mud puddle."

He was not so comforting when it came to determining the future of my station at N'zem. "I'm afraid we'll have to give it up," he told me.

AT once I bridled, but Dr. Early held up a hand to shut off my protests.

"Now, now! Dr. Mary knew we'd have to give it up eventually, but she always said, 'Not in my lifetime!' The swamp across the river is moving in—you can see that for yourself. When Dr. Mary first came to N'zem, you could tre' for two or three days beyond the river before you came to the swamp."

I knew he was quite right, but how could I give up my lovely hospital? It was as though he read my thoughts.

"Your hospital isn't so much, Ellen. A dozen or so mud and wattle huts. You can do as much elsewhere in half, in a tenth, the time. Have you, during your itinerant work, come upon another place that would make a good site for an outstation?"

Then I told him about N'Titierte. Everything was in its favor, it seemed to me; the hills, the river, the number of villages in the surrounding countryside. I even spoke of the beauty of the location. Dr. Early kept nodding his head, and when I paused, he took up the theme.

"I know the place. 'Big Bush,' the natives call it from the appearance of the coral trees that were in bloom when you saw it. N'Titierte means 'Big Bush,' you know."

But I still felt reluctant to abandon N'zem, so as a further excuse for staying, I said, rather feebly, that I hoped to carry on Dr. Mary's efforts with the swamp Pygmies. Dr. Early looked at me quizzically.

He stated: "I was always keenly interested in Mary's trips into the swamp. You never sent reports of such trips, and you should have, you know. You haven't got around to it yet? But of course you're going?"

"Of course!"

"When?"

"Just as soon——" I ranged about desperately in my mind for some planned work on which to hinge a date. "At once!" I said finally.

"I'm glad," he answered. "You should go, Ellen, by all means, at least once. And let me know about it, won't you? I'm honestly interested."

To be continued

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FEEL SMOOTHER! Pamper the sensitive spots with extra Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Its silken sheet of protection *insures* you against chafing.

STAY DAINTIER! It's an inexpensive luxury to use Cashmere Bouquet Talcum lavishly and often. Gives your person the fragrance men love.

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First Love

Continued from page 9

THE heavy man across the table was not Charles, in whose being, linked by comradeship and affection to hers, she was free to trespass; he was a stranger, a grown-up, a person in authority, the all-powerful captain of the ship. As so often before, she had been impertinent. Burning with shame, she hung her head.

The Captain had risen from his chair and was standing beside her again. She could feel the stiff gold braid on his sleeve rasping her bare arm, but she dared not look at him, fearing the thunder of displeasure she might meet. For a moment, while she sat rigid with agonised apprehension, he just stood there, silent. Then slowly, carefully, the words falling softly as quiet rain, he said, "I'm sorry, Lucia. I've always been clumsy with women. Will you forgive me?"

She could hardly believe her ears. He had, if only by implication, called her a woman; he had accepted her into the mystic sorority formed by the adult members of her sex. Shyness was forgotten, dissipated by the high wind of pride which swept through her body. Her heart was swelling, swelling like a giant balloon. It seemed as though it must burst in another instant, explode in the air with a loud, satisfying pop. She began to laugh at the thought, and then she laughed harder and harder, her head flung back in a gleeful spasm.

Captain Hightower was smiling down at her. He rumpled her hair, his fingers moving gently over the golden head. When her laughter had subsided he touched her cheek in a gesture of farewell. "You're a darling," he said. "I'll be seeing you, Lucia."

She did not say, "Don't go." She did not clutch the beautiful gold-harred sleeve to hold him, but her wide eyes followed him as he threaded his way among the tables.

Feeling both lonely and proud, she disposed of the chocolate pudding without much attention. For a moment or two she looked at the other tempting dishes before her. She sighed, her head moving slowly from side to side in reluctant negation. No woman, no grown-up woman, would permit herself more than one dessert.

. . . . . .

"Is he as handsome as Papa?" Charles asked.

It was his first comment; he had listened silently, with grave attentiveness, to Lucia's account of her meeting with the Captain. They were on the hurricane deck, sitting on a life-raft.

Sitting cross-legged beside him, Lucia pondered the question.

"Well, is he?" Charles persisted.

Lucia shook her head. "No," she said at last, remembering the thickened body, the blurred and weary face. "He's old and sort of fat." She added reluctantly, "There are red streaks in his eyes."

Her brother's left eyebrow rose, and a look of polite deprecation tightened his lips. Lucia's heart winced, as at a betrayal.

Suddenly she smiled. Another memory had slipped into her mind, the memory of a plump blond cat which had once strolled through the world with that same unruffled and graceful assurance. "He walks like Balthasar," she said happily. "Exactly like Balthasar."

"Balthasar was a nice cat," Charles said, after a pause. His voice was not quite steady. Balthasar was dead, having stepped blithely under the car wheels and into eternity some five or six months before. It was an extremely painful recollection for Charles, as Lucia realised almost at once. Always too readily moved, he blinked back tears and shifted around.

Lucia looked at him in perplexity. The big tomcat had been no less dear to her than to her brother, but she lacked his fidelity to remembered emotion. Charles was different, of course, and she was sorry she had reminded him.

Flinging herself down beside his slight, rigid body, she peered over the edge of the raft at the foaming water below. Something dark and sleekly shaped showed briefly beneath the lacy spume. "I think I see a whale," she announced, ignoring geographical probability.

Charles' interest was aroused, as she had known it would be. His glance followed her pointing finger. "That's not a whale," he contradicted, "it's a porpoise."

It was a school of porpoises. Another and still another broke the surface of the waves, leaping into the air and then plunging back again, gambolling away the sunny hours as though there always would be more of them, as though the sun and sea and springy muscles were things they could count on forever.

"Fun, aren't they?" At the sound of the voice Lucia's heart leaped and plunged like a flying fish. She swivelled around, and there was Captain Hightower leaning casually against the side of the raft, his face on a level with hers. He tipped his cap. "Hello, Lucia," he said. "How are you this lovely morning?"

"I—I'm fine," she said.

"Good." He smiled at her and at Charles, who had scrambled to his knees and was rocking back and forth on them, politely waiting to be noticed. "Is this the brother you were telling me about?"

"I'm Charles," Charles said with the dignity of an ambassador presenting his credentials.

Captain Hightower nodded. "Glad to meet you, Charles." He had a subtle courtesy; it transmuted the dull phrase into golden truth.

PLEASANTLY, the Captain talked to them for a while about porpoises and related topics, deferring to their opinions, an equal among equals, or so at least he made it seem.

That the assumption was not altogether valid he indicated only later and with a charming hesitancy. "Look here," he said, fingering the canvas cover of the raft, "you're not really supposed to climb up on these things. Dangerous, you know. You might fall overboard."

They certainly did know. Nurse had issued a series of warnings before leaving them to play on the hurricane deck. Persuading Charles to ignore them had not been very difficult, but now Lucia felt profoundly ashamed of herself. She muttered something contrite and inaudible.

Taking Lucia by both elbows, the Captain lowered her gently to the deck. "Silly to fuss on such a calm day," he apologised. "But it does turn choppy in these waters suddenly. And I'd hate to lose you two."

"I promise I won't climb up there any more," Lucia said in a low voice. She was surrendering freedom and high adventure, but she could not resist him; she no longer belonged to herself.

"I won't either," Charles said, sliding quickly off the raft.

Captain Hightower nodded as though such reasonableness were only to be expected. "That's fine. It's very good of you to promise. Thanks ever so much." Saluting smartly, he turned and walked in the direction of the bridge.

Please turn to page 68

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First Love

Continued from page 66

IT was the beginning of a new existence for Lucia, a bewildering, delicious bondage which was like nothing she ever had known. She was accustomed to external discipline, to orders she could sometimes defy or evade if obedience proved too galling. But this strange, sweet coercion came from within, and she had neither the experience to understand it nor the art to cope with it.

She was not, in the days that followed, altogether happy. To the independent spirit love is always a traitor. It breaks down the walls behind which the dreaming self reigns absolute, like a god in its power and glory. The once potent self is dethroned; it crouches in the rubble like a beggar with hand outstretched for sustenance, anxious for the look, the word, the smile which alone can now maintain its life.

On shipboard it is not an impossible task to keep close to the object of one's desire. Particularly on a ship as small as the S.S. Ciudad de Oro, the area of surveillance is limited within the compass even of a child's activity. So Lucia was free to trail behind Captain Hightower like some imperfectly detached remnant of himself. She was free to stand for hours regarding him as he paced the bridge, to be always at hand when he had the leisure and inclination to chat.

They spoke of many things together, of oceans and stars, horses and bugs and hurricanes, the deceased Balthasar and the cotton field, stretching like snow, around Captain Hightower's boyhood home. Sometimes Charles joined in their conversations, but more often he was elsewhere, having turned away in sorrow from his sister's baffling absorption in this ageing stranger.

There were other boys on board and, now that his first and dearest comrade was lost to him, Charles found a rather pleasing diversion in their uncomplicated fellowship. With them he explored the engine rooms, played endless games of quoits and shuffleboard, and learned, under the tutelage of a friendly sailor, to tie a variety of wonderful knots.

He did his faithful best to include Lucia in these fascinating new avocations. "Do you want me to show you how to make a bowline?" he asked Lucia one morning, offering her a length of frayed rope.

She shrugged a disdainful shoulder. "No. That's a stupid boys' game."

"You used to like to play boys' games," he reminded her sadly.

It was true. Lucia stared at him, dismayed, realising belatedly how things had changed between them, feeling the first chill breath of an alien wind. They had begun the long, obscure journey of life together; they had pooled the equipment of their separate temperaments, sharing whatever burdens there were, like all good travellers. Now ahead of them the road forked, and it seemd that each must proceed alone . . .

There was something in Nurse which resented happiness, something bitter, suspicious, and unreconciled, the dark germ to whose infection the world owes all its villains. On the afternoon before the ship was due to land she marched grimly into Mama's cabin, where Charles and Lucia were amiably chatting with their mother.

She had chanced to overhear a conversation between two giggling stewardesses, she informed Mama, a gleam in her small, colorless eyes. A most peculiar conversation. It had led her to ask them a few pointed questions.

"She's a sly one," she said, indicating Lucia, who backed up against the washstand at this signal of danger.

Mama, too, was apprehensive. Her children were an extension of her own over-sensitive self, an added area of vulnerability. "What do you mean?" she asked uneasily.

Nurse was not to be hurried. She was nibbling at her information, savoring it. "We thought she was behaving so well," she said. "We thought she was playing nice games with Charles and the other little boys and girls. Well, she wasn't." She paused, her mottled skin taking on a deeper tone. "Instead, she's been hanging around the Captain. All the time. Morning and afternoon. Everybody thinks it's very funny. I don't agree."

MAMA was relaxed. "That's not a nice thing to do, Lucia," she said in mild reproof. "You mustn't annoy other people."

"The Captain doesn't mind," Charles put in loyally. "He likes her. He says she's a darling."

"Does he?" Mama murmured, pleased by the tribute to her daughter.

An acrid smile stretched Nurse's thin mouth. "That makes it even worse. I'm told he's a man of low character. They say he drinks and —and other things." She glanced significantly at Mama. "His wife had to leave him."

"Nurse!" Mama's tone was quick and sharp. "Not before the children, please."

When she turned to Lucia she was trembling a little and, though she tried to speak quietly, there was still that sharp edge to her voice, "Listen to me, Lucia. Have you—did the Captain—has he ever asked you to go to his cabin with him? Tell me! You must tell me the truth."

None of this cryptic conversation was intelligible to Lucia, but she sensed the malignancy behind it. The words corrupted the air in the narrow little room and made it difficult to breathe.

Charles had crossed the room to stand beside Lucia, erect and vigilant. "We waited at the door once. He went in to get us some gumdrops."

Mama drew in a long sigh and slumped down upon a chair.

Nurse was not readily satisfied. "You haven't answered your mother's question, Lucia. Were you ever in the Captain's cabin? Alone with him?"

Anger rose in Lucia, a wave of it, mightier than her fear or the stifling odor of corruption. As though something had been released in her, she sprang at the governess.

"No!" she screamed. "No! No! No!" Her small fists beat upon the obdurate body as upon a drum. "You're a horrid, nasty, mean old woman!" she yelled, beside herself with rage and a strong subterranean joy. "Go away! Go away! I hate you!"

"So do I," Charles shouted. He poised himself, took careful aim, and delivered an accurate kick on Nurse's shin.

In a matter of minutes Lucia found herself confined for the afternoon in Nurse's cabin, Charles in the one next door.

Lucia did not waste much energy in bewailing the injustice of her lot. She had behaved better in the past few days than in her entire previous history and she was being punished for it.

BUT injustice is woven into the very texture of children's lives, and they learn soon the folly of protest.

Her one compelling purpose was to see the Captain again. If she no longer could do this overtly—and Mama had been extremely firm about the matter—she would have to attempt it in secret. The solution occurred to her in a brilliant flash.

Night was the time for secrets. Grown-ups, even Nurse, had to sleep. A thin mist was beginning to blot out the sea.

By evening, this chiffon-like vapor had turned into a solid, enveloping substance which lay on the ship like a shroud. Voices lost their resonance, footsteps became softer and less emphatic, as if the deck had been padded with velvet. At regular intervals the long, wailing cry of the foghorn reached out across the now invisible water—the cry of a tortured ghost, a demon lover calling through the eternity of hell for his mate.

Lucia tried not to think about hell. She did not quite believe in it any more, yet she continued to dread it. Nurse was an authority on this unpleasant region, which was made to order, in her opinion, for recalcitrant boys and girls.

The fog, following so opportunely upon the afternoon's indiscretions, had given Nurse the opening for a novel approach to her favorite theme, which, expressed in its simplest terms, was that God would punish in the next world whoever crossed her, Nurse, in this one. The fog, as she was careful to explain during the evening meal, brought the next world appreciably nearer. Fogs caused collisions; collisions caused sinkings; sinkings caused death by drowning.

Please turn to page 69

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First Love

Continued from page 68

AT this point, Mary, who was not at the moment threatened with damnation but disliked the idea of drowning, broke into resentful sobs and had to be carried from the table, effectively putting an end to Nurse's discourse.

"Do you think she's telling the truth?" Charles asked, his brow creased in thought.

"No." The flat denial gave Lucia comfort without entirely convincing her. There was always a chance, and what she was planning to do later in the evening would leave her no leg to stand on if, subsequently, she were required to meet a deity face to face. Contemplating the enormity of her projected act, she sighed deeply . . .

The ship's bell rang six times—eleven o'clock—as Lucia closed the door of the cabin behind her and walked, with a thrill of apprehension, into what seemed a thick, yielding white wall. Guiding herself by the bulkhead, she inched along until she reached the ladder leading to the hurricane deck.

This familiar structure, up and down which she had scampered a dozen times a day, the number of whose rungs she remembered as well as she did her own age, now loomed frighteningly high and unmountable before her. For an instant, while the foghorn wailed, she wished she were back in the cabin in her own bunk, with the sheets pulled over her head and Charles reassuringly asleep in the upper bunk. But as the last lingering echo melted into silence and darkness, her courage returned. Clinging hard to the iron handrail, she started to climb.

It was better on the hurricane deck. Somehow the fog seemed thinner here; the shapes of lifeboats and rafts, though fuzzily outlined, were recognisable, like the half-perceived features of friends. Moving much faster now, her white terry-cloth robe flapping in the cool, damp wind, she approached the Captain's cabin.

The "Come in" with which he replied to her tentative knock was as muffled as every other sound. "Lucia!" he cried softly, fuzzily, as she slipped like a shred of mist through the door. "What's the matter? What are you doing here?" he asked in astonishment.

He was lolling in a deep armchair, a glass full of an amber-toned liquid in one hand, the other dangling limply over the side of the chair. His face was flushed, his hair rumpled, and the heavy lids of his eyes blinked again and again as though cobwebs were tangled in their dense lashes. Wrinkles marred the splendor of his uniform. He looked curiously younger, like a tired, unhappy boy.

Lucia stared at him intently, absorbing each subtle alteration in the remembered image without understanding what they meant, knowing only that something was wrong, that she hurt in some undefined part of herself. A lump grew in her throat, her mouth trembled, and hot tears spilled down her cheeks.

"Why, Lucia!" He put down his glass and in a single lithe movement he gathered her up in his arms. "There," he said, settling her on his lap. "There. Now tell me what's the matter. Tell Captain Johnny about it, darling."

"Is the ship going to sink?" Lucia sobbed. She was not really worried about this eventuality any longer; it was simply a peg upon which to hang her otherwise incomprehensible misery.

"Of course not!" There was no trace now of the thick, sweet accents; the words rang distinct as a bell. "Wherever did you get such a crazy idea, honey child?"

Lucia relaxed against him. A knot untied itself slowly in her chest. Feeling comfortable again, safe and warm, she launched into a detailed account of Nurse's lurid prophecies. "She's silly, isn't she?" she asked in a superior tone.

"Very silly and very wicked," Captain Hightower said. He sounded grave. "Your mother should be told about this."

Lucia was surprised. Such an idea never had entered her mind; the concept of Mama was infinitely remote from the terrors and raptures of the soul.

"In fact," the Captain continued grimly, "I think I'll tell her myself." As though to punctuate the resolve, he picked up the glass on the little table beside him and drained it at one gulp.

It seemed to Lucia a singularly appealing gesture. "Nurse is so stupid," she remarked airily. "She thinks you're a bad man because you drink."

A dull red stain crept over the Captain's face. Slowly, carefully, he replaced the empty glass. As he had done on the first evening of their acquaintance, he stared beyond Lucia at some unhappy picture not visible to anybody but himself. "Maybe she's right," he said at last.

"As much as I hate to say this, he's allergic to soap."

"She isn't. She isn't!" Lucia protested with all the vehemence of which she was capable.

"Somebody else had the same idea," the Captain continued, but he spoke so softly that she might have been overhearing his thoughts, and his eyes still were fixed on some point beyond her.

Turning her head to follow the direction of his gaze Lucia saw that it had a focus—a picture in a silver frame stood on the chest of drawers against the opposite wall. The rosebud mouth, the wide-spaced eyes, the flying cloud of golden hair were intimately known to her; she had seen them all before, over and over again, in her books of fairy tales.

"That was my wife," the Captain said. "She ran away from me and died soon after."

"Was she a princess?" Lucia asked shyly, enchanted by the vision of loveliness across the room.

He shook his head. "No. Just a foolish, frightened little girl." He sighed and looked deep into Lucia's wondering eyes. "There you have me, Lucia. A bad man who frightens little girls."

She had no name for the twisting ache inside her; she never had heard of pity, love's spendthrift, shabby twin. But a precocious wisdom told her what to do. She flung her arms around him, leaning her soft hot face against his throat. "It isn't true," she crooned. "You're good, and I love you." And then remembering a grave, ardent phrase she had read somewhere: "I give you my whole heart."

THE Captain held her so hard that she could feel the buttons of his uniform pressing into her flesh. When he finally disengaged himself his face had a sort of ravaged serenity, like that of a statue eroded by years of burial in the earth. "Thank you, Lucia," he said. "Thank you very much." He took her hand and lifted it to his lips. "It's you who are the princess," he said. "And now," he swung her gently to the floor and got up himself, "I'm going to see you back to your cabin. It's very late, you know."

It was late, and drowsiness was seeping like fog into her brain, threatening with oblivion what should have been her proudest moment. She rubbed her eyes to clear them and looked for the last time at the figure standing in the now open doorway. He had smoothed his jacket and picked up his cap, but these insignia of worldly authority were not enough to disguise the vulnerable image of love.

Lucia walked up to him and took his outstretched hand. "Will you marry me when I grow up?" she asked soberly.

His fingers tightened over hers as they stepped out together upon the misty deck. "Ask me again in ten years," the deep, tender voice was murmuring, and she knew she never would forget it—not in ten years, or twenty, or ever. "I'll be waiting for you, Lucia."

He, or another like him, would be waiting. She was a princess and prodigal, as is the way of royalty, giving her heart, that crisp, tart, everlasting fruit, to whoever needed its nourishment, whoever, by word or smile or sorrowful glance, reached out and made it his.

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Boarders are sometimes hard to get on with

By SHEILA PATRICK

Is there a lodger in the house? Often, these days, whether from housing or money shortages, there is.

According to many families a nigger in the woodpile is a pale shadow alongside the black threat an outsider offers to their communal happiness.

BATHROOM BASSO boarders give households the nervous jitters. Families agree their favorite lodgers are those who quietly mind their own affairs.

AN otherwise happy home often becomes the scene for arguments, misunderstandings, sulks, and tension through the presence of an extra person.

But need this be so?

Our parents and grandparents, for instance, had a great regard for the laws of hospitality. Mostly they delighted in guests, and respected the rights of a paying guest or relative.

It seems that in this distracted era we have become resentful of an extra person in the house, even if he be a relative, friend, or lodger paying his way.

The lodger frequently makes trouble through being selfish and unadaptable.

Too often, the family is to blame for accepting the lodger's money and at the same time grudging their roof as though they were getting no recompense for the favor.

In any case the presence of a person other than an immediate member of the family is a problem which many of us have to face.

We interviewed three families on the question. One, of Belmore, N.S.W., has three young boys.

These lads share a small room, with one sleeping on a small adjoining verandah.

The cramped situation is brought about by the presence of Grandmother, the wife's mother, who has lived with the family since the eldest boy was born, eight years ago.

When interviewed, the wife said: "Although Grannie helps with the housework, she's domineering by nature and devoted to the children. The result is that she interferes so much with their upbringing it nearly drives me mad. Every time I scold them she attacks me.

"We had one typical set-to over the boys tramping their wet shoes over a floor she had just polished. When I threatened them with punishment unless they were more careful she said she didn't mind doing the floor again.

"It was quite beside the point with Gran that the boys must learn to be tidy and considerate.

"When one of them addressed me as Fatso she told me in his hearing that it was amusing, not cheeky.

"That time my husband hopped in and told Gran to keep out of it. By the time I defended my mother, all the children were witnessing a horrible family row.

"If only Gran would realise that she helps best by keeping out of things a little more."

It should be an unwritten law for those living with relatives never, never to interfere in the private lives of the family, especially in the bringing up of children, and to give advice only when asked.

The second family interviewed live at Hornsby, N.S.W., and have two grown-up daughters.

There, the maiden aunt, a sister of father's, is the fly in the ointment. Her views on life are narrow. She has a small income of her own on which she leads—and has always led—a limited life.

This elderly lady does not approve of many of the things generally accepted as harmless.

The two daughters, well over 21, suffer a great deal from Auntie, who upbraids them unmercifully when they stay out late, paint their nails, or bring home a beau.

Although she does not realise it she is jealous of these two girls and the fun they have. Being intelligent and charming they don't waste time and temper aggravating the situation.

Working on Auntie

"AUNTIE'S very fond of us," said one. "Otherwise she wouldn't get so worked up about our misdeeds. Knowing that, it's not so hard.

"We're working on her now to get her to use rouge and have her hair cut. We call it Operation Regeneration.

"After all, the extra money she brings to the house is a big help to Mother and Dad."

The other type of outsider is the person who answers the newspaper advertisement . . *Board and lodging with quiet suburban family offered young man with regular hours* . . .

This is usually done by the family to help pay the rent, household bills, or in many cases to save towards a new home.

A family who have had lodgers ever since the husband and wife were married 18 years ago told some of their experiences with the folk who have answered their advertisements offering full board and lodging for quiet working man or woman.

There are two children in this family, a boy of 17 and a girl of 15.

"We've had some funny sorts of lodgers," the wife said, "but the ones who keep to themselves have always turned out trumps.

"Strangely enough, we didn't mind the ones who were lively and kept late hours. It's people's irritating personal habits that get you down—things like leaving razor blades in the bathroom, or always prefacing any greeting with a comment on the weather.

"The one who really slew us was The Perfect Lady.

"At meals we never knew what topic of conversation could possibly be genteel enough.

"When my husband came to the table without his tie one hot Sunday midday, she pushed back her plate, untouched, and disapprovingly left the table.

"That's a pretty tense situation to cope with, but we got over it.

"The end came when she walked into the spring-cleaned kitchen one day, paused, sniffed, and complained she could smell an ant—not ants, mind you, but AN ant."

This landlady complained of an otherwise model male boarder who changed into a singing bull-seal as soon as he went into the bathroom.

"You think that's a trifle?" she asked. "I thought so, too, until one morning getting breakfast I caught myself tensed up, knife poised over the bread, waiting for the first shock of that awful roar before I could go ahead.

"Too many women lodgers poked their noses into our affairs," she added. "If they could take a leaf out of the men's book and remember that rule number one in life is to mind one's own business, they would make everybody happy."

THE FAMILY SCRAPBOOK

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

DISCIPLINE is learning.

MANY parents are most unsure about what they should do when there seems to be a need for some kind of discipline. At times a good stiff spanking is very appealing.

But any thoughtful parent knows that such a simple answer is too easy. After all, discipline is learning—learning to act in the way that fits in with what is expected.

Here's Tommy, for instance, who has just thrown a cricket ball through a window. Some parents would have spanked him or punished him in another way. But Tommy's Dad saw this as a "learning" situation.

It was decided that Tommy should pay part of the cost from his allowance and that he should go to the hardware shop to arrange to have the window replaced. To some parents this wouldn't seem to be punishment. It isn't unpleasant enough. But Tommy learned to take responsibility for his own carelessness, broke no more windows.

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He Keeps 'em Flying!

More planes pass through Essendon Airport than through any other Australian field. When the big kites come down out of the sky they must be re-fuelled at once no matter what the weather. Norman Easther is one of the re-fuelling crews. He stopped re-fuelling an A.N.A. Skymaster to tell us, "There aren't many places less sheltered from cold winds than the wing of an airliner. It's good to get back to the hangar and hot Bonox." That's the way most people beat the cold. Hot, rich Bonox is beef at its concentrated best. It keeps your head above the 'flu line. This winter eat and drink Bonox for a l-i-f-t.

B09

BRITAIN'S FINEST BRUSHES—

NEW!...a cream deodorant

which safely STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odors from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of an international institute of laundering for being harmless to fabric.

ARRID THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

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For *TASTY*

NOURISHING SANDWICHES

that **STAY FRESH!**

For school lunches too

Child specialists state that the growing boy or girl needs at least one sandwich filling *each* of cheese, fruit or salad vegetables, and a yeast extract such as Vegemite (a concentrated yeast product rich in vitamin B).

No need to skimp on Kraft Cheese sandwiches—the youngsters love their mellow cheddar richness, and they'll eat up every scrap.

Kraft Cheese is rich in high quality protein, vitamins A, B2 and D, plus the valuable milk minerals calcium and phosphorus. Saves you *money*—*no rind, no waste.*

Add Vegemite to sandwich fillings for extra vitamin B. A little does a power of good!

Lunch-time sandwiches must keep somebody going till the whistle blows!

Lunch sandwiches make an important meal. See that they're nourishing, sustaining and tasty . . . make sure they'll stay fresh!

Always buy Kraft Cheese for sandwiches because it's *so rich* in food values—so appetising, and yet so economical. Weight for weight, Kraft Cheese contains eleven times as much calcium as cream, more proteins and calories than beef, lamb, pork or veal, besides phosphorus and the essential vitamins, A, B2 and D.

No waste ! There's no wasteful rind on Kraft Cheese—you can use every bit you buy. Kraft Cheese is *pasteurised* too, and stays fresh to the last slice, kept moist, tasty and appetising in its hygienic foil wrapper.

KRAFT CHEESE

—a bargain in nutrition

Sold everywhere in the 8 oz. carton, or the economical 5 lb. loaf.

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Come for lunch

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

HERE are tempting dishes for mid-week guests. Prepare carefully, serve attractively, eat and enjoy.

All recipes are sufficient for 4 to 5 servings. Spoon measurements are level.

CARAMEL MERINGUE APPLES (Illustrated)

Two large or 4 small red-skinned apples, 2 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, ¼ cup water, 1 thin slice of lemon, 2 egg-whites, pinch salt, 6 tablespoons white sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, squeeze of lemon juice, cherries.

Wash and dry apples, cut in halves. If small apples are used cut a slice off top of each. Remove cores. Place 1 dessertspoon brown sugar and 1 teaspoon butter (in that order) in each core cavity. Place in sandwich-tin with rest of butter and sugar, lemon, and water. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) until apples are quite soft. Baste occasionally with the caramel sauce. Beat egg-whites stiffly with pinch of salt, gradually add sugar and beat until sugar dissolves. Pile on to apples, decorate with cherries. Return to very moderate oven to set and brown meringue. Allow to become quite cold and serve with the caramel sauce, which is best reheated just before serving. The hot-cold combination is delicious.

SAVORY FRANKFURT PLATTER (Illustrated)

Two cups cooked macaroni, 2 cups white sauce of medium thickness, 1 teaspoon grated onion, ¼ cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parboiled red pepper, salt and pepper to taste, 2 or 3 hard-boiled eggs, 3 or 4 rashers lightly fried bacon (rind removed), 6 or 7 thick frankfurts, parsley to garnish.

Combine macaroni, sauce, onion, cheese, chopped red pepper, salt and pepper to taste. Reheat, stirring frequently. Meanwhile fry bacon and cover frankfurts with cold water and bring just to boiling point. Mix chopped hard-boiled eggs with the macaroni, reserving some for garnishing. Turn on to hot serving-dish, top with bacon. Cut frankfurts into halves, arrange around edge of dish. Garnish with parsley and rest of hard-boiled egg.

Continued on page 74

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...serve them Eggs!

- eggs are twice as rich in body-building protein as other foods!
- eggs contain all the known vitamins, except vitamin C!
- eggs contain every essential mineral, including blood-enriching iron!

Eggs are more than a food children enjoy ... they are also a valuable article of diet that provides them with vital food elements essential to sturdy growth and development. For example, eggs contain vitamins A, B_1, D, E, F, G, H, K_2 and B_{12} ... all of which are vital to health. In addition, the high protein and mineral content of eggs is in a form that is readily assimilated by the system. Further, the high iron content is especially suitable for the formation of haemoglobin ... the element that gives your children rosy cheeks ...

To prolong freshness store in a cool place.

Order Extra EGGS this week!

THIS ADVERTISEMENT AUTHORISED BY THE EGG PRODUCERS COUNCIL

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UGLY HAIR

gone in 3 minutes

Never use a razor. It makes unwanted hair grow faster and coarser. There's a new way—a dainty cream called VEET. It removes hair like magic, *deep down* below the skin surface. No risk of cuts: no bristly stubble. Underarms and legs are satin-smooth when you use VEET. At all chemists and stores. 3/- per tube.

To spice your menus

● Three interesting and unusual recipes win prizes for readers in this week's popular contest.

WALNUT CHEESECAKES, delicious in flavor and reasonably economical to make, win this week's main prize of £5.

MAKE plenty of walnut cheesecakes; they are so good that they are likely to disappear very quickly!

The recipe is reasonably economical; the pastry cases may be made from pastry left from covering a pie and the filling requires only 1 egg and 2oz. shortening. The mixture makes about 1½ to 2 dozen cakes, according to size.

Chinese omelet and meat balls with sweet-sour sauce are two good recipes worth adding to your collection.

All spoon measurements are level.

WALNUT CHEESECAKES

Six ounces biscuit pastry or sweet shortcrust, 2 tablespoons butter or other shortening, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, few drops almond essence, ¼ cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup cake crumbs, apricot jam, small quantity whipped cream.

Roll pastry thinly on floured board, cut into rounds with fluted cutter. Line shallow patty tins. In base of each tartlet place ½ teaspoon apricot jam. Cream butter or other shortening with sugar and almond essence. Add beaten egg, then fold in cake crumbs and walnuts. Place a spoonful of this mixture in each tartlet. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes or until golden brown. When cold top with a dab of whipped cream (or apply a thin coating of lemon-flavored icing and sprinkle with chopped walnuts).

First Prize of £5 to Miss A. Smith, 311 Dawson St., Ballarat, Vic.

CHINESE OMELET

Four eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, ½ cup diced celery, ½ cup shelled prawns, ¼ teaspoon salt, pepper to taste.

Melt butter in heavy frying-pan. Add chopped onion and brown lightly. Beat eggs well with salt and pepper, add to pan. Stir in celery and prawns. Cook over low heat, stirring centre occasionally until set and lightly browned underneath. Place under hot griller until lightly browned on top. Cut into wedges and serve immediately.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Haughton, 168 Carrington Rd., Cooger, N.S.W.

MEAT BALLS WITH SWEET-SOUR SAUCE

One small onion, 1 small green pepper, ½ clove of garlic, 1 stick celery, 1 cup water, ½ cup chopped raisins or sultanas, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon chutney, ½ teaspoon sugar, salt, pepper, 1lb. minced steak (beef or veal), 2 chopped shallots, 1 egg, a little milk if necessary, bacon fat.

Into a saucepan place chopped onion, pepper, garlic, and celery; add water, raisins, vinegar, chutney, sugar, salt and pepper. Bring to boil while preparing meat balls. Mix steak and chopped shallots, bind with beaten egg, adding a little milk if necessary. Shape into balls, brown lightly in hot bacon fat. Drop into sauce and continue simmering gently until meat balls are cooked, 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. P. Neilsen, 26 Laureate St., Port Pirie West, S.A.

COME FOR LUNCH

Continued from page 73

APRICOT CHIFFON PIE

One cooked and cooled 8in. pastry-case, 2½ dessertspoons gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, 1 cup apricot syrup, strained juice of 1 lemon, 2 eggs, 1 cup cooked and sieved apricot pulp, few drops almond essence, ½ cup sugar, whipped cream or substitute and apricot halves to decorate.

Soften gelatine in cold water. Cook apricot syrup, lemon juice, and egg-yolks over boiling water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens slightly. Add soaked gelatine, stir until dissolved. Fold in apricot pulp, almond essence, and egg-whites beaten stiffly with sugar. Fill into cold pastry-case, chill until firm. Decorate with apricot halves and whipped cream or substitute, flavored with extra sugar and almond essence.

WELLINGTON BROTH
(Illustrated)

One and a half pints meat or vegetable stock, 2 grated potatoes, 1 coarsely grated carrot, 1 chopped onion, 2 tablespoons sago, 1 cup milk, salt, pepper, 1 egg-white, chopped parsley.

Simmer stock, potatoes, carrot, and onion until onion is quite soft. Add washed sago, stir until sago cooks and becomes clear. Add milk, season with salt and pepper, reheat to boiling point. Beat egg-white stiffly, drop in spoonfuls on top of hot soup. Sprinkle lightly with chopped parsley before serving.

A LOVELY GLOSSY POLISH

The beauty and charm of cared-for furniture gives added dignity to home surroundings if it is cleaned and preserved with LIQUID VENEER. There's a new joy awaiting you in the possession of dressing tables, bedsteads, cupboards, chairs and sideboards glowing with LIQUID VENEER preservative polish. Just as good for your car. Obtainable at all good-class hardware stores.

LIQUID VENEER

PRICES 4 oz. 2/9, 12 oz. 3/11.
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SAN-BRAN

provides roughage without roughness

We all need roughage to enjoy regular good health—but it must be roughage without *roughness*. SAN-BRAN, for example, is milled from the natural wheat husk to supply essential food bulk in its most gentle-acting form. Contains important mineral elements, too! Add two spoonfuls to your usual morning cereal for clearer, lovelier skin. All grocers.

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IT MUST BE GOOD
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VAPEX INHALER

FOR HANDBAG OR POCKET

Ideal for use during the day, unobtrusive, convenient—simply pull off the cap. Easily recharged from Vapex bottle.

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THE WORLD'S *Simplest, lightest* PRESSURE COOKER

— *with Quickest, Easiest Food Removal*

A set of 3 satin-finish separators is provided FREE with every "Prestige" cooker. Allows removal of food without danger of scalding. Keeps vegetables whole and attractive to turn out onto serving dishes.

Cuts 10/- to 15/- out of every fuel bill

—and spends only a ¼ of the time cooking! The "Prestige" Pressure Cooker is your one hope against the high cost of food. It makes the cheapest cuts of meat as tender and tasty as the most expensive. And the fuel it saves! "Prestige" cooks a pot-roast perfectly in 20-30 minutes; a beef stew in 15 minutes; Irish stew in 20 minutes; oxtail in 30 minutes and a boiling fowl in 25-30. Vegetables, too, cook whole and firm and retain their colour and full flavour. Potatoes take 5 minutes; quartered cabbage, 5 minutes; carrots, 4 minutes.

Price in Sydney and metropolitan area:
£5/16/-
(varying slightly in country areas and other States).

ONLY the "PRESTIGE" has ALL these advantages:—

- Two types of heat-resistant handles to choose—"casserole" for easier handling, less stove and storage space; or long "saucepan" type teamed with a safe carrying-handle.
- Lightest of weight—made of life-time lasting, drawn aluminium with mirror finish.
- Safety release plug fitted under locking crossbar for treble-precaution safety. (See illustration at left.)
- Simple control of steam pressure.
- Trouble-free design—can be opened with one hand, without tugging or straining.
- Three aluminium food separators with every Cooker (see illustration, above right).

"Prestige" is made by the world's largest manufacturers of pressure-cookers, Platers & Stampers Ltd., of England. Choose from 7-pint, 9-pint or 12½-pint models, according to the size of your family! If unable to obtain one from your local dealer, please write to Tallerman & Co. Pty. Ltd., Box 774, G.P.O., Sydney.

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100% SAFER!

100% MORE EFFICIENT!

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SEE THE "PRESTIGE" COOKER DEMONSTRATIONS AT LEADING STORES

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CUT OUT THIS RECIPE

MAKE THIS CHOCOLATE POUND CAKE!

Easy and economical!

You will be tops with the whole family if you make this chocolate cake today—prepared with Bournville Cocoa, the cocoa with the real chocolaty flavour. And remember that a little Bournville goes a longer way.

6 ozs. flour
6 ozs. butter
6 ozs. sugar
pinch salt
3 eggs
1¼ ozs. Bournville Cocoa
1 level teaspoon baking powder

METHOD

Sieve the cocoa, flour, baking powder and salt on to a sheet of clean kitchen paper. Cream the butter in a bowl then mix in the sugar. When the butter and sugar are well blended, beat in each egg separately. Lastly, stir in the dry ingredients lightly, using a metal spoon. If necessary, a very little milk may be added. Put into a well-buttered and floured cake tin measuring 6½" in diameter. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) for about 1 hour 20 minutes. Weight of cake—1 lb. 5 ozs. Cool on a wire tray, dredge with icing sugar or ice with chocolate icing.

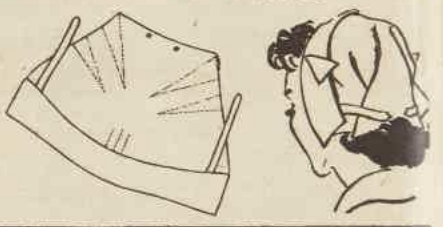
Cadbury's
BOURNVILLE COCOA

The cocoa with the real chocolaty flavour.

B16160

QUAKER BONNET that can be made to team up with a variety of spring outfits. Use cool white pique linen or gabardine, polka-dotted cotton, or rich shiny satin for best. Short straps hug it close to your head, and it opens out quite flat for washing so it can have an immaculate start every day.

Make your spring hats



● The freshest addition to a spring wardrobe could be any of these three little hats in white or a color.

FOR the quaker bonnet shown above you need ½yd. material 36in. wide, matching bias binding, ½yd. millinery wire, two hatpins, two press-fasteners.

To make pattern for bonnet, mark a sheet of paper 17in. by 10in. into one inch squares, copy the diagram on it exactly and cut out round the thick black lines.

Cut off 20in. of material, fold to make oblong 10in. by 18in. Place crown pattern to fold and cut out. Mark dotted lines, open out material and repeat them on right hand side. Fold remaining material into an oblong 16in. by 9in., place the brim pattern, strap pattern, and triangle for making hatpin to fold and cut out each of them, twice.

With right side of fabric towards you take up a tuck ¾in. deep, along dotted lines from A to B, and D to F, and make two corresponding tucks on the right hand side. Reverse material to wrong side and take up similar tucks from A to C and D to E. At the centre of top edge make three tiny darts to fit your head, as shown in diagram.

Place the brim pieces, right sides together, and seam each end and top outward curve. Turn out and place raw edges to wrong side of crown piece and seam firmly. Fold each strap piece in half, seam long edges, turn out and neaten pointed end.

Sew straps to brim seam on the right side 1½in. from each end. Add half a fastener to under side of each end.

On wrong side, turn in raw edges of crown and face with binding. Just below brim, sew a length of binding across to make a casing. Cut millinery wire to fit casing, thread it through and close the casing ends. At the centre back sew the other half of each press-stud, 2in. apart.

To make a hatpin, spear through a small piece of cotton-wool, and the centre of a diamond shape of material. Fold this into a triangular cushion, turn in edges and oversew. Make another similarly.

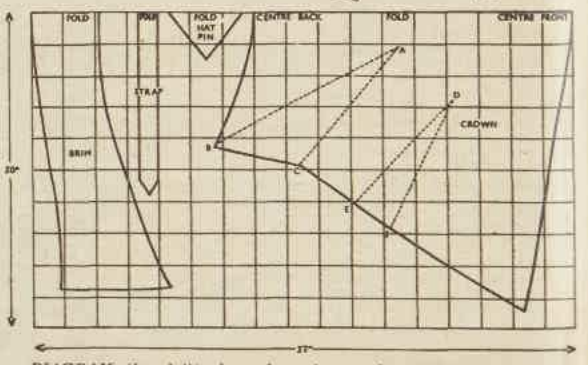


DIAGRAM (top left) shows bonnet opened out flat. Copy simple diagram on to squared paper and cut out to make pattern pieces. Back view of hat shows matching diamond-shaped hatpins.

CHAPPED, SUNBURNED OR SORE LIPS?

BETTER HAVE HANDY YOUR

EASY-TO-APPLY portex

GERMICIDAL . . SELF-STERILIZING

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

FROM CHEMISTS ONLY

Why suffer from these troublesome, painful complaints! Some thin layers of flexible, waterproof and antiseptic "Portex" Plastic Skin, applied to the lips (better dry) will quickly soothe pain, reduce inflammation and swelling and prevent secondary burning and chapping.

Made in England by Portland Plastics Ltd.

AUSTRALIAN DISTRIBUTORS
WM. HAUGHTON & CO. LTD.

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VERSATILE BRIM of this crochet hat can be worn turned up or down to suit your mood. Match the ribbon with your accessories or use bands of the same material as in your summer frocks.

Try this crochet brim or . . .

MATERIALS: 2 balls No. 6 Alexander's knitting cotton; steel crochet hook No. 00; 1yd. ribbon, ½in. wide; 1 coil millinery wire.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; st., stitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; inc., increase; rnd., round.

Use double thread throughout.

Gauge: 6 d.c. make 1in.; 6 rnds. make 1in.

CROWN

Starting at centre of crown with No. 00 hook, 5ch. Join with sl-st. to form a ring.

1st Row: Make 8 d.c. in ring.

2nd Row: Make 2 d.c. in each d.c. (16 d.c.).

3rd Row: D.c. in first d.c., * 2 d.c. in next d.c. (an inc.), d.c. in next d.c., repeat from * around (24 d.c.).

4th Row: D.c. in next 2 d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c., repeat from * around (32 d.c.).

Continue in this manner, having 8 increases evenly spaced on each rnd., until there are 48 d.c. around. Continue to work as before, having 6 increases evenly spaced on each rnd., until there are 114 sts. around. Work without increasing until piece measures 5in. from start. Break off.

BRIM

Place a marker to indicate centre of back of crown. Counting from marker, attach thread to 25th d.c. Now work in short rows as follows:

1st Row: D.c. in next 7 d.c., * 2 d.c. in next d.c., d.c. in next d.c. Repeat from * to within 32 d.c. from marker, d.c. in next 7 d.c. Break off.

2nd Row: Attach thread to 21st after marker and make a d.c. in each d.c. to within 21st st. from marker. Break off.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work same as second row, starting each row 4 sts. before the start of previous row and ending each row 4 sts. beyond the end of previous row.

5th Row: Attach thread at marker and d.c. in each d.c. around, ending with a sl-st. in last d.c. Break off one strand of thread, now working in rows with a single strand of thread as follows:

1st Row: Ch. 3, treble in the d.c. preceding the ch. 3, * skip 1 d.c., tr. in next d.c., tr. in the skipped d.c. (a crossed-treble made). Repeat from * around, ending with a sl-st. in the 3rd ch. of the ch. 3, ch. 3, turn.

2nd Row: Tr. in the tr. before the ch. 3, * skip next tr., tr. in next tr., tr. in the skipped tr. Repeat from * around, ending with a sl-st. in the 3rd ch. of the turning ch., ch. 3, turn.

Repeat 2nd row once more, but do not turn at end of row. Attach a second thread and work d.c. in each tr. around.

Next Row: D.c. in each d.c. around.

TO MAKE UP

Place millinery wire around edge, and d.c. over wire into each double crochet.

. . . versatile spring cloche

HERE is a becoming spring cloche designed to suit your wardrobe needs for almost any hour of the day.

Materials: Coats Mercer-Crochet No. 10 or (No. 20, using double thread); 1 ball (20 gram) selected color; Milward's steel crochet hook No. 5; ¾yd. of fairly supple copper wire.

Tension: 3 loops, 1in. in width.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; sp., space.

BACK PANEL

Commence with 53 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into 9th ch. from hook, * 5 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., rep. from * to end of ch., 5 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. into first loop, * 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop, rep. from * to end of row, 5 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd row until 27 rows in all have been worked, omitting turning ch. on last row. Fasten off.

Work a row of d.c. all round, working 4 d.c. into each loop across top.

FRONT

Commence with 56 ch., work a row of d.c. along top of back panel, 56 ch.

Work another row of d.c. then a row of loops right across (5 ch. loops with 1 d.c. into every 4th d.c.).

Continue working rows of loops until 16 rows have been worked in all, missing 1 sp. at the end of the last 2 rows to curve the corners. Fasten off.

Stitch sides of front neatly to edges of back panel.

Now beginning at edge of back panel, work a row of d.c. all round, then work a second row, working over the wire and leaving about 3in. (7.5 cm.) of wire to spare at beginning.

Try on the cloche and bend the wire to fit the head, smoothing out any unevenness and neatly curving the two fronts.

Twist the ends of wire together.

Stitch to edge of cloche, then work a final row of d.c. over wire.

Damp and press.

CLOCHE HAT in icy-white or other pastel shades is ideal for smart "after-office" grooming.

England shows her colours!

. . . they're arriving by every boat now . . . the gayest cottons and rayons since the 'old days' . . . a heavenly range of florals and patterns that simply beg to be made up into new spring and summer frocks. All made by Fergusons, of course . . . and in the qualities you love best . . .

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Manufacturers of high-class textile fabrics since 1824

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CERIX
PUFFED WHEAT

Serve something *different* for breakfast to-morrow—serve CERIX Puffed Wheat! Made entirely from whole-wheat—as you can see for yourself when you open the big CERIX packet—each plump, nutritious kernel is a complete whole-wheat grain EXPLODED to make it lighter, fluffier, more easily digested, more easily served than other cereals! Rich in whole-wheat food value and flavour — including natural bran — CERIX is particularly good for growing children! Order from your nearest grocer TO-DAY!

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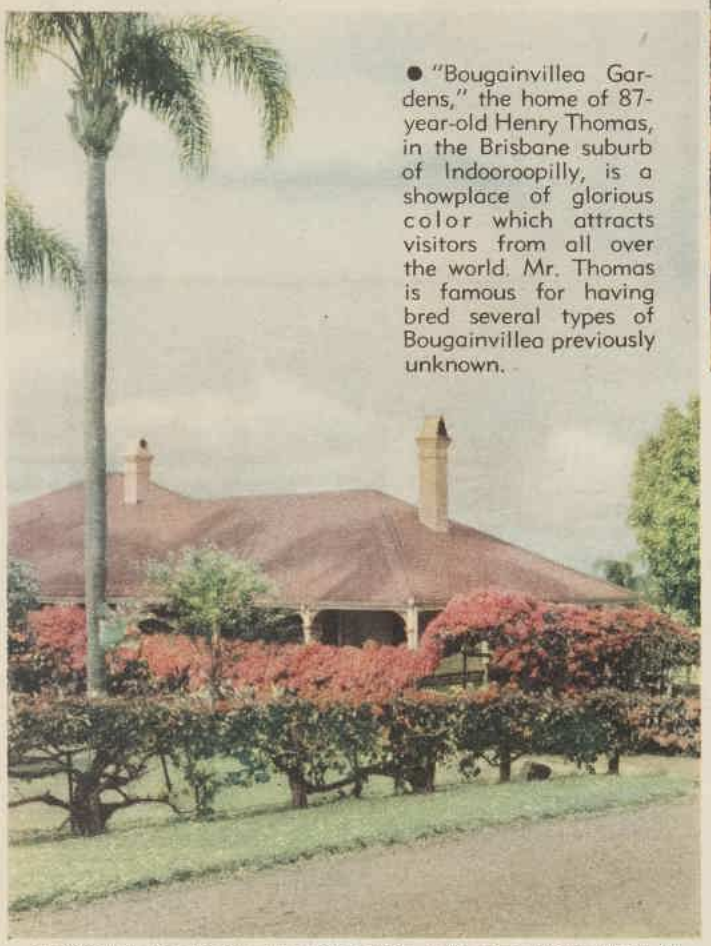
Bougainvillea King

● "Bougainvillea Gardens," the home of 87-year-old Henry Thomas, in the Brisbane suburb of Indooroopilly, is a showplace of glorious color which attracts visitors from all over the world. Mr. Thomas is famous for having bred several types of Bougainvillea previously unknown.



ABLAZE with paint-box hues, the tropical garden of Mr. Henry Thomas frames his half-century-old home in Hart Street, Indooroopilly, Brisbane.

BOUGAINVILLEA KING, HENRY THOMAS. This is the first time that Mr. Thomas, who enjoys a retired life, has consented to have his picture taken for publication.

By SARA STRAMBERG, staff reporter

NOBODY could be more surprised than Mr. Thomas at the renown that has come to him through his tropical garden since he planted, 49 years ago, the seed of a purple bougainvillea which yielded a profusion of strange pink blooms.

This pink bougainvillea—Thomasii—is the now-famous "sport" which makes splashes of rosy color on the landscape in many parts of Australia.

Mr. Thomas has never profited financially from the lush climber named after him.

He gives to charity the proceeds from garden fetes and afternoon teas served daily at "Bougainvillea Gardens."

Each year Mr. Thomas tells a local seedsman when he is about to prune. The seedsman walks behind him picking up the snippings for slips, which he strikes and markets.

Mr. Thomas has given away thousands of slips to visitors.

The parent tree of Bougainvillea Thomasii is 450ft. long. It is divided into two main branches of equal girth and screens the verandah of the cottage Mr. Thomas built more than 50 years ago.

Brisbane City Council has taken over the grounds of "Bougainvillea Cottage" for a park and has given Mr. Thomas life tenancy. He is able to potter around his garden to his heart's content.

He shows with pride the oak tree he grew from an acorn, the palm tree he bought for 30/- and planted on the day Queen Victoria died, and the papaw tree from which he estimates he has gathered more than 4000 pieces of fruit.

But most interesting to visitors are the bougainvillea and the prize double gerberas, which grow in flowerbeds in the lawn.

Our cover this week shows a glimpse of the vivid color display at "Bougainvillea Gardens."

Until Mr. Thomas built his home at Indooroopilly, he had done very little gardening. When he came to Australia from England in 1882, he worked as a groom for the Clerk of the N.S.W. Legislative Assembly. Later he trained racehorses for the well-known Dangar family on their properties in N.S.W.

Then he set up in business with a livery stable not far from Anzac Park, Brisbane. He used to exercise his horses on the site now occupied by the park.

Mr. Thomas' livery stables supplied horses for vehicles used by distinguished persons visiting Queensland. The horse he supplied for the use of King George V, then Duke of York, when he came to review troops in Australia after the Boer War, died at "Bougainvillea Gardens."

In 1929 Mr. Thomas entered his garden in a cottage garden competition. It was disqualified because it covered such a large area and could not be classed as a cottage garden. But a story about it in a local paper sent garden lovers out there immediately.

From then on Mr. Thomas and his wife had a busy time showing visitors over the property.

After his wife's death his daughter, Mrs. L. M. Legge, helped with the afternoon teas. She still goes over almost every afternoon to assist her cousin, Mrs. N. Wakefield, who keeps house for Mr. Thomas.

There are 15 varieties of bougainvillea in the garden, including five variegated ones. A dwarf variegated variety which Mr. Thomas has trained into a miniature hedge and arch is the only one of its kind in Australia. The winter flowering varieties are in pink and terra-cotta tonings. The summer flowering varieties are in lavender shades.

The variegated dwarf variety, a sport from his brick-red Mrs. Butt, has an almost cream leaf and a purple flower.

One of Mr. Thomas' mutation triumphs is called Turley's Special E, a cherry-red.

He also has a beautiful red one called Crimson Lake, and a brick-red variety named Laterita. A tango shade, Louis Wathen, adds another color to his bougainvillea variety.

VISITOR to "Bougainvillea Gardens," Marjorie Byrne, admires the wealth of blossom on the parent tree in front of the house. A group of visitors once thought the color so unreal that they examined the flowers closely to make sure they weren't made of paper.—Color pictures and cover by Ron Cartledge.

You can grow them too

. . . says Our Home Gardener

GROWING bougainvillea presents no difficulties to the home gardener.

New plants can be propagated from young shoots or half-matured wood.

Bougainvillea require an open, sunny position, well protected from their worst enemies—southerly and north-westerly winds.

They like fertile, well-drained soil. The vines are rarely attacked by pests and diseases, but they are "frost tender." They must be cut back hard after each flower flush has ended.

Do not allow them to sucker from the ground. Treated like wistaria, allowing one central trunk, bougainvillea, particularly Thomasii and Mrs. Butt, will reward with magnificent showers of color.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 661.—FROCK

Cotton frock with "U" neckline and full skirt, cut out ready to make in lemon, aqua, pink, or saxe-blue haircord, with white flowers. Prices: 32-34in. bust, 27/3; 36-38in. bust, 28/11. Postage 2/- extra.

No. 662.—PEG BAG

Ready to make up and embroider, this peg bag, measuring 11in. x 17in., is in British headcloth in blue, lemon, pink, green, and natural. Coat-hanger is the only framework needed. Price, 3/9. Postage, 4½d.

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Traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen, and sheer linen or organdie in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Lace to finish not supplied. Centre measures 11in. x 17in. Prices: Linen, 4/11; organdie, 3/3. Postage, 4½d.

No. 664.—BLOUSE

Summer blouse with Peter Pan collar and cuffed sleeves is cut out ready to make in spotted organdie, in pale pink, blue, and green, or in white. Prices: 32-34in bust, 17/3; 36-38in. bust, 18/11. Postage 1/3 extra.

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Sun frock with matching panties is cut out ready to make in check gingham in red-and-white, lemon-and-white, and saxe-blue and white. Prices: Sun dress, 2yrs. (length 18in.), 9/3; 3yrs. (19in.), 10/11; 4yrs. (20in.), 11/6; 5-6yrs. (23in.), 12/3. Postage, 1/1. Panties: 2yrs., 3/3; 3yrs., 3/6; 4yrs., 3/11; 5-6yrs., 4/3. Postage, 4½d. Complete set: 2yrs., 12/3; 3yrs., 14/3; 4yrs., 15/3; 5-6yrs., 16/3. Postage, 1/3.

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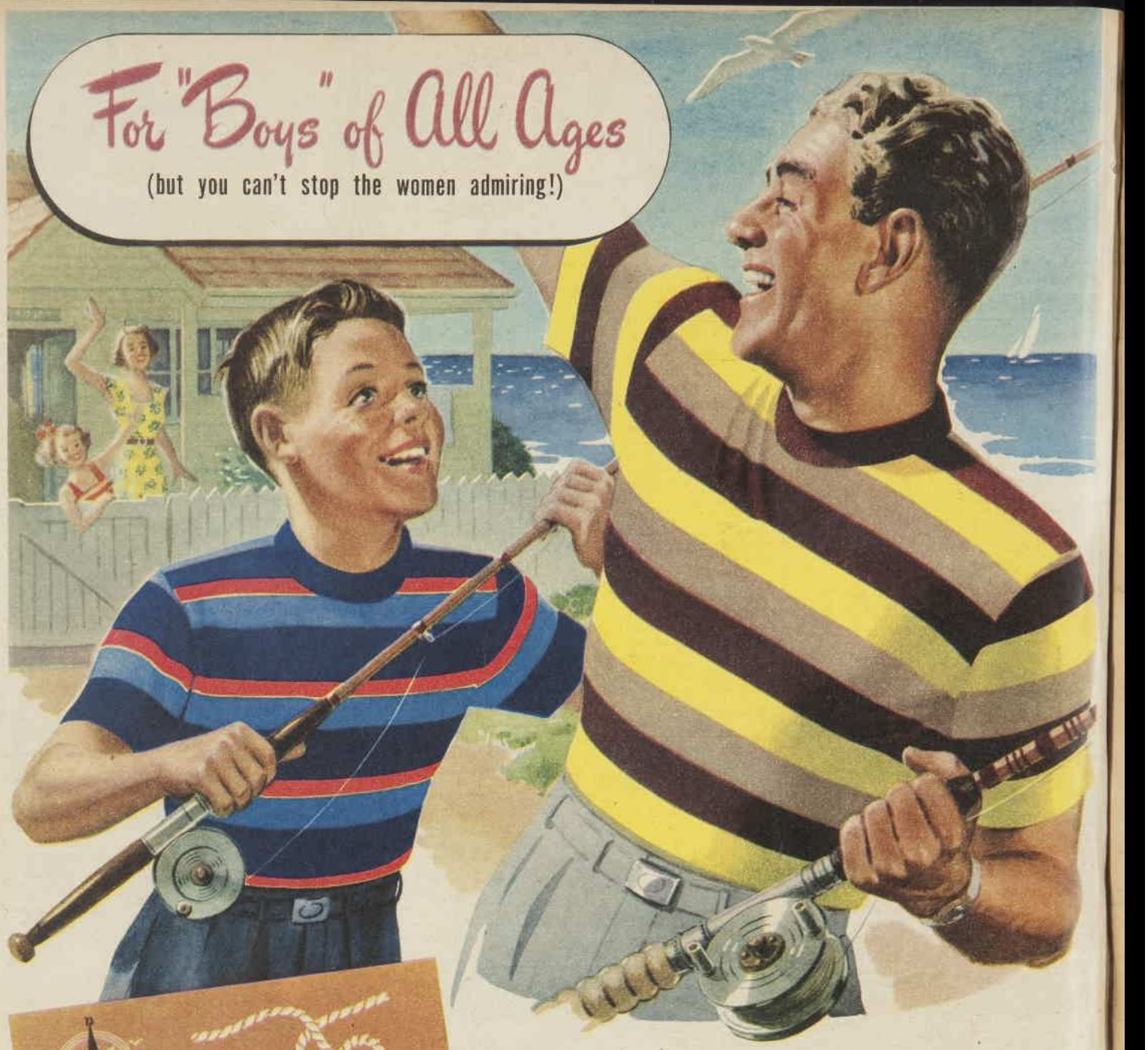

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Chains of LOVE

The Australian Women's Weekly
Novel . . . October 21, 1950

By Henry St. John Cooper

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Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — October 21, 1950

Chains of Love

By HENRY ST. JOHN COOPER

THE big car hummed through Altorn High Street, its bare-headed driver holding the wheel carelessly with one hand. He was a big, loose-limbed man, whose fair hair was ruffled by the breeze made by the car.

Several people stared at him, some of them enviously; others, whose memories were better, wondering where they had seen him, or someone else very like him, before.

He seemed to know the narrow, twisting High Street, and as he neared the dangerous corner by the pond he almost stopped the car. Then, a few seconds later, he drew up outside the Green Lion—the only hostelry in Altorn—and went inside.

"Who may that young man be, Tam?" Barney Smithson, sitting outside the Green Lion, glanced across at Tam Arroway, an old crony.

Tam rubbed his stubbly chin.

"I'll be blessed if I know, Barney. I think I've seen 'im afore, sometime, but I cannot remember when. Ah!" Tam's old face widened in a smile as a girl came into sight, past the corner by the pond. "Yon lass is a sight for the eyes, Barney."

Barney nodded and smiled in turn. Then his face clouded.

"A lovely lass," he said. "And I'm thinking that Martin Dean's no man for her. I've said it before, and——"

Tam's face grew sterner.

"I'll not be having a word said agin the lad," he said. "Martin Dean's straight—and that's what makes a man."

"But for Felicity! 'Tis absurd, I say!"

"Be quiet!" hissed Tam. "She'll be hearing ye."

Barney's lips closed, and then parted again in a smile. Felicity Marlow, unconscious of the fact that they had been discussing her—and, in fact, on the point of quarrelling about her—reached them and smiled at each in turn.

"Hallo, Barney. Hallo, Tam. Enjoying the sunshine?"

She lingered for a moment, casting an occasional glance at the powerful, shining car. The old men of Altorn Village might quarrel about the rights and wrongs of her fiance, Martin Dean, but never would they disagree about the loveliness of Felicity.

The sun gleamed on her golden head. Her complexion was smooth, her eyes a deep blue and set wide apart beneath her broad, smooth brow. At twenty-three Felicity Marlow was a young woman whose beauty of face and figure was matched by the happy disposition of her heart.

"It isn't often," she said, "that we get a car like this outside the inn, is it? I heard Aunt Peggy saying she thought it was Sir Timothy's nephew."

Tam waved his gnarled fist. "'Tis Guy Bullivant, of course! Barney, ye should be shot and hanged and drawn and quartered for not remembering!"

"And ye," said Barney warmly, "should be—oh! I beg your pardon, Miss Felicity!"

FELICITY laughed, a light, cascading laughter. No one saw the door of the Green Lion open as she spoke. "I know Sir Timothy, of course, but I've never known his nephew. I was away at school when he was here."

Tam scowled.

"And I'm telling ye——" he began, when a shadow fell before them and, looking away from Barney with a start, he saw the tall, loose-limbed Guy Bullivant, nephew of Sir Timothy Bullivant, approaching them. Tom gulped hard. He had just been going to warn Felicity against the young man!

It was five years since Guy had been to Altorn. He nodded to the two old men, but his eyes were on the girl.

"Did I hear you say you knew my uncle well?" he asked pleasantly.

Felicity colored a little, but nodded. "Yes, you did. I'm sorry—"

"My dear young lady, that's nothing to be sorry about! I'm going straight up to Uncle Tim, to cause trouble."

"Trouble?"

"For not telling me you were in the village," said Guy Bullivant with a laugh. "He hasn't done his duty, Miss—"

"Master Guy," said Tam, "this be Miss Marlow—Fell-ees-ity Marlow."

"Thanks Tam," said Guy Bullivant. "Felicity Marlow." He uttered the name slowly, looking into her eyes all the time. "Can I give you a lift anywhere?"

Felicity glanced, half-enviously it seemed, at the car. But she smiled and shook her head.

"No, thanks very much. I've only a few steps to go."

"Then I'll look forward to our next meeting," said Guy Bullivant, with his flashing smile. "Good-bye."

Felicity stood watching as the car roared off towards the Manor House, where Sir Timothy lived. Tam was scowling now, but Barney leaned forward and muttered hoarsely into his ear.

"'Tis none o' your business, Tam! Say nothing, do ye hear me!"

Tam scowled more darkly, but nodded. Felicity looked away from the fast-disappearing car, and it seemed to the two old men that she sighed a little before she bade them good-bye and went on her way.

The two old men stared after her. For ten minutes they didn't speak. There was one point of difference between them that always made them quarrelsome—and that was the suitability of Martin Dean—Sir Timothy's secretary—as a husband for Felicity.

In a small village—there were only sixty people in Altorn—everybody was interested in the next-door neighbor's business, but never in the history of Altorn had the village been so divided as it was on this point. Half said that Martin Dean was a pleasant, well-educated man, worthy of Felicity; others said that he was too slow, that he would never be able to earn big money, and that Felicity Marlow deserved a better husband.

But they had been engaged for five years—since Felicity's eighteenth birthday—and as far as it was known, there had never been a cross word between them. Martin's friends considered this proof that they were

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right; his enemies shook their heads with foreboding. The marriage—due that September—would be a failure, or so they prophesied.

Felicity knew something of the differences of opinion, of course. With one exception, she thought nothing of the criticism of Martin.

But the one exception was an important one.

Jacob Marlow, her father, was an avaricious man. The thought that Felicity was going to throw her beauty away on a young, worthless, practically penniless man like Martin Dean made him furious.

Several times he had tried to have the engagement broken off, but Felicity had stood firm. Yet Martin, who was more sensitive than many people would have believed, sensed the old man's dislike, and was rarely to be seen in the Marlow house these days.

MRS. MARLOW was like clay in her husband's hands. There was no sympathy for Felicity at home, and for consolation she spent a great deal of time with her aunt—Peggy Mayfield—at a small cottage at the other end of the village. She had been there that day.

She was conscious of no disloyalty towards Martin as she hurried from the two old men towards the Marlows' house—the biggest in the village—but she could not stop thinking of tall, smiling Guy Bullivant. She had heard the Squire speak of him so often. She had seen him occasionally before he had gone on his travels, but now he seemed a different man. For the first time for days she entered the house smiling cheerfully.

. . . . . .

Sir Timothy Bullivant was nearing seventy, and he knew that his years were numbered. He had no complaints. He had lived a full life and he could honestly say that he had enjoyed most days of it.

That June afternoon he was sitting in the drawing-room of the Manor, thinking of Guy Bullivant. The only son of his dead brother, Guy was also Sir Timothy's only male living relative.

In the early days, he had been afraid that Guy would turn out a bad lot. At the university young Bullivant had proved himself a rake and a spendthrift. Money, cards, wine, and women, all had played a large part in his life.

Sir Timothy had not stinted him. At first he had turned a deaf ear to the rumors of his nephew's activities. But at last he had been forced to believe the truth.

He had sent for Guy, and the young graduate, whose flashing good looks had been part of his downfall, had suffered the most acutely uncomfortable time of his life.

In the first place, Sir Timothy had told him that the Bullivant family money had been spent years before. Guy had imagined himself wealthy in his own right. Sir Timothy had disillusioned him.

"I've footed every bill, Guy," the old man had said, "but—I've finished. You'll waste no more, either money or years. I'll give you the choice of either going abroad for a few years, with a good allowance—or being cut off with the proverbial shilling. Don't smile, young man! I'm serious."

Guy had gulped down a lump in his throat. This was devastating news. "To what part of the world would you like me to go, sir?" he asked.

"India," Sir Timothy had snapped without hesitation. "I've an offer of an executive post for you with an Indian trading company. Don't know that you deserve it, but there it is. Take it, and try and make a man of yourself."

"I hadn't any idea," said Guy Bullivant, with every appearance of sincerity, "that I was making such a fool of myself, sir. I'll accept, of course, and I'll do my best."

Sir Timothy had believed him. From time to time he had reports that Guy was doing well. Rumor had it that he had made a great deal of money; Sir Timothy wasn't concerned with money. He wanted to see whether his nephew was a man.

When he did see him again, he decided that the years abroad, roughing it most of the time, had served the right purpose. Guy had looked a different man—and acted like one.

Now the old man was waiting for his nephew to return from a business trip to London. He felt satisfied. The evening of his life would leave him happy, after all.

He was disturbed by the humming of a car engine, and after a few minutes Guy walked in.

"Hallo, hallo, what's this?" demanded Sir Timothy. "You look as though you've had some good news, Guy."

Guy Bullivant smiled.

"Not that exactly," he said. "But I met a young Venus in the village. I didn't think anyone quite so beautiful had ever been born!"

Sir Timothy smiled, but the other was quick to see the remark was not altogether appreciated.

"Hum. I assume you've seen Miss Marlow—young Felicity Marlow. But Felicity's engaged."

"I hardly expected otherwise," Guy said cheerfully enough. "Do I know the lucky man, Uncle?"

"No. But I shall introduce him to you shortly. Young Dean—my secretary. An excellent fellow and, I believe, an excellent husband for Felicity. I've known that girl," added the knight slowly, "practically all her life."

Guy was tempted to ask further questions, but he decided that it would not be wise to show too great an interest in the girl. He had never, in his life, met a girl who had affected him so instantaneously as Felicity Marlow. Her fair loveliness was fresh and glorious, something outside Bullivant's experience.

He had often heard of Dean; and he had heard it rumored that his uncle was inclined to look on his secretary more as a son than an employee.

The door had opened, and Guy Bullivant found himself looking at a man of perhaps thirty. Or did Martin Dean look older than he was?

As he entered the room, he glanced across at the tall, blond young man lounging against a chair. Sir Timothy had looked back towards his nephew, and consequently did not see the start of surprise that passed through Dean's eyes. Nor did he see the way in which the secretary's lips tightened.

Dean seemed suddenly to cloak himself in reserve. He advanced slowly, while Sir Timothy performed the introduction.

"Just talking about you, Martin, you've come at the right moment. This is my nephew, Guy Bullivant. You've heard me talk about him."

"Of course," said Martin Dean. He extended a hand, which Bullivant took; as they gripped it seemed that some message passed between them. For a moment there was a desperate, almost a hunted, look in Martin Dean's eyes, but it passed quickly.

"How are you, Dean?" Bullivant's voice was loud. "Sir Timothy's been telling me about you. All kinds of good reports."

Dean colored a little, but his voice was steady.

"That's very good of Sir Timothy," he said.

Bullivant smiled to himself, and left the room a few seconds later. Dean had a small query to raise with his employer, and the next twenty minutes were spent in discussing it. Then Martin Dean left the drawing-room, and as the door closed behind him his expression was anything but happy.

He walked slowly up the stairs. His office—where he handled all Sir Timothy's business affairs, now that the knight was ailing—was on the first floor, next to his bedroom. He entered the office, walked across to the window and stared out over the rolling Surrey countryside.

AFTER a few seconds, Martin Dean lit a cigarette. His hands were trembling, and the match flickered badly.

"Well—Dean!"

Bullivant's voice, coming it seemed from nowhere, broke the silence of the room. Dean swung round, his eyes blazing.

"Where the devil have you been?"

Bullivant's smile was still there, but there was also something menacing in his attitude.

"My dear fellow, if you're wise you'll adopt a very different attitude to that."

Martin drew a deep breath. He was very pale, but he did not flinch.

"Bullivant," he said very slowly, "up to a point I am in your power—"

Bullivant sneered, and dropped into a chair.

"You're making a big mistake there, Mister Dean. You're completely in my power, and the quicker you realise it the better it will be for you," he added slowly. "There's no reason why we shouldn't work well together here—if you behave yourself."

Dean eyed him steadily. Despite his bluster, Bullivant evaded the

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other's direct gaze. Dean spoke, slowly, incisively, every word weighed in his mind before it was uttered.

"Bullivant, I will not warrant your interference. I've worked for Sir Timothy for nearly five years, and he has had every satisfaction. I've started life afresh; everything that happened before I started to work here is—finished. If you—or anyone else—try to exhume the past, I'll do anything to stop you. Anything—do you understand?"

There was such a tensity in the words that Bullivant could only stare, silenced, for a few seconds. Then the big man stood up slowly.

"So that's the attitude, is is?" he muttered. "All right, we'll see. But watch your step—Mister Dean!"

FOR perhaps five minutes after Guy Bullivant had left the room, Martin Dean stood absolutely still, eyeing the blank wall. Never had he dreamed that the Guy Bullivant his employer had mentioned so often was this fair-headed, boldly handsome man.

A shrouded past, hated and forgotten, was rearing its ugly head again. All his hopes, all his plans, smashed.

And there was Felicity—

Martin Dean groaned, and buried his face in his hands. Felicity—how he loved her! She was part of him; she belonged to him.

As he stood in his room, looking across the countryside and yet seeing nothing, the past seemed to flash through his mind, incident after incident, important and small, vital and insignificant. The period of his shame and disgrace—and then his effort to build a new life.

It had been a glorious stroke of luck to get the post with Sir Timothy. And he had never betrayed the old man's trust.

Then, soon after he had arrived, he had met Felicity.

Martin Dean would never understand the flame of passion that had coursed through his blood when he had first met the slip of a girl whose incipient beauty even he had barely suspected. There had been something about her that had tugged at his heartstrings.

To Felicity, Martin Dean had come from London, was different from country yokels she knew, and different also from the few sons of the local gentry. The flame of his love kindled a spark—more than a spark—in her.

Their engagement had come as a surprise to the village but, in the opinion of many people in those days, it was a good thing Felicity hungered a little too much, they thought, for the highlights and the gaiety of modern city life.

With passing years, Martin Dean had convinced himself it was safe—and fair—to marry. September had been chosen as their wedding month. Martin, unknown to anyone, had gone to London and applied for his name to be changed by deed-poll. There had been no objections raised, but that June must pass before he was, in the eyes of the law, really Martin Dean.

Then he could face the world frankly, openly. Or so he had believed.

Now Bullivant had come—

Martin Dean drew a deep breath, and lit another cigarette. His finely carved lips were drawn together in a thin line, his fine, grey eyes were narrowed.

As he thought, resolution came. He would fight against this threat to his security, his happiness. He must show no one that he was worried. Confound Bullivant! He was, at heart, a coward and a craven. He must be beaten.

For the first time since he had left Sir Timothy a smile curved Martin Dean's lips. He glanced at his watch. It was not yet five o'clock, and he had two hours to spare before dinner.

Less than twenty minutes later he was walking up the path that led to the front door of the Marlows' home. He had cycled from the Manor, and his bike was leaning against the gate.

Felicity opened the door, and started back in surprise.

"Why—Martin! I didn't dream it was you!"

"Don't tell me I'm not wanted," said Martin with a chuckle. He took her in his arms and kissed her, then asked: "You're free?"

"I was thinking of going for a walk across the fields towards the Manor," she told him.

"Let's go together."

"Of course—I'll get a coat."

Very soon they were walking across the fields. The trees that bordered the village hid them from sight. Their only companions were the birds of the air, twittering and chirping on the hedges and the branches of the trees and, here and there, a horse or a pony grazing.

"Do you know we haven't seriously discussed our honeymoon yet?" he said presently.

Felicity eyed him quickly. She had known—and the fact had, at times, hurt her. Martin had developed such a habit, of late, of leaving things to her.

"Yes," she said. "Have you thought about it?"

He chuckled again. "I've done even more than that. I've planned it."

"You've planned our honeymoon! Without asking me? And—" She laughed lightly, that same cascading, silvery laugh that was so typical of her. "And I've called you slow!"

"As a matter of fact," he said, a little more seriously, "I've worked out all the particulars for three different places. I've got the plans in my pocket—"

"You darling!"

"And the first suggestion," said Martin, "is—" he waited for a few seconds, tantalizingly, and her eyes burned into his—"the South of France. No, don't interrupt—"

"But, Martin! We can't afford it!"

"Would you like to go?" he demanded, pressing her close.

"I think," she said, "I'd rather go there than anywhere else in the world. But—"

"There are no buts." He sealed the bargain with a kiss that left her breathless. "We'll knock the other suggestions out. I'll book the tickets for the cruise—"

"Martin, is this a dream? Did you say a cruise—"

"A month with ten days at Cannes!" cried Martin. "Yes, Sir Timothy has allowed me the whole month off, and there's nothing at all to stop us. I've saved well, in the past few years—but, Fell! You're crying!"

There were tears in her eyes, but she brushed them away quickly.

"I couldn't help it," she said. "They were tears of happiness, Martin. It's like a dream—a fantastic dream!"

"It's true," he said; but even as he spoke he wondered whether Fate would allow him to carry out his plans. For some reason he felt uncertain, now that he had told her of them. The shadow of Guy Bullivant's knowledge hovered about him.

* * * * * * * *

Guy Bullivant and Martin Dean saw very little of each other in the next few days. Martin was busy, for it was nearing the end of the half-year, when most of Sir Timothy's accounts had to be brought up to date.

Guy lazed about the house a great deal, but occasionally he would ride across country on a horse that Sir Timothy had obtained specially for him.

Bullivant had a great deal to think about. He was worried for more reasons than one, and he could not pay much attention to Martin Dean. That bright young man, the other decided, could be handled later on. Meanwhile his own problems had to be faced.

They were so great that, excepting for occasional moments, he even forgot Felicity Marlow.

Guy Bullivant, back in England, had carefully fostered a reputation that he had plenty of money. That was the best way, he decided, to make sure that his uncle left him all the Bullivant fortune. If he was poor, then Sir Timothy might suspect the genuineness of his change of living.

Actually he was desperately in need of money.

IN India Guy Bullivant had done a mad thing. He had allowed himself to get into the hands of money-lenders. It had been easy enough to borrow on the strength of his expectations under Sir Timothy's will.

But he had paid nothing back of what he had borrowed, and now one of the men to whom he had owed a considerable sum for several years was pressing hard.

Mr. Samuel Dakman was a naturalised Englishman, but he had been born in Poland. He was not pleasant to look at, and his method of making money was even more unpleasant.

A week after Bullivant's arrival at the Manor, while Martin Dean was telling himself that the high hand he had adopted had worked wonders, and Felicity had completely forgotten the attention Bullivant had paid her on the occasion of their one meeting, a registered letter arrived for Guy.

He received the letter in his own room. With darkening brows he ripped it open. He scanned it through, and as he did so his face paled.

The letter read:

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"Dear Mr. Bullivant,

"I am sorry not to have heard from you about our business arrangement. You must find that money, or I shall have to apply to Sir Timothy for it. The amount is now very considerable.

"But I will give you another week—I have no desire to be unpleasant. Incidentally, as I shall be in Surrey in the next few days, I will be happy to call on you.

"Yours,

"Samuel Dakman"

Guy crushed the letter in his hand. He stood for a while thinking deeply, then made his way to the office where Dean worked.

Martin was standing by a safe built in the wall—and Bullivant's eyes narrowed when he saw what the secretary was doing. He was counting out money—not a few pounds, but wad after wad of treasury and banknotes!

Bullivant took a cigarette from his pocket, lit it, and dropped deliberately into an armchair.

"There's a lot of loose change about to-night, isn't there?"

Dean glanced quickly towards the notes and the open safe. Bullivant took the opportunity for examining the money, and his eyes glinted. There was a thousand pounds there, if a penny!

"Yes—I've been collecting rents and other dues," Dean said, making an effort to control his temper.

"And got payment in cash!" Bullivant scoffed.

"You can see it, can't you?" demanded Dean. "But if you must know the truth, the money comes mostly from a farm sale, over on the other side of the estate. It's going in the bank first thing to-morrow morning."

Bullivant's expression was vile.

"Unless Mr. Dean can find a better use for it."

For a moment Martin Dean stood absolutely still. Then, pale to the lips, although two spots of red were burning on either cheek, he stepped across to the other man. His voice was tense—almost harsh.

"Get up!" he snapped.

Bullivant crossed his legs. The fool was still obstinate, but he was only bluffing.

"Get away, you idiot. You can't afford to quarrel with me."

Dean's voice was, if anything, even harsher.

"This office," he said, "is a private one. No one is allowed in it, especially when there's a lot of money about. I'll give you thirty seconds to heave yourself out of that chair and get out. Otherwise—"

"Otherwise what?"

"I'll throw you out."

Bullivant's expression changed. He leaned forward in his chair, his fists clenched.

"You little upstart! I'll teach you—"

"You've twenty seconds left," snapped Martin, glancing at his watch. "Eighteen now—"

Martin kept his eyes on his watch until the thirty seconds were up. Then without a moment's hesitation, he stepped towards Bullivant's chair, and grabbed the lapels of the big man's coat.

Bullivant grasped at his wrists, but to his surprise Dean's grip was like steel. Dean hauled the bigger man out of the chair and then pushed him towards the door. Bullivant was too stupefied at first to do much. Then, with a hoarse cry, he exerted all his strength to prevent the other from moving him.

A yard from the door they stood locked together, Bullivant's eyes glittering viciously, Martin Dean's eyes narrowed and shining like tempered steel.

Then, without a second's warning Bullivant lashed out with his foot!

Martin Dean saw it coming in the nick of time. He dodged it, but the toe of Bullivant's shoe caught him just below the knee. He winced with pain, but he didn't lose his balance. Instead he clenched his fist and sent it crashing into the other's face!

The blow struck home. Bullivant gasped as he staggered back. Blood streamed from his nose, and there was madness in his eyes.

Dean's calmness paralysed him, however.

"Are you going?" demanded Martin in a low, grim voice.

Bullivant drew a deep breath. The fight seemed to leave him suddenly.

"I'm going," he growled. "But you'll regret this, Dean."

Without another word he swung round, pulled the door open, and then slammed it behind him. Martin heard his footsteps as he hurried along to the bathroom.

MARTIN sighed, and finished counting the money. He found the total agreed with his books, made the necessary entries in the bank deposit book, and left everything ready for transhipment to the bank on the following morning. Then he decided that the only way to steady himself was to walk down to the village and see Felicity.

It was amazing how she helped him, how closeness to her loveliness soothed his troubled mind.

The June evening was fine and warm. The very walk through the leafy lanes cheered him. But when he called at the Marlows' house Maud told him that Felicity had gone up to her aunt's cottage.

Martin thanked the little maid, and walked towards Aunt Peggy's place.

He saw the car standing outside the Green Lion and the chauffeur in it. As he reached the car, he saw the inn doors open, and a short, stout man, swarthy of face and with a pair of glittering, avaricious eyes, come out.

But the man's words puzzled him.

"Straight along, second on the right," he snapped to the chauffeur. "Turn the car round, Smith."

The chauffeur obeyed. Martin Dean frowned, for he knew those directions were to the Manor House. Surely that unpleasant-looking specimen had no business dealing with Sir Timothy?

A moment later Martin gasped.

The swarthy-faced stranger returned to the inn, only to reappear a moment later with a woman. She was taller than the man, and there was something foreign about her—a vague but definite suggestion that she was not English.

Martin only caught a glimpse of her as she entered the car, but he whistled. In a bold voluptuous fashion she was startlingly beautiful.

She moved, too, with a feline grace that suggested she might be an actress or a dancer.

The car door banged, and the chauffeur let in the clutch. Martin walked on, smiling. Somehow the incident had made him forget the fight he had had with Bullivant, but only temporarily. He might have been even more worried, however, had he known the name of the swarthy-faced man, and Bullivant's connection with him.

Mr. Samuel Dakman was paying his call earlier than Bullivant anticipated! And he was taking a friend.

. . . . . .

The butler at the Manor had served Sir Timothy Bullivant for thirty years and he was an institution. He knew most of the knight's friends and business acquaintances, but he was puzzled when he saw the stout, swarthy-faced man standing on the porch that evening.

"Evenin'," said Dakman, in a hoarse voice. "My name's Dakman—Sam Dakman. Want to see Mr. Guy Bullivant."

Carter suddenly understood. He had no love for Guy Bullivant, and did not believe in his change of living.

"Yes, sir. If you will please step in I will advise Mr. Bullivant of your arrival. Is he expecting you?"

"Yes, but not to-night." Dakman grinned.

The news that Dakman had arrived was a shock to Guy.

But he was smiling pleasantly enough when he opened the door of the drawing-room, where Carter had shown his visitors. He couldn't afford to upset the man; he had to gain time.

The woman was standing by the window, her back turned towards the door. Bullivant glanced across at her, and then looked at Dakman.

"Why, Dakman," he exclaimed, his hand outstretched. "I didn't expect you so early."

"I know you didn't." The moneylender chuckled, and took Bullivant's hand in his podgy fingers. "But a little social call before business, eh, does a lot of good."

As he spoke, the woman by the window turned round slowly on her heels. For a moment she and Guy stood face to face—and her smile was tigerish.

"You—you!" gasped Bullivant.

"Little Lola," said the woman, her smile broadening but with little or no pleasantness. "And how is Guy getting on, my dear? My! He's grown into quite a big man!"

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Bullivant was standing like a figure carved from stone.

"How—how on earth did you find me?"

"With Sammy's help," said Lola. "You didn't know we were acquainted, did you?"

"I certainly didn't," breathed Bullivant.

"Come, come," broke in Dakman, "this won't do. We have to come to an understanding, and keep everything nice and friendly. Guy, I brought Lola with me for a very definite purpose."

"I guessed that," said Bullivant bitterly.

"Better be careful how you speak," snapped Dakman. "I have been very kind to you, Bullivant."

"You've been a devil," Guy said sharply. "You've hounded me for years! I've paid you twice the amount of money I borrowed, and with your accursed interest there's still a thousand owing! And now you come down here and threaten to disclose the truth to Sir Timothy." He stepped forward, his fist clenched—"If you do I'll kill you, do you hear? I'll kill you!"

Dakman struck the clenched fist aside, contemptuously.

"Don't act like a fool, Bullivant. More talk like that and I'll go straight to your uncle!"

The threat, and the cold, incisive way in which it was spoken, brought Bullivant to his senses. He drew back a pace, every vestige of color drained from his face.

"That's better," said Dakman. "Now—what's the chance of getting that money in a week, eh?"

"I'll get it somehow! I'll promise you I'll get it!"

"I've had your promises before. Who are you going to get it from? There ain't a moneylender in the country who'll lend you a penny."

Bullivant's lips were working.

"It's—it's not from a moneylender, Dakman. It's a friend—an acquaintance of mine. He owes me money."

"I don't believe that," snapped Dakman.

"You've got to believe it! You'll have the thousand a week from today, Dakman. I swear it!"

"That'll do for me," said Dakman. His manner changed, and he was suddenly smiling and pleasant again. "But I can't answer for Lola. She wants a bite, Bullivant, and I reckon you owe it to her, if anyone does."

ALL this time, Lola Beeson had been standing with her hands on her hips, listening to the argument and sneering. She no longer looked beautiful. She looked a graceful, dangerous animal who was preparing to spring—and whose spring would bring disaster to her victim.

"Sammy's certainly struck the right note there," she said. "I'm wanting a lot, Guy. I've waited six years to see you again, and it's a long time. I reckon another thousand will just about do it, don't you?"

Bullivant went back a pace, his lips parted.

"But—but I can't find two thousand! I tell you I can't find it, I can't!"

"You'd better," snapped the woman, and her voice was like ice. "Don't try and put anything across me, sonny. Your precious uncle would get a shock if I unloaded all I know."

Bullivant repeated, his voice shaking, "I can't find more than one thousand. It's a risk to get that."

"Is it?" snapped Dakman in a flash. "Thought it was owed to you, Bullivant."

"Er—in a way it is. But that needn't worry you—"

"Don't you believe it," said Sam Dakman, and even the heated, flustered Bullivant could see that there was something different in his attitude now. "It will make a lot of difference, Bullivant. Who were you going to get it from?"

Bullivant hesitated for a moment.

"My uncle's secretary. I used to know him, and he'll pay to—" Bullivant stopped suddenly. He realised in a flash that he was admitting, to people like these, that he was prepared to try blackmail.

Dakman's little eyes narrowed.

"He'll pay for you to keep your mouth shut, eh? Blackmail by Bullivant. That's very interesting, my friend."

"Don't be a fool!" Bullivant shouted wildly. "I was going to say nothing of the kind."

"Weren't you?" murmured Dakman. "I don't believe you. But listen, Bullivant. I'll give you a chance of getting the thousand and keeping it for yourself. I'll even persuade Lola to waive her excellent claim against you. Because if you'll do blackmail, you'll do what I'm going to ask you."

Bullivant was breathing hard, but there was a wild light in his eyes. He could hardly believe that Dakman was making this suggestion seriously.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"A little job that will be easy for you, with your power of persuasion over Sir Timothy's secretary. Have you ever heard, my friend, of the Bullivant diamonds?"

For a moment Guy Bullivant seemed not to be breathing. "The—family—necklace!" he gasped at last. "Yes, but you're not thinking of that! It's not safe—it would be crazy to try and do anything with it."

"It will be crazier," murmured Samuel Dakman, very suavely, "if you refuse to do what I want, and you let Lola tell all she knows, while I complain to Sir Timothy about the little matter outstanding between us."

"But it's criminal!"

"So is blackmail," snapped Dakman. "So are other things Lola could mention. Don't be a fool, Bullivant. I've come down here to give you a chance of a lifetime. I'll undertake never to worry you again for that money—and I'll square Lola. Is that right, Lola?"

"What you say goes," said Lola Beeson.

"You see, my friend? Now a little help in certain particulars, and the Bullivant diamonds will disappear. No one will really miss them. There is no woman in the family."

"What is it you want?" muttered Bullivant.

"Ah! That's more like it. I——"

"Didn't it occur to one of you," broke in Lola impatiently, "that if Bully's got a hold over this secretary fellow it might be useful?"

There was utter silence in the room for a moment. Then Dakman smiled cunningly, and even Bullivant's heart leapt.

"There are times," said the moneylender, "when we certainly cannot do without the ladies. You can help us, Bullivant, and make it seem that this fellow is the crook. Beautifully easy, isn't it?"

Bullivant's eyes were narrowed now.

"All right," he said. "I—oh, Great Scott!"

"What is it?" Dakman put the question urgently, and followed Bullivant's gaze. Bullivant was staring past Lola, towards the window.

Walking slowly, and with a smile on his pleasant face, Sir Timothy was approaching the closed french windows of the drawing-room.

DAKMAN smiled as he spoke. "Bullivant, open the windows. Introduce us to your uncle. I'm a theatrical manager—Lola's an actress. We've come to offer you a job on the stage."

"But—but he detests the theatre," faltered Bullivant.

"Never mind about that. I'll talk him over—or Lola will."

Bullivant shrugged his shoulders, and forced a smile. He doubted whether the outcome would be satisfactory, but Dakman's idea was as good as anything he could think of. He forced himself to stop his hands from shaking as he opened the french windows and flung them wide.

"Hallo, Uncle! I was hoping you'd come."

"Were you?" Sir Timothy bowed punctiliously towards Lola, and inclined his head towards Dakman. Obviously his first impression was a long way from favorable.

"Yes," Bullivant went on quickly. "I don't know whether I've mentioned Mr. Dakman—er—and Miss Beeson. Miss Beeson, my uncle, Sir Timothy Bullivant."

A little earlier, the butler had told himself that Lola was a second-rate actress. He might have changed his opinion had he seen her then.

"Eet is a pleasure, Sir Timothy." She bowed, and extended her hand. The knight took it, and bowed again.

"Ho" are you, Sir Timothy?" asked Samuel Dakman, and he did not seem the same man. He was still stout and swarthy, but there was none of the harshness about him that there had been when he had talked with with Guy.

"Well, thank you." Sir Timothy was obviously suspicious of the callers, but he had thawed. Guy saw it and went on quickly.

"Mr. Dakman is a well-known theatrical manager," he said. "I met

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him in India, Uncle. And for some absurd reason he wants me to go on the stage."

The idea apparently tickled Sir Timothy's fancy. He chuckled.

"That's something most unexpected, I must say! I'd never have suspected it."

"Indeed," said Dakman, playing up well, "I have the most high opinion of Mr. Bullivant's potentialities as an actor. In India I tried to persuade him to leave his work and come with my touring company, but"—Dakman shrugged his shoulders—"he was an obstinate young man! He had promised to take a certain job, and nothing would make him change his mind."

Sir Timothy nodded, his eyes kindling.

"I can well understand that," he said. "Miss—ah—Beeson, please do sit down. And Mr. Dakman, was it? It's a little late for tea, I fear, but if you would care for some refreshment—Guy, ring for Carter."

Before Dakman could protest, Carter was in the room, and Sir Timothy had ordered drinks for the callers. It did not take Dakman long to ingratiate himself in the old man's good books. The moneylender's apparent regard for Guy was a big point in his favor.

"Come," said Sir Timothy, twenty minutes later. "We'd best make an evening of it, Mr. Dakman. That is if you can spare the time?"

"Delighted indeed," said Dakman.

So it was arranged that they should stay for dinner. Guy was pleased in one respect, and angered in another. The time would come, he knew, when he would have to pay for this; on the other hand, Dakman was friendly, and his uncle had apparently taken to the man.

All the same, he felt uncomfortable throughout the meal, although his uncle, cheered by the unaccustomed company, was at his best. But Bullivant was glad Martin did not appear. It was as well, for the time being at least, if Dean did not meet Dakman.

. . . . . .

Three times in the following week Dakman and Lola Beeson visited the Manor House. Carter was puzzled and suspicious. He was convinced that they had contrived, somehow, to hoodwink the knight, and he was half afraid something disastrous would happen.

But Carter, who besides being butler, controlled all the indoor and outdoor servants at the Manor, had troubles of his own.

In recent months two gardeners had left. The men who had taken their place were lazy and ill-natured, but Carter knew that Sir Timothy objected to dispensing with the services of anyone who worked for him unless it was absolutely imperative.

Carter had taken his troubles to Martin Dean, who was as popular with the older servants as Guy Bullivant was disliked.

"The man Jenson, sir, is the worst of the two. He's a sullen, ill-mannered fellow, and he's annoying the housekeeper with his attentions to the maids. It's not right, Mr. Dean, and if I had my way, Jenson would go to-morrow."

"I'll speak to Sir Timothy at the first opportunity," promised Martin.

"I'll be grateful, sir, if you will." Carter, a portly man of fifty, bowed and retired. Martin frowned. He disliked the man Jenson, who seemed more like a ruffian than an honest working gardener. He had come with strong recommendations, but that was no guarantee. He would definitely be no loss to the Manor's staff.

Martin went on his way upstairs. For a second time in the month there had been a sale of stock and cattle at one of the Manor's farms, and again he was taking charge of the money until the morning.

He checked it with the account books, found it was in order, and locked the safe. As he did so he remembered that it was June 29. In two days' time—on July 1—the Bullivant diamonds would be out of the safe in the library, where Sir Timothy kept all his personal papers and valuables. Martin told himself the sooner they went the safer it would be.

FOR the first time for ten days, clouds were thick across the sky that night, obscuring the moon and the stars. The wind sprang up, and for June the night was chilly. Sir Timothy had retired early, and at eleven o'clock only the light in Guy's bedroom was still burning.

There was a glimmer, also, in the gardeners' cottage. By the window of an upstairs room, Jenson was standing, watching Guy's room. Suddenly the light went off, and then came on again.

Jenson's coarse face twisted, and he crept downstairs. There were two other gardeners sleeping in the cottage, and although he knew they were both asleep, he had no desire to awaken them.

In a very short while he was outside Guy's window. An occasional spot of rain was blown by the wind, and he shivered. But he was still grinning. This was an easy job—the easiest he had ever tackled in his life.

There was a ladder nearby; he had left it there earlier in the day. Now he rested it silently against the wall and climbed up. In a few seconds he was clambering over the window-sill in Guy's room.

Bullivant was in one corner, keeping out of the light. Jenson closed the window and winked. "O.K., Boss!"

"Quiet!" hissed Bullivant. He was on tenterhooks now the moment had come for this thing that he and Dakman had planned. "I'll show you the way to the library. Then I'm coming back here."

"You don't have to worry. I've cracked a lot o' cribs in my time, Mister, and I ain't bin caught out yet. This one's a cinch."

"You're sure you can open the safe?"

"If you give Mister Dakman the right registration number, I ken do it on me 'ead."

"All right." Bullivant stopped talking, and together they crept out of the room.

The servants who lived in the house itself were all on the third—and top—floor. The only room which they had to pass was Dean's—and Bullivant's nerves were on edge as they passed the door. But there was no light, and no sound came.

Soon they were downstairs, at the library door. It was locked, but Guy had a key. He unlocked it, and they crept across the carpeted floor.

The safe was in one corner, built in the wall. On a moonlight night it would have been easy work for the thief, but the darkness outside and inside made the room absolutely pitch-black.

Guy Bullivant was trembling now. He had carried out his promise to Dakman, and led the man here. Now he wanted to get up to his own room quickly. He was terribly afraid that Dean had heard them passing his door and at any moment would materialise out of the darkness.

But Jenson had nerves of steel.

He took a small flashlamp from his pocket, and stepped to the safe. He examined the lock, and grunted with satisfaction.

"Easy, Mister, easy. Pull darn that blind fer me, an' then yer can 'op it. I'll find me way back."

"What do you want the blind down for?" Bullivant demanded peevishly.

"So's no funny fellers as might be in the woods'll see the light," snarled Jenson. "Say, can't yer do what I ask, Mister?"

Bullivant didn't wait any longer. He pulled the blind down and then crept out of the room.

Every step he took seemed loaded with danger, but he passed Martin's door again, and still there was no sound. With a sigh of relief he reached his own room and quickly undressed. In five minutes he was sitting on the edge of his bed, his dressing-gown wrapped about him, while he waited in shivering anxiety.

Downstairs Jenson was taking his time. A good burglar, he was apt to say, never hurried. Certainly he didn't propose to hurry to-night. He was getting good money for the job—if he succeeded. If he failed, he'd be on the look-out for trouble.

Dakman had told him to apply for this job, and he'd got it without trouble. Gardeners, like all other servants, were difficult to find these days.

Dakman had known that Jenson was a good man, but his trump card had been using Guy Bullivant.

Dakman wanted those diamonds, and was prepared to stop at nothing to get them.

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Certainly they were very near his grasp now.

With a grunt of satisfaction, Jenson forced the last of the three locks on the safe back. A moment later the door swung open. His eyes glittering, Jenson helped himself to a small wad of treasury notes, and then he took the leather case in which the famous Bullivant diamonds were kept.

It was the work of a few seconds to break open the case. Jenson's eyes glistened as he ran the pencil of light from his lamp over the surface of the gems. They were real—and flawless!

There was no need to waste time now. He shut the door softly, collected his tools, and then turned round towards the door. He reached it, but as he did so he stopped dead still. His face went deathly white.

For there was someone else near—he could hear breathing, less than two yards away from him!

JENSON had boasted to Guy Bullivant only a short while before that he had never been caught, but as he stood there in the absolute darkness he was afraid that his time had come at last. But the thief's nerve was still good, and he gritted his teeth.

Whoever was in front of him knew there was someone near, and waited. Slowly Jenson, accustoming his eyes to the darkness, could see the vague outline of a man, approaching slowly.

Jenson clubbed his jemmy, which he had slipped into his pocket and, without a second's hesitation, brought it down with a thud on the man's head.

There was a stifled gasp, and the man slumped downwards. Jenson grunted under his breath, and shot out a hand to lessen the sound of the other's fall. He didn't wait any longer but, still keeping silent as he moved, hurried upstairs.

Light coming from a crack beneath Guy Bullivant's door told him where he was. He opened the door quickly, and Bullivant leapt up from the bed.

"You've got it?" The big man's fear was sickening, but Jenson hadn't time to worry about it then.

"Yep—and I crashed someone. Let me git!"

"You—you crashed someone?"

"Yep—'ard! Shut up, yer fool, and git yer light out!"

Bullivant was trembling, but Jenson hurried to the window, pushed it open again, and soon was standing on the ladder. Bullivant stood by the end of the bed, trembling. With a great effort he pulled himself together and, taking Jenson's advice, slipped into bed after switching the light out.

But sleep wouldn't come. After twenty minutes he couldn't stand the suspense a moment longer. He had to go and find out what had happened, he had to make sure.

He was in better control of himself now, and he opened his door quickly. A faint light shone from a doorway some distance out.

Was it Dean's?

With his heart thumping, Guy Bullivant went along. In a few seconds he was able to see that Dean's door was slightly open. Hardly daring to breathe, he went along—his ears strained to catch the slightest sound.

None came. He reached the doorway, and then peered through. He could see Dean's bed, which had obviously been slept in, but there was no sign of the secretary.

So Dean had gone down, Dean had been prowling round!

Bullivant hesitated for a moment, wondering what next to do. He pushed Dean's bedroom door open a little, and then he caught a glimpse of something lying underneath the disarranged pillow. A small leather case.

Bullivant's eyes narrowed. For some reason he couldn't explain his courage was returning now; and he believed he knew what that case contained. He had seen it on Dean's desk the day he had been thrown out of the room. It was small, and it contained keys.

Keys—and probably the key to the safe in the office!

Bullivant went cold for a moment; and then, quick as a flash, he reached his decision. Leaving the door wide open so that he could catch the slightest sound, he grabbed the case, and a faint metallic chink told him he was right.

There were half-a-dozen keys attached to it. Bullivant, his lips working, stepped to the door that led from the bedroom to the office. He tried two keys, but neither worked; the third one opened the door, however.

Now he was sweating, partly with excitement, partly with fear. It was easy to pick out the key of the safe, and he slipped it into the keyhole quickly. The lock turned, and in a moment the second of the safes at the Manor was being opened. Bullivant saw the wads of notes, proceeds of the previous day's stock sale! For a moment he hesitated; then, gritting his teeth, he took wad after wad out, and stuffed them in the pockets of his dressing-gown.

It was ridiculously easy.

Triumph was surging through him as he finished, swung the door to, and relocked it. Then he hurried out, shut and locked the communicating door, and slipped the key-case beneath the pillow again.

Back in his own bedroom, Bullivant took an empty suitcase, and piled the notes into it. He'd get up early next morning, before the theft was discovered, and send them to an address in London where he could collect a parcel whenever he wanted.

The suitcase was locked, and at the foot of his bed, when there came a tapping on his bedroom door. Then a low whisper.

"Bullivant—are you awake?"

Bullivant went rigid. That was Dean's voice!

For a moment he couldn't answer. Then, knowing that the light was showing beneath the door, and that Dean must know he was awake, he muttered back: "Yes—thought I heard something."

The handle of the door turned, and the door opened. Martin Dean stood on the threshold. For a moment Bullivant thought the man was going to accuse him of the theft, but he quickly realised that Dean had no idea he'd been out of his room.

"You heard something all right," Martin Dean snapped, his eyes wide open. "Carter's downstairs near the library—unconscious!"

"Carter!"

The exclamation came before Bullivant could stop it, but Dean did not notice that Bullivant used the man's name, instead of exclaiming in surprise at the fact that anyone at all was unconscious. Bullivant repaired the error quickly.

"Unconscious, eh? Does that mean we've had visitors?"

"Seems like it. Keep quiet, we don't want to disturb Sir Timothy unless we know something's been stolen."

"Why else should Carter be laid out?" demanded Bullivant. "Is he all right."

"Yes. A blow on the back of the head, that's all. The thing is, Bullivant, I want you with me before I look at the safe."

"But it's in your room, isn't it?" Bullivant feigned ignorance.

"Only one of them. The diamonds are downstairs."

"The diamonds!" gasped Bullivant.

"Yes," said Martin Dean, with a flash of irritation. "You know that Sir Timothy always has them in the house during June. I tried hard enough to dissuade him, but he insisted."

"I see. And you think they've been stolen."

"Unless Carter scared the man away, yes."

Bullivant did not speak again until they reached the hall outside the library, where the portly butler was lying outstretched.

MARTIN had left the light on in the hall. Shining on Carter, it seemed to make the man's face deathly pale. There was a little trickle of blood coming from his head and Bullivant gasped, his concern genuine enough.

"It's nothing. The blow just broke the skin," said Martin. He stepped across, and grasped the handle of the safe. He was praying that the door would not budge, that it was still locked. But it opened easily enough.

Bullivant's voice was hoarse. "It's been opened!"

"It looks like it," said Martin Dean.

The door opened to its fullest extent. Martin looked for the leather case in which the diamond necklace was kept.

Bullivant broke a tense silence. "Well—"

"It's gone," said Martin Dean dully. "It was in there a week ago, I'm sure."

"A week ago!" Bullivant saw another chance of strengthening his alibi. "Perhaps uncle's had it out for something."

"He hasn't. He told me to make arrangements to have it transferred to the bank deposit, the day after

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to-morrow. We've had a burglary, and a successful one," he added bitterly.

Martin drew himself up with an effort. "Well, we'd better have the police."

"Ye—es." But Bullivant hesitated. "I think we ought to make sure that uncle hasn't put them somewhere else for safety."

"Yes, I suppose we should tell him."

"Will you tell him, or shall I?" asked Bullivant.

"I will," said Martin. "You look after Carter."

He went quickly to Sir Timothy's room, and opened the door. Hardly had the switch gone down before Sir Timothy's voice came.

"Who's there?"

"It's Dean, sir."

"What's been happening to-night?" demanded Sir Timothy, struggling to a sitting position. "I've heard footsteps for the past half hour. I'll swear to it. Or am I dreaming?"

"I'm afraid it's true," said Martin. He told the whole story, simply, and to his relief the old man did not seem to be unduly affected. He was more angry than anything else—a good sign.

"You've sent for the police?"

"We—Mr. Guy and I—decided to make sure you hadn't moved the stones, sir."

"Hump. Quite right. Well, telephone the Guildford people and see if Inspector Venner can come. And then make sure the safe in the office hasn't been tampered with. It contained the sale money, and that's probably what the rogue came after."

Martin hurried out of the room. Bullivant was waiting a few paces along the corridor, and Martin asked him to call the police. There was only one thing in his mind—an urgent desire to make sure the money in the other safe was still there.

Three minutes later, with fast-beating heart, and his cheeks white to the lips, he saw that the money was gone. Gone, every penny of it!

But what was more mysterious still, the safe had been opened with a key.

Martin Dean seemed to realise that he, more than anyone else, would look the guilty person in the second crime, if not in the first. And there was a terrible fear in his heart.

He hurried back to Sir Timothy with the news, and for a moment there was silence. The old man's shrewd eyes regarded the secretary for a full twenty seconds.

"Ha-rump! So the devil got the whole lot, did he? Looks like an inside job to me, Dean. Suspect anyone?"

"I can't imagine anyone who would even try to rob you, sir."

"Hump. Maybe not, but I haven't all that faith in human nature. Now — let's get down."

When they reached the library, Carter was conscious and sitting in an easy chair. Bullivant had given him a whisky-and-soda. The old servant was almost in tears.

"I wouldn't have had it happen for the world, sir. It's terrible, terrible! If only I'd called Mr. Dean and Mr. Bullivant before I came down. If only—"

"Steady, steady," said Sir Timothy, who seemed a stronger man in an emergency. "You did what you thought best, Carter, I'm sure. Pull yourself together and tell me just what happend."

Carter's voice was still tearful.

"I—I thought I heard a noise, sir, and went downstairs. There was someone in the library! I tried to see who it was, but it was dark, 'cepting where his torch played. And then he turned round, and I was waiting for him—"

Carter paused for a moment, and then went on with a rush. "He must have seen me, sir, for he jumped out of the room and brought something crashing down on my head! I didn't have a chance, sir."

"I'm sure you didn't, Carter, sure you didn't. A pity you didn't catch sight of the scoundrel, but it can't be helped. The police will be here soon."

"Is anything else missing?" asked Guy.

"The sale money," Sir Timothy, told him. "The rogue made a complete job of it, very thorough indeed. I'm going back to my room. Call me when Venner arrives."

The knight stumped off. Carter, practically his usual self now, went towards the kitchen quarters, to bathe his head. Martin and Bullivant were alone together.

BULLIVANT'S lips twisted unpleasantly. "I wondered when this would happen, Dean," he said.

Martin Dean, normally the best-tempered of men, had always found his temper getting out of control when he had talked with Guy Bullivant. Now the man's sneering insinuation, added to his own apprehension, almost proved too much for him.

"I didn't do it, and you know it!"

Bullivant laughed softly.

"I wonder whether the police would believe you, my fine secretary—if they knew what I know!"

"They don't!"

"That's no reason why they shouldn't," said Bullivant easily. Things had worked out so well for him that he did not feel there was the slightest need for worry. "Listen, Dean," he went on, "If the truth comes out you'll be kicked away from here. My uncle would never stand for having you on the premises—even if," added the big man, his eyes narrowing, "you weren't in prison for a stretch. That's right, isn't it?"

"Probably," muttered Martin. His fists were clenching and unclenching at his side.

"Certainly!" snapped Bullivant. "Well—I'll keep quiet, but you'll have to pay for it."

For a moment there was absolute silence.

"How much do you want?" Martin asked then, in a voice that trembled.

"I won't be too hard on you," sneered Bullivant. "We'll say two hundred pounds."

Dean's lips tightened. That would make a big hole in his savings. But it would mean safety, for the time being at least.

"When do you want it?"

"To-morrow, before noon. That'll give you time to go to the bank. Now no more talk."

There was the sound of car wheels on the drive outside, and a few seconds later a sharp rat-tat on the door. Carter hurried forward to open it, and Martin, who was in the hall, saw a car standing outside, its headlights shedding a ghostly white glare about the grounds of the Manor.

In the doorway stood two men in plain clothes. He recognised the blunt, dour features of Inspector Venner, but he did not know who the second man was. He took him to be a plain clothes assistant.

Martin stepped forward, his heart thudding.

Half an hour later, the Inspector reported to Sir Timothy, "I've found no trace of a forced entry, Sir Timothy. Either the thief was very clever, cunning enough to make sure the windows and doors were left as he found them, or else—I don't like to suggest this—the culprit is to be found somewhere in the household."

The words were like a death-knell to Martin Dean, but he controlled his features. Sir Timothy nodded.

"The same possibility, Venner, had occurred to me. However—every single man and woman in my employ has my absolute confidence—"

Sir Timothy broke off, at an exclamation from Martin, "Have you thought of the new out-door servants, sir?"

Sir Timothy's eyes narrowed.

"No, I had not. But if the theft was committed by someone inside—" he was beginning when Inspector Venner interrupted, showing something akin to excitement for the first time, "New servants are always open to suspicion, Sir Timothy. I suggest I go and see these men at once."

"Very good, Inspector. Dean, my boy, go with him."

. . . . . .

The discovery was soon made. Jenson was missing. His bed had not been slept in, and it was found that only one or two articles of clothing had been left behind. Obviously the man had prepared for a getaway.

To Martin Dean it was a reprieve; but he was soon to learn that the cloud was still about him.

The following morning, with bitter grudging in his heart, Martin handed over two hundred pounds to Guy.

Inspector Venner came to the house a little later. He had a long consultation with Sir Timothy, and the upshot of it was that the knight decided definitely that Jenson was the culprit, that no one in the Manor had helped him and therefore there was no need for the police to spend more time at the house.

Venner shrugged his shoulders. "Just as you like, sir. I don't say I am fully satisfied. But will you promise me one thing, Sir Timothy?"

"It depends what it is," snapped the knight.

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"That should there be a second theft you will call for me immediately?"

"Of course, of course. That's settled, Venner. I hope you catch that rogue of a thief Gardener, huh! As for the diamonds, Venner—their loss is a blow. I am not concerned with the money loss. I have plenty—more than enough. The sentimental value of those diamonds is great, however, Venner—"

The inspector was standing up, and had started for the door, but he turned back. There was something very serious in the old man's expression, and the tone in which the last word had been spoken.

"Yes, Sir Timothy?"

The knight hesitated for a moment, and neither of them saw the library door move a fraction of an inch. Guy Bullivant was outside, but hearing the Inspector's voice he hesitated to break in. It was just possible he would hear something worth knowing.

As he paused there, Sir Timothy went on speaking.

"I have told no one else about this, Venner, excepting my solicitor. That diamond necklace is to be a legacy to a very dear young friend of mine. She has little idea of the high regard and esteem in which I hold her. But the Bullivant necklace, and one-third of my fortune, Venner, is to go to her."

Outside the door, Guy Bullivant stood like stone.

"Am I allowed to know the name of the fortunate young lady?" asked Venner.

"Yes, Venner. My will—which is lodged with my London solicitors—leaves one third of my fortune and estate to Guy, including the Manor House. Another third, and the necklace, is to go to Felicity Marlow. Do you know her?"

"Of course, sir."

Venner repeated his promise to do everything he could to find the thief and the stolen necklace, and then went out. Guy Bullivant had heard him coming, and stepped back several yards. To Venner it seemed as though the younger man had just turned into the passage that led to the library.

. . . . . .

"Martin—is there anything worrying you?"

Martin Dean, walking beside Felicity three days after the robbery, avoided her eyes as she put the question.

"Of course not," he said. "What makes you think so?"

"What makes me think so?" she repeated softly. "Well, Martin, you've changed. Slowcoach is back again. It seems as though you're afraid to say you love me."

He looked into her eyes and his voice quivered with emotion.

"Felicity! I to... once that whatever happened I would love you! No matter what appearances may suggest, that's true. I shall carry a picture of you in my heart for ever; I shall never forget you. Won't you believe that, darling?"

There was fire in his voice now, and flame in his eyes. How strange it was that he could change so—and how much stranger were those chains of love that made her feel so desperately afraid that she might lose him.

"That's more like Martin—my Martin."

He crushed her to him; and for a while the lilting music was back in his voice. The mood lasted until he had seen her back to her house; and then, as he walked away, he felt depression fall about him again.

Try as he might, he could not get rid of it. Bullivant's manner, since the burglary, had been unbearable. Any moment he was afraid that the man would come to him with fresh demands.

Unexpectedly, however, Martin's fears seemed to be groundless. In the coming weeks, Bullivant made no reference to the subject of money.

It was as if there was to be no more trouble. To make things better, Jacob Marlow had been more friendly. The old man saw, now, that it was useless to try and alter things, and perhaps his hard heart had softened a little when he had seen that he was making his daughter unhappy.

Felicity went to London for three days, with her mother and Aunt Peggy. What rushing, tiring days they were, and yet how wonderful. But at last her trousseau was complete, apart from those things she and her friends were making by hand.

FELICITY was so busy that she saw Martin less often now, and on the days when they did walk together, or visit Guildford for a cinema show, she was convinced that the fears she had once possessed were groundless.

July passed quickly.

The burglary at the Manor was almost forgotten. All Altorn seemed to be preparing for the wedding. Sir Timothy had offered the Manor House to the bride and bridegroom for the reception.

Three days before the wedding, Guy Bullivant struck the blow that he had been preparing. He had not contrived it alone. He had needed assistance, and he had gone to Samuel Dakman.

Dakman had laughed at the proposal at first; then Lola Benson had heard of it, and advised the moneylender to do what Bullivant wanted.

On the evening of the third day before the wedding, Guy went into Martin's room. Martin was working late, busy getting the accounts and books ready, for he would be away from the Manor for a whole month.

"How's the happy bridegroom?" demanded Bullivant, but there was a sneer in his words that made Martin flush.

"I'm very well, thanks."

"Are you? I wonder if you will be when you read this."

He took his wallet from his pocket and slipped a letter from it.

Martin saw the illiterate scrawl, and frowned. What could this have to do with him? He glanced at the signature—and then he seemed to go icily cold.

Mick Jenson! Jenson!

Feverishly now he scanned the letter, then read it to the bitter end, too stunned at first to show any anger.

It ran:

"Deen,

"I got to 'ave more money. It ain't no use yer saying you ain't got none. I want a 'undred quid, quick, or I'll spill the works about what happened that night at the Manor. Don't show this ter the police, I'll tell 'em everyfink if yer do.

"Mick Jenson."

For perhaps a minute Martin Dean sat, staring at the letter. There could be no doubt as to what Jenson was getting at. He was accusing him of being his accomplice on the night of the robbery!

Then his brain cleared, and he looked up sharply.

"This is nonsense, Bullivant. I've never seen that letter before, and I don't know what Jenson's talking about."

"Don't you?" Bullivant laughed unpleasantly. "Then how did it happen that I found it downstairs addressed to you. I got suspicious and opened it when I saw the handwriting. If I'd done what I should, I'd have taken it straight to my uncle. As it was, I'm giving you a chance."

"In what way?" Martin demanded grimly.

"This way." Bullivant stood up, and he was no longer smiling. "I'm giving you twelve hours, Dean, to pack your things and clear out. Understand?"

"Don't talk nonsense, Bullivant! I'm getting married, three days from now."

Bullivant laughed unpleasantly.

"You think you are, but you've made a mistake, Dean. I've watched everything, and it's been on the tip of my tongue to tell the truth, to say what I know. But you paid me for my silence, and I decided to keep my promise. I had no proof, then, that you were the accomplice Jenson had that night."

"Proof! You cannot prove a thing that doesn't exist!"

"Don't be a fool! Denials will get you nowhere." Bullivant took the letter from the desk where Martin had dropped it, and replaced it in his wallet. "That's all the proof I want, Dean—and all the police and Sir Timothy would want."

"Bullivant!" All the agony of his soul revealed itself in that cry. "It's not true! Jenson's tricking me, tricking you!"

"I don't believe it," snapped Bullivant. "Listen, Dean. You'll be gone from here, to-morrow at noon. Or else this letter will be shown to Sir Timothy. He can decide what action to take. Hide yourself, and Jenson will never find you. But"—Bullivant's voice was harsh—"stay here, attempt to go through with your wedding, and the story is out! If you are a man at all, you will give the girl up, give her a chance to find her happiness with someone more worthy of her love."

Not by word or deed did Bullivant show that he planned to marry Felicity himself. He acted well, Martin Dean, little though he liked the man, believed he was sincere now.

But he made one further effort.

"Bullivant, I swear to you that

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everything suggested in that letter is false!"

"I wish I could believe you," said the hypocrite, steadily, "but I know too much, Dean. Noon to-morrow—or the whole story is out."

He waited for no further protests, but left the room quickly. As he went, Martin Dean stared ahead of him, seeing nothing, with horror in his heart.

. . . . . .

The next afternoon, the village was buzzing with the rumour, Martin Dean had disappeared!

Miss Peggy Mayfield, desperately unhappy, did her best to cheer a dry-eyed but stunned Felicity.

"He'll come back," she said, with an assurance that she did not feel. "Martin wouldn't do a thing like this, Fell."

"But he's gone!" Felicity's voice was strained with emotion. "Carter told me. Clothes—papers—everything's gone! He didn't sleep at the house last night."

"Something unexpected happened. He'll come back in time for the wedding."

"But"—for the first time tears welled in Felicity's eyes—"I feel that he's gone, for ever! I don't know why—I can't explain. But I've been afraid of something dreadful happening, for months past. And now this has come."

"Felicity, darling, you'll not help yourself or anyone by giving way. Walk through the village with your head held high, child. Let them think you know where he is."

"But everyone knows he's gone! The Manor servants were full of it this morning. I can't face it, Auntie, I can't face it!"

"You will," said Miss Mayfield wisely. "You'll fight the battle, Felicity. It wouldn't be you if you didn't."

Felicity tried hard to believe her, but there was a dreadful longing in her heart, and a heaviness like nothing she had ever experienced before.

As Felicity walked through the village, her head held high, no sign of tears in her eyes, curtains moved at the windows, and all the time there seemed to be a whisper about her.

"He's left her—Martin Dean's gone. Gone—gone—gone!"

Other people were affected by the disappearance of Martin Dean, and the argument that had been waged in the village for so long had been settled, once and for all. Even those people who had been warmly for Martin shook their heads in disappointment.

Strangely enough, there was no cruelty in people's comments. There was a deep, heartfelt sympathy for Felicity, and in the days that followed she was conscious of it.

Her father made little or no comment. It was a strange fact that Jacob Marlow, after his years of opposition to Martin Dean as a husband, should be so sympathetic.

But probably no one was as badly upset as Sir Timothy Bullivant.

When the news had first reached him, Sir Timothy had scoffed. There were times when he felt that Martin Dean might have been his own son. He refused to believe anything bad of him.

But the evidence was conclusive. There could be no suspicion of foul play. For Martin had left a note for his employer.

Only Guy Bullivant and Sir Timothy knew that.

It had been brief, and had explained little. Martin Dean had simply said that it was impossible for him to stay, that he would remember Sir Timothy always with gratitude, and asked for his forgiveness.

The day following the disappearance, Sir Timothy had collapsed when walking up the stairs. Dr. Graysham, a friend as well as a medical adviser, had hurried to the Manor.

Sir Timothy had been unconscious when he had arrived, but he rallied. In ten days he was about again, but even more frail and feeble than before. In the circumstances he relied a great deal on Guy Bullivant.

Guy seized his chance with both hands, and when the old man expressed a wish to see Felicity he was overjoyed. He himself received her when she came.

"Sir Timothy has been looking forward to your visit," he said. "And, if I am allowed to say so, so have I."

"That's nice of you," Felicity could think of nothing else to say.

Bullivant offered her cigarettes, and smiled when she refused to take one.

"I'm glad you did that," he said. "I think the sight of a woman or girl smoking has something wrong about it. Er—Miss Marlow——"

She frowned a little, for the smile had gone from his face, and he regarded her very seriously. Her heart beat faster than it had done for a long time.

"Yes?"

"I'm sure you'll forgive me," Guy Bullivant said, "but I have long wished to express my sincere regret at the terrible disappointment you suffered."

Felicity's cheeks flushed.

"That's forgotten, please," she said, "and done with."

"That's the way I would have expected you to act and talk," he said. "But please let me say that I can understand the courage necessary to meet the situation. If—if there is any way at all in which I can help you, I am yours to command."

It was spoken so slowly, so sincerely, that Felicity warmed to him. She nodded slightly.

"Thank you, again," she said. "I can think of nothing that you—or anyone—can do. But I do appreciate what you say."

"I hope you will do more, and remember it," said Guy.

He knew that it would not be wise to enlarge on the subject, and he told himself he had created a favorable impression. Therefore he was glad when the door opened, and Carter stood aside to let Sir Timothy enter the room.

Felicity had a shock when she saw the knight, he looked so frail and so much older.

He took her hand.

"I'm delighted to see you again, Felicity. Guy—you will forgive me I am sure—but I would like a few minutes with Felicity alone. If," he added with an unexpected smile, "she will grant that privilege to an old man."

"Of course!" Felicity cried impulsively.

"I knew you would," said Sir Timothy. "Guy, tell Carter to bring tea in ten minutes, will you?"

"By all means," said Guy. He smiled towards Felicity, and then went out.

Sir Timothy settled himself in his chair. His eyes, resting on Felicity, were kindly and sympathetic.

"My dear," he said, very slowly, "I am not going to harrow you with talking of things that have happened, and therefore cannot be undone. But I do want you, Felicity, to believe one thing."

Felicity nodded, her face very grave.

"I want you to believe," went on the knight, "that Martin Dean, no matter what he has done, would never have treated you in so unhappy a fashion, but for one thing."

He paused, and seemed to have difficulty in finding the words, but Felicity waited, her body tense. She had guessed he was going to talk about Martin, but she could not understand the method of his approach.

Sir Timothy went on, speaking a little more quickly.

"But for one thing," he repeated. "And that one thing was that he would save you, my dear, from pain and suffering. We do not know what prompted him to do this strange thing, an action which we can only regret with all our heart. But there must have been some reason, and he would not have acted as he did had he not been convinced it was the best thing he could do—for you."

Sir Timothy stopped. The room was silent, while youth and age regarded each other, each possessed of a great understanding.

"I knew Martin Dean," went on the old man, "as few people can have known him. He was reserved—quiet—a gentleman in whom I could always place implicit trust. And I know he was in love with you; I believe he still loves you. But I think that there was some bar to your happiness that he could not explain, and he took the way out that he did, not to hurt you, but to try and save you from irreparable hurt."

He added softly, "I believe that he asked you, without words it is true, but none the less very plainly, not to ruin your life but to try and

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find happiness, somewhere, without him."

He stopped again. Felicity's lips quivered, and slowly, brokenly, the words came.

"But—I can't! He's with me—always!"

The old man nodded, very slowly.

"I guessed you would feel like that. But I have thought a great deal about this matter, Felicity, and we have one bond in common. In our different ways we loved Martin Dean. This disappearance has not robbed either of us of that love. More than ever I am convinced he did it for the best. It must have caused him great agony of mind."

Felicity nodded.

"There have been times, even when he was here," she said, opening her heart for the first time to anyone, "when I felt that there was a mystery, something that was making him unhappy. If only he had told me, I would have helped him!"

"I saw it, too," said Sir Timothy, unexpectedly. "There were times when he brooded over the past. And I would have done anything I could for him. But we must leave it like this. I am not suggesting you should forget him. Old man though I am, I know that would be impossible. But, as time heals the wounds, try to be happy, my dear. He would have wished it."

Felicity stood up, suddenly, abruptly. The tears were hot in her eyes now, and she could not keep them back. She stepped to the window and stared out, looking over the same fields as Martin had looked on so often. The old man was silent, understanding.

The tears were gone when she turned round again.

"I'll try," she said. "You've helped me, more than I can say."

"I hoped and believed that I could," said Sir Timothy. "Now"—he smiled, and she found a smile to match his—"we must have some tea. Guy will join us. Courage, Felicity! No one knows what the future holds, and I believe for you it will be brigh r than you would conceive possible."

The tea was a pleasant meal. Sir Timothy seemed to have been cheered immensely by the talk, and Felicity was happier than she had been. Somehow the old man's faith in Martin Dean was a staff on which she felt she could lean.

Guy Bullivant was watchful and attentive. Felicity found herself smiling and even laughing at his sallies. Sir Timothy nodded to himself. This was doing just what he wanted—taking the girl out of herself. By Jove! She was lovely, lovelier even than he had realised before.

As they finished the meal, Felicity stood up.

"I really must go," she said, glancing at her watch. "It's nearly five, and I promised to be home by then."

Guy Bullivant's lips opened, but Sir Timothy spoke first.

"Let Guy run you home," he suggested. "You've nothing to do, have you, Guy?"

"Nothing at all, if I had," added Bullivant easily, "I would make sure Miss Marlow reached home on time."

Felicity smiled at them both.

"It's very good of you. This visit has done me any amount of good."

The drive home was as pleasant as the tea had been, and it left Guy with a feeling of great satisfaction. Everything was going exactly as he wished.

He was quick to follow up his first advantage with further pleasant meetings and outings, and tongues in Altorn village were soon wagging. Not a few people disapproved of the way in which Felicity had, it seemed, transferred her affections.

A MONTH passed quickly. Now the days were getting colder and the dark evenings longer. But if they could not get out in the car so much, a day rarely passed when Bullivant did not contrive to see Felicity.

Then one evening Guy arrived smiling, as though he had something up his sleeve.

"I don't know whether Mrs. Marlow will have any objections," he said, "but I've a proposition to put to you, Fell, a chance in a thousand. You've heard me talk of Sam Dakman—a theatrical-manager, who's a good friend of mine?"

"Yes, often."

"He's sent me tickets for a new show he's running, and he's suggested I go up to London for a couple of days, and see a rehearsal of another show. Have you ever been behind the scenes at a theatre?"

"Never!" Felicity was intrigued, and Mrs. Marlow, thinking only of her daughter's happiness, saw no objection to her making the trip once it was explained that Lola Beeson would act as chaperone and companion to Felicity while she was in London.

THE trip was fixed for the following Wednesday. Guy Bullivant went off in fine fettle, but for some reason Felicity was quiet after he had gone.

Her mother, guessing the girl was still brooding on the past, told herself that it would not be for long now, and that Felicity would realise, very soon, that Guy Bullivant was genuinely in love with her and, indeed, likely to make her happier than Martin Dean.

. . . . . .

At the far end of the long, beautifully-papered room, an orchestra played a slow, haunting waltz. About the little party of four, near the centre of the restaurant, waiters were hurrying, soft-footed and silent.

From time to time couples rose from the tables at which they were sitting, and joined the throng on the dancefloor.

Felicity gazed bout her in wonderment and sheer delight.

The dresses of the women were glorious, a splendor she had never dreamed of seeing. Her own simple evening frock seemed colorless by comparison, but that mattered little. Her eyes were shining, she could not see enough.

Felicity's innocent enjoyment made Lola Beeson smile bitterly to herself. The little fool would soon learn better. Samuel Dakman, concerned only with the success of the scheme that was now under way, chuckled to himself. While Guy Bullivant was telling himself that Felicity looked glorious!

The orchestra had just started a second waltz. Guy insisted that they try it and Felicity, who did not realise she was a wonderful natural dancer, felt her body swaying to that low, lilting music. Guy, a past-master in ballroom dancing, realised that his partner could really dance.

She felt the rhythm. And as they swirled round and round, his arms gripping her firmly but gently, her eyes were shining stars. A dozen men and women looked at her and then, fascinated by something they could hardly understand, watched her as she went round.

Guy smiled down on Felicity. "Enjoying it?"

"It's divine!" she exclaimed.

"That's what I wanted to hear. I've longed to give you something like this for a long time, Fell."

"Have you—really?"

"I wouldn't say so if it wasn't true. You're made for this life. Yours is a loveliness which should never have been hidden in the country, where only the yokels and a few very fortunate ones like myself could see it."

Felicity colored, and her charm was heightened.

The waltz finished. They separated, and clapped with the other dancers, waiting until the orchestra struck up again. This time a fast fox-trot, and they whirled round, to a faster, more exciting rhythm than before. But not once did she falter, and for their dancing alone they would have been the cynosure of all eyes.

"You're perfect," Guy said. "You must be a natural dancer. You were made for all this, I tell you. Doesn't your blood tingle with excitement, didn't you feel, when we were sitting down, that you would give anything to be out here?"

"I did! But how did you guess?"

"I could see it," he assured her. "I watched your eyes as you followed the movements of the dancers. The light in your eyes, Felicity, has never been so like the stars."

"You will make me swollen-headed," she told him, a little slowly. Never had she known him so talkative—and so flattering. And yet there was something in his manner that suggested he meant all that he said, that his flattery was not flattery, but true compliment.

"I need never worry about that," he said. "But we must not overdo it, dear. Dancing is tiring, and you've a long day to-morrow. Let's go back to the table for this next dance, and then come again."

"Just as you please, Guy."

As the music stopped, they walked, clapping as they went back to their table. Before they reached it Guy said in an undertone:

"I have tried hard to get this evening perfect for you, Felicity. Have I succeeded?"

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"I have never been happier," she assured him simply.

He pressed her arm.

"That's all the reward I want," he said. "Now" — they were near the table, and he smiled at Dakman—"what did you think of our new dancer, Sam?"

Dakman was looking thoughtful. Though he was not the theatrical manager he pretended to be, he was interested in the theatre, and had many friends there. Moreover, he was a shrewd judge. It had occurred to him that there was something about the way in which Felicity Marlow danced that would be a little different from the average, on the stage or in a ballroom.

"I think she is splendid," he said, beaming at Felicity. "In fact, I'm almost sorry I can't introduce you at the theatre as a would-be stage star!"

Felicity's eyes gleamed; a thrill of excitement ran through her unlike anything she had ever experienced before. But her voice was cool enough.

"I'm afraid I'd be hopeless," she said, "and your reputation would suffer."

Dakman glanced at Lola, who was leaning forward, her hands cupping her face and her elbows on the snowy white damask cloth.

"I don't know," she said slowly. Dakman knew that she was serious, and even Guy Bullivant was surprised.

"I think you'd turn into a good dancer, Felicity. You would have to have a lot of training, of course, but that's nothing."

"You're not serious!" breathed Felicity.

"Yes I am, my dear. I'm a stage dancer myself, and I wouldn't be inclined to praise anything else if I didn't think it was worth it. She danced well, didn't she Guy?"

"Absolutely topping," Guy said.

"Do you know," put in Sam Dakman, his head cocked to one side, "I'm inclined to think it's worth trying. There's a rehearsal to-morrow, and we might give you a trial, Miss Marlow."

Felicity could hardly believe her ears. "I can't believe that you're not just flattering me," she said.

DAKMAN leaned forward very earnestly. "I assure you, I am very serious," he said. "If you care, I will try to arrange a trial for you to-morrow. But not, of course, unless you would seriously like to consider dancing as a career."

Felicity looked eagerly at Guy. She felt that she dared not make a decision on her own.

Guy was smiling. This suggestion, in fact, was just what he wanted. He was tired of country life, and longed for the glamor of the theatres and night-clubs. The pursuing of his object—to marry Felicity—had made it impossible for him to leave Altorn for long, but if she was in London it would make all the difference.

"I can't see anything against it," he said, "and I'm sure your parents would have no objection."

Felicity believed that was true. Jacob Marlow would protest against nothing that might earn money, and her mother would fall in with her father's wishes.

"It seems like a dream!" she cried.

"If you'll excuse me," said Dakman. "I'll go and call up a friend. He arranges most of the trials. I won't be a few minutes."

He was away for ten minutes. When he returned he was smiling broadly and Felicity uttered a little exclamation of delight.

"You've managed it!"

"Everything is arranged," said Sam Dakman, "for you to dance to-morrow. As it happens, one of the dancers at the show is away, and they need a substitute."

"I can't thank you enough!" cried Felicity.

"Pooh! Thank me when you've seen some results from it," said Sam Dakman.

A few minutes later, excited and hardly able to control herself, Felicity went to dance again. As she drew out of earshot, Lola Beeson eyed Dakman thoughtfully.

"So you managed it, Sam."

"It was easy. Curtis wants a new dancer who won't ask for too much money. We'll get a slice out of the pay ourselves."

"If she comes off!"

"She'll come off all right," said Dakman with confidence. "That girl can dance. Do you know, Lola, this has been the most profitable little venture of my life! Already I've had the proceeds of the diamonds. When the marriage comes off, another five thousand; and after that——"

"I shall start working," said Lola, with a twisted smile. "I'm longing for it, Sam. But it'll be worth it when it comes."

Soon after that the party left the Clandon Hotel, where they had dined. Lola Beeson and Sam Dakman had an appointment. Felicity and Guy went on to a theatre.

When they came out from the theatre, Guy beckoned to a cab.

"Would you prefer to go straight to the hotel," he asked her, "or shall we have a light supper first?"

"I don't think I could stand any more excitement," she told him, "and I'm so tired. Will Miss Beeson be at the hotel?"

"I expect so," Guy said. He was anxious to meet some friends, although had she wanted to go to a night-club he would have taken her with pleasure.

As it was, sitting against her in the dark interior of the taxi, he could not keep his eyes off her. She was smiling all the time, and he knew she was in the happiest of moods. He slipped his right arm round her slim, lovely shoulders, and held her to him.

"Felicity, my dear!"

She did not answer; she did not shrink from him. And yet he sensed that there was a reserve in her manner.

"My dear!" he said. "I love you, Felicity! From the moment I first saw you I knew that there was no one else in the world for me. But I knew you were tied to someone else, that I would have to stand by, and watch you go into another man's arms."

"Please," she said very softly, but he did not appear to hear her.

"And then the incredible happened. It made me happy as I had never been in my life before to help you, to bring the smile back to your lips, the laughter back in your eyes. Felicity, everything I have is yours!"

For a moment he thought that she was angry. He could just see her eyes glistening, and she had made no move. Had he been a fool? Had he taken her too much for granted?

But she spoke at last.

"I know all you have done for me," she said, "and I shall always be deeply grateful. But for the time being, Guy dear, I want to be free. I want to forget. Later, perhaps——"

"Then there is a chance for me?"

"How can we know what our hearts will feel in months or years to come?" she demanded softly.

"I know that mine will always echo to the same refrain, my darling. I love you. No matter where I am, or what the circumstances, I shall be waiting for you. Will you believe that, Felicity?"

"I do," she said. And indeed few could have disbelieved him, or doubted his sincerity.

FELICITY certainly had no idea that inwardly Guy was fuming with rage. Now the issue was postponed indefinitely. He could not return to the question too quickly. The little fool! Why hadn't she answered as he had wanted?

And yet she was certainly lovely. He might even have been serious about her, without the money which he knew she was to inherit.

A few moments later they drew up outside the hotel. Guy Bullivant went as far as her room, and pressed her hand as he said good-night.

"To-morrow for an even greater day," he said.

"Will you be happy?" she asked, more than a little troubled at the disappointment she believed he must feel.

"With the hope you have given me, darling, I shall be as happy as ever I could be, without you as my promised wife."

Felicity smiled, tremulously, and turned perhaps a little too quickly towards her room. She entered it, and he turned away, his hand waving. Quickly she shut the door, and very soon she knew that Lola Beeson was not in.

She felt relieved.

For some reason she could not properly understand, she did not entirely like Lola. She understood, of course, that the actress was an entirely different type, and her life had been nothing like that of a country

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girl. But, although the older woman was always pleasant, there was a something Felicity felt was missing. It was a feeling, almost, of distrust.

She was alone for a while, and that was the great thing for the night. She had so many problems, and now the thing that she had half-feared for weeks past had come.

She had hated refusing Guy Bullivant, even though she had not been definite.

He had been so kind in the past, and the way he had taken her decision had been beyond reproach. There had been no vain pleadings, no suggestion that she had encouraged him to higher hopes, and that she should have answered differently.

She knew the rumors that had circulated in the past, that his youth had not been all it might have been. But every man was liable to make mistakes, and never once had he said or done anything, in her presence, that he should not have done.

A little unhappily, she undressed for bed. Soon she found herself thinking of the rehearsal—and the trial!

It was a wonderful opportunity.

She could work and forget. And in time she could learn to love Guy. She wanted to love him, and she believed the only reason why she could not do so at the moment was the rawness of the wound that Martin Dean had caused her.

She wondered where Martin was.

Her mother and Aunt Peggy had often said they expected he had gone abroad, and she was inclined to agree with them. How many miles away was he?

HAD Felicity but known it, Martin Dean was only a few hundred yards away from her, one of the teeming millions of the great Metropolis.

In a smaller, less luxurious hotel than the Clandon he was even then undressing; and as always, his last thoughts at night were of the sweet girl he had wronged—and yet whom he would have wronged and hurt more grievously had he married her.

When he fled from Altorn, Martin had gone straight to a small hotel in Bloomsbury, and there he met several men of about his own age. Most of them were writers and artists of some kind—not, he believed, very hard working or very sincere.

Young men with a small income preferred to stay in artistic quarters of London, and talk of the great things they were going to do one day.

Their boasts often irritated Martin, but there was one man, rather older than the rest, who was of a different type. Like Martin, he was trying to start a new life, although in different circumstances.

John Hastings had been in an insurance office for fifteen years, but all the time he had spent every hour he could in writing. After a while he had been forced to the conclusion that he was not a literary genius, but someone had suggested he might with advantage try to write stories of crime and intrigue.

He had met with some degree of success and, although his income from his writing was not great, he had thrown up his regular work, and settled down to writing for a living.

He was still not completely successful, but he managed to earn enough to live on. He was a short, broad-shouldered man, who looked more a man of action than of letters. Quiet and retiring, it had been some time before he and Martin had become friendly.

Then they had made several trips together to that strange, mysterious part of London—the East End.

Parts of the East End were haunts of criminals, and John Hastings went there to obtain local color. Martin enjoyed the trips.

Strange public-houses, little-known clubs, small, dark alleyways of mystery, the teeming thousands of poor folk, most of whom were honest and yet lived where crime and vice were predominant, gave him something fresh to think about.

On that night when Felicity Marlow, Guy Bullivant, and the others had been to the hotel for dinner, Martin Dean had, however, been on his own. To try and stop that inevitable haunting of the past, he had gone to a cinema, but the film had been a romantic one, and he could not rid himself of a haunting likeness between the heroine and Felicity.

Actually it had been the slim prettiness of the actress, and her fair hair, that had reminded Martin. He left the cinema desperately unhappy and, reaching the hotel, had gone immediately to his room, for once omitting what had recently become almost regular nightly talks with John Hastings.

Felicity!

Where was she? How was Fate moulding her life? Had she contrived to forget him or did she, like him, live almost entirely in the past? He hoped with all his heart that she did not; he was desperately anxious that she should find someone worthy of her love and affection.

He went to bed, his face haggard, his heart heavy. After a while he dropped into a heavy, troubled sleep.

And while he was tossing and turning, Felicity was asleep in the single bed next to Lola Beeson's, with a gentle smile on her lovely lips, as though she was dreaming of the future which, she believed, was brighter than it had been since Martin had disappeared from her life.

. . . . . .

There was something different about Lola Beeson the next morning. She put herself out to be pleasant and helpful. Soon after breakfast, while Felicity w... wondering what time Guy would call, the actress entered the room, smiling pleasantly.

"Well, my dear! The great day today!"

"It is indeed," said Felicity.

"Now listen," said Lola, sitting on a bed and reclining as she eyed Felicity, "I'm going to be honest.

You're a born dancer, but you need a lot of training. I don't think it will take long—but I do think Sam was a little too eager to fix up your test at the rehearsal."

For a moment Felicity's heart dropped, although she did not reveal it.

"What makes you think so?" she asked.

"If you'd had one or two lessons in stage dancing it would have made a world of difference. And seeing that you are anxious to make good—that's true, isn't it?"

"Nothing could be more true," Felicity assured her warmly.

THE older woman was obviously pleased by Felicity's reply. "Good," she said. "Then I'm going to suggest that you tell Guy, when he arrives, that you'll be with me all the morning, and that he can call at half-past two this afternoon to take us to the theatre."

Felicity looked puzzled.

"But why should I do that?"

"Because I'm going to take you to some friends of mine, who have been in the game all their lives. In a few hours, if you will do as they suggest, the rough edges will have disappeared. You don't mind me talking so frankly, do you?"

"I'm very grateful," said Felicity with a smile. "I have been worried about it, in my heart."

Lola stood up and stretched her arms above her head, gracefully and yet still suggesting something feline—or perhaps, Felicity thought, leonine would be the better word.

"Then that's dandy! All you have to do is to tell Guy that he can't have you with him every minute, and we'll get along. Better put your clothes on, my dear, and as soon as Guy arrives you can tell him."

Ten minutes later, dressed for the street, they were in the foyer of the hotel. They had not been there long before Guy arrived, and they went on quickly to explain Lola's suggestion. Guy nodded, and did not look too disappointed.

"It's a good idea," he admitted, "excepting that I shall have to amuse myself alone."

"I daresay you'll manage that," Lola said quickly.

"I'll try, anyhow. And I can run you round to these friends of yours. Where are they?"

"In Chelsea," said Lola. "And I was hoping you were going to be a Good Samaritan."

Very soon they were driving through Chelsea, and at last the car pulled up outside a large house in a road just off the King's Road. There was a brass plate fixed to the wall, and Felicity read:

"The Grace School of Dancing."

Lola said: "You can pick us up again at one o'clock, Guy, and then we'll have some lunch and be early for the rehearsal. Sam's going straight to the theatre."

"So he told me," said Guy, waving and smiling. "I'll see you later."

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Not without a feeling of trepidation, Felicity followed Lola Beeson into the hall of the dancing academy. It was very little different from an ordinary house, and the small hall was furnished with a few chairs and a table, on which a dozen magazines, all about dancing and the theatrical world, were resting.

But Lola did not wait for anyone to come and take her name. She tapped on a door that led from the right of the hall, and opened it. Immediately the fast, rhythmic melody of a fox-trot that Felicity had heard at the theatre on the previous evening came to their ears.

"Someone's busy," said Lola with a smile. "Come on."

An astonishing sight met Felicity's eyes.

The room she entered was a large one, with a polished parquet floor. At the far end a man was sitting at a grand piano, a frail-looking man, with a pale face, melancholy expression and lean, white hands, with long fingers that Felicity noticed even from where she was standing.

In the middle of the room were three girls, all in everyday clothes, twisting and turning to the music, and——

Felicity choked; she couldn't stop herself. Lola Beeson, although she had probably expected to see it, chuckled.

Never in her life had Felicity seen anything so comical!

A little fat man, ruddy-faced, with perspiration gleaming on his cheeks and his forehead, was twisting and turning in front of the three pupils.

Every movement of that fat little body seemed absurd. Up went his right leg, then his left, and it seemed impossible that he could possibly keep his balance. His arms were flung this way and that, and every second he went faster and faster.

Felicity had to hold her breath to prevent herself from laughing aloud, but at the far end of the room everything was grimly serious. And when Lola leaned towards her she half-expected the words that were coming.

"That's Jules Mannet—the finest teacher of stage and ballroom dancing in London!"

The music stopped, and the three girls and the man ceased dancing. The little man swung round on his heels, his red face beaming widely. He advanced towards Lola with outstretched hands.

"Well, well, well! Lola Beeson, come to see her old maestro, eh? Welcome, Lola! And this—this most charming young lady—a friend, eh? A pupil? One whom Jules, the great Jules, will turn into a goddess? A goddess of dancing, my Lola!"

He released Lola's hands, and swept towards Felicity. She felt his little, pudgy hands grip hers, quickly and excitably.

Felicity couldn't help but take to the man, but it was Lola who answered him.

"Not so fast, Jules! I've come to put a proposition to you."

M'sieu Jules Mannet beamed.

"Then hurry, my dear! Jules cannot wait! Time is everything, waiting is most dreadful!"

Lola chuckled, but she answered quickly.

"Miss Marlow, here, has an appointment at the Mayfern Theatre at rehearsals this afternoon. She has had no lessons in dancing, but you've my word for it she'll make a hit. Now will you give her a few hints—on the understanding that if they want her to carry on at the Mayfern she will come to you for tuition?"

Felicity gasped; she had had no idea this was the way Lola proposed to approach the subject. But obviously Jules Mannet had no objections. His round, red face beamed with pleasure.

"So! I knew she was a dancer, yes, the moment I set eyes on her! She has the figure—what you call it—the grace! Yes! I tell you she is the dancer, yes! Miss Marlow, you permit, Henri! A waltz!"

Hardly had the words left M'sieu Mannet's lips than the melancholy pianist struck up a waltz, slow and dreamy at the start. Mannet advanced, and before Felicity realised what was happening she was dancing with him.

Once again she experienced that feeling of helplessness. For Mannet was like a feather on his feet. True, she had had very little experience in dancing, but she knew this man was superb.

JULES Mannet seemed unaware of the fact that he was dancing with anyone; he swung Felicity round until she felt, after a few minutes, that she would never be able to stand the tension.

But Mannet stopped as abruptly as before. He was breathing hard, but his smile was wider than ever.

"So there! Jules, he is never wrong. You have the dancer, my Lola! The lessons—Henri, the lessons! Miss Marlow is to be at rehearsal this afternoon for a test, hein! Then hurry—we have no time to lose! Miss Marlow—in that little room you will find some clothes. Just change, please! Lola, you will help your so fortunate friend. And in five minutes you will be ready. Five minutes, you understand!"

Mannet broke off, wagging his finger at them. Then he hurried towards the door through which they had entered, leaving Henri, the pianist searching for some music, Lola smiling to herself, and Felicity Marlow gasping. It was like a fantastic dream!

She was ready just under the five minutes. With her eyes bright with excitement and her heart beating fast, she went into the large room again. Almost at the same time the door at the far end opened, and M'sieu Mannet entered.

"Ah!" His smile seemed always present. "You are ready, that is right. Now, you must understand. You will do what I do. Nothing different, please. Just what I do—now, Henri!"

The music came slowly, softly, sweet, and lovely. Felicity expected to find herself clumsy, to find the motions difficult and hard to follow. She need not have worried. From the moment that she started she seemed another person.

Her legs and arms moved with the music, sometimes quickening, sometimes very slow. Now Mannet would bend forward, now backward, now sideways; always she followed him.

Gradually the music grew faster, until it worked up to a speed that found her whirling round, quicker every second, with her skirt billowing about her, her hair ruffled, her breath coming quickly.

On and on the lesson went, until finally Jules had her dancing alone.

There was a smile on her lips, a smile of contentment; and never would she know what a picture she made. Never would she be able to realise that Lola Beeson, for the first time in her life, was fascinated, captivated by an art that was superb; nor that Jules Mannet's heart felt like bursting.

He know that in Felicity Marlow he had found someone whose dancing was supreme—and who would take, indeed, very little teaching.

She stopped at last, and her mind seemed to click back into the present. She colored in her confusion, and regarded M'sieu Mannet. His face was wreathed in smiles.

"It was magnificent! Superb! Miss Marlow, you will be a sensation! I, Jules Mannet, say it, and *Jules is not* wrong over these things. Now—you are tired. You shall rest. And in half an hour we will do these things again, yes!"

In truth Felicity was not sorry to sit down for a while. Lola followed her to a couch near the wall.

"Was it really as good as he made out?" Felicity asked.

Lola's smile was different from anything Felicity had seen on that dark but handsome face before.

"You were very good," she said. "Mannet wouldn't say so unless he meant it. What a treasure Altorn has been hiding away all these years!"

"I can still hardly believe it," Felicity said.

"I know, child. But that doesn't matter. You have the spark of what Jules would call genius. Tell me"—the older woman leaned back, regarding Felicity, shrewdly from lowered eyes—"has anyone in your family danced before?"

"Never to my knowledge," said Felicity, surprised by the question. "My mother has lived in Altorn most of her life. She was away only for a few years, and during that time I was born."

"And further back than that?"

"I cannot say, but I feel sure I would have heard, from my mother or my aunt, if there had been anyone in the family who had danced at all."

Lola shrugged her shoulders.

"Then it is just an accident. Such things do happen."

She left the subject, but Felicity

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was puzzled. Obviously Lola was convinced in her own mind that dancing ran in the family, perhaps in the distant past.

And then the situation was made even more strange, for Jules Mannet came over, when the time for starting again was nearly due.

"We are ready, hein? That is good! But, Miss Marlow—I have been thinking. Never have I known anyone dance like you unless it has been what you say—heredity. Your mother, she was a famous dancer, yes?"

"I've just been asking her," said Lola quickly. "She has no one, Jules."

M'sieu Mannet lifted his hands towards the skies.

"Then it is what you call a miracle, yes! Never have I know a thing the same, Miss Marlow. You are something by yourself—unique, yes, that is the word! But come."

. . . . . .

AGAIN Jules Mannet took Felicity through those same motions, and again she had an eerie feeling that it was not entirely new, that she could feel the music to which she was dancing. And when they had finished, Jules Mannet was strangely silent for a few moments. Then his natural exuberance came to the fore.

"So! Well, it is strange, the ways of Fate, yes. But you will remember this, Miss Marlow. You will dance twice this afternoon—for ten-fifteen minutes each time. No more! You must not be over-tired, so soon after you start. There will be a time when it will not worry you, but to exhaust yourself now you are just beginning, it would be the crime. Eh, Lola?"

"I'll look after her," promised Lola Beeson, hiding the smile on her lips.

"Tres bien! To Jules Mannet you will answer if you fail. And, Miss Marlow, you will dance what we have danced. Nothing else, you understand?"

"But supposing the manager—the director— wishes me to do something else?"

"Pah! No man who is not a fool would do it. He will understand. And remember—dance as you have danced this morning, and you will be a sensation. I, Jules Mannet, will stake my life on it."

With those words of praise echoing in her ears, Felicity went into the small dressing-room, and changed back into her own clothes.

. . . . . .

There was a scene of great hustle and bustle in the Mayfern Theatre that afternoon. Sam Dakman was there, with his friend Curtis, the real manager, and the whole cast of players with the exception of one whose indisposition had made it so easy for Dakman to ensure that Felicity had a trial.

Curtis was a big, white-faced man, with a very quiet speaking voice. As well as being the manager of the Mayfern, the show he was going to put on in a week's time was being directed by him.

It was called The Swansong—and as Felicity anticipated there was comparatively little story, but the music, the dancing and the scenery were wonderful.

Curtis was obviously a clever man.

He never shouted; never even raised his voice. But he extracted everything possible from the players. There was a big cast of over fifty people, thirty of them dancing girls, in a large, exceptionally capable chorus.

Curtis had intended to see Felicity dance first, but several of the players arrived late, and as a result he had no time. In a way Felicity was disappointed; now she had to wait for two hours or more before the great moment would come.

Guy sat with her in a seat in the stalls, and comforted her.

"You'll have more rest," he said, "and you'll probably do better. And —I shall be sitting here and praying for your success, Felicity."

"I know you will," she said, squeezing his arm impulsively. "You've been wonderfully good to me, Guy."

"You know the reward I want," he said, very gently. "But we must not return to that subject to-day. Hallo! See old Sam up there on the stage?"

Felicity saw the swarthy-faced moneylender talking to Curtis, and wondered just what his position at the theatre really was. She could not persuade herself to like him, no matter how hard she tried.

In the same way that she did not feel altogether comfortable in Lola Beeson's company, she experienced a sensation of distrust with Sam Dakman.

Meanwhile the show had started.

It was very different from a full-dress show. Many of the players were in ordinary clothes, others—of the chorus—were dressed in the scantiest of trimmings. But no one seemed to be interested in anything but the dancing and the singing.

Curtis insisted on certain numbers being done over and over again, particularly with the chorus. But no one grumbled, and the time simply flew.

The dancing scenes were almost miraculous. One trio of dancers whirled about, pirouetted, did everything conceivable. Felicity told herself she had never seen anything like it.

And then she had a shock.

Guy leaned forward and spoke quietly.

"There should be four of them in that act," he said. "The fourth is ill —and you'll take her place!"

Felicity went pale.

"It can't be," she said. "I could never do it."

"Wait until you hear Curtis' opinion," said Guy with a chuckle.

"And remember what Mannet told you!" he added.

A few minutes . . . the rehearsal was finished. Dakman, standing on the stage, beckoned to Felicity. Guy went round with her, and she was glad. Now the testing time had come she felt dreadful, nervous.

Curtis, with his soft voice, quickly put her at her ease.

"Now you've nothing to worry about," he said. "The dance you saw was a special one—but any good dancer can learn it quickly. I don't want to see anything fancy yet—just dance!"

Just dance! That was exactly what Mannet had told her to do! How she blessed that little Frenchman whose kindly heart and cheerfulness had made such a vital difference.

To her surprise, the pianist started the same slow, haunting melody that Henri had played that morning. Obviously Lola Beeson had arranged it. Felicity stepped slowly towards the centre of the stage; the music stopped, and then started again.

In the wings, most of the cast and many workmen at the theatre were watching. In the stalls perhaps twenty people were sitting now—with Guy, just in front of her. She felt dreadfully nervous. Never before had any action of hers been watched by so many critical pairs of eyes.

But she fought against those nerves, and if her first few steps were faltering, the music flowed into her very blood, and soon she was feeling the dance again, her legs and arms and head moved as though unbidden.

Slowly at first, and then more quickly in an ever-increasing fandango! Faster, faster, until she felt that she could not go on, and yet was supported by something within her. Faster, faster, with the music a mad melody now, a fantastic thing of dreams. Faster, faster—

She forgot Guy, forgot Curtis, forgot everyone. She seemed to be dancing to that inner voice; and then suddenly she stopped. For a moment she hardly knew where she was, until she realised the music had ceased, and automatically her spirit had prevented her from going on.

She smiled breathlessly towards Curtis. That big man fingered his pale face thoughtfully. Then he smiled.

"Jules Mannet isn't often wrong," he said, "and he certainly isn't this time! Feel like doing that again, Miss Marlow?"

FELICITY would have liked a rest, but she would not say so. Lola walked from the wings, however, and Sam Dakman followed, carrying a chair.

"Give her five minutes," said Lola, who knew Curtis well. "She isn't in training, you know."

Curtis frowned. "What do you mean, not in training? She's a professional, isn't she?"

Dakman stepped forward quickly, and lifted his hands expressively.

"I knew she was good, Dick, very good. You wouldn't have tried a beginner, of course. So I—er—let you think she was a regular artist. Actually it's the first time she's danced on any stage."

Curtis' eyes were gleaming, and Felicity was dreadfully afraid. The man had been tricked; that much was certain.

And then Curtis spoke, as though he could not believe what he had heard.

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"But that's amazing! An amateur—first time on the stage! Miss Marlow, I've never heard or seen anything like it!"

"You—like it?" Felicity asked, a little timidly.

"Like it—I should say I did! If you can do that before you start, what'll you do when you've had training? Listen, Dakman! No more dancing to-night. You're managing Miss Marlow, are you?"

"Of course, of course!"

"Then take Miss Marlow to Jules Mannet again. I'll tell him what our dance is—he taught the others, anyhow. Tell him to put her on strict training. Miss Marlow, I'll let you know when to come again—but you've got to be ready for the opening night, in eight days' time!"

Felicity stared, and had she been standing up she felt that her knees would not have carried her.

"You mean I'm engaged—for the show?"

"My dear young lady," said Dick Curtis, "I can't afford to miss a find like you. Dancing's in your blood, in your heart, in your mind. Your place is behind the footlights — and you ought to have been there years ago!"

Felicity was, luckily, very level-headed, and after the first shock at hearing Dick Curtis' words, she did not allow the momentous decision to affect her a great deal. She was tremendously glad, of course. She did not believe that Mannet and Curtis could be wrong.

Moreover, she heard other members of the cast talking, and she knew her dance had been generally approved.

One thing it did successfully—it drove every other thought out of her mind.

As she went off, accompanied by Lola Beeson, Guy walked across to Sam Dakman. No one else was within earshot. Dakman's face broke into a cunning grin. It had been arranged as a matter of course that he would act as Felicity's manager.

"I promised her to Curtis last night for a song," he said, "but now I see he's so keen—and can she dance! I've pushed the price up. Curtis always pays for the right stuff. Forty pounds a week to start, Bullivant! From the moment she dances in the show!"

"Forty pounds! I didn't think you'd get twenty!" Bullivant exclaimed. "How long for?"

"The first month. Higher after that if she's a hit."

"And how much will you pay her?"

Dakman's cunning expression deepened.

"Better not cut it too low," he said, "or someone 'll be smelling a rat. I'll make out a contract, and guarantee her ten pounds a week while she's dancing in the show. That'll give us thirty quid a week, clear profit."

"You'll have to pay Mannet a bit," Bullivant reminded him quickly.

"He'll wait for his money. And if Felicity Marlow makes the success I'm expecting, we'll pay him easily. Now take her to Chelsea again."

The next hour passed swiftly.

Jules Mannet, not one jot different from when Felicity had seen him before, was delighted at the news.

"Excellent, excellent!" he exclaimed. "Now we have eight days to make you perfect, Miss Marlow. You must be careful! You must have rest, and preparation. Dancing, dancing, always dancing. Ahhh!" Mannet perched his head on one side and regarded her admiringly. "What would I not give to be able to dance as you will dance. Now hurry, hurry, we have only eight days!"

. . . . . .

At half past seven, when Felicity had finished for the evening, she felt dead-tired. But she knew she must work if she was to consolidate the position which she had been able to get.

"You won't notice the strain after a few days," Lola told her.

"I know. And," Felicity added impulsively, "I must thank you for all you've done. But for you and Mr. Dakman I should never have dreamed of anything like this."

"Don't worry about us," said Lola.

She turned away quickly to hide the sneering smile on her lips. In her mind she was saying: "The little fool deserves all she gets. And she'll get it!"

JUST before eight o'clock, Lola and Felicity reached the hotel. Dakman was in their room—a small one, additional to the bedroom. A few minutes later Guy Bullivant arrived, smiling widely.

"Your parents have given you permission to stay as long as you like, Fell! They're very pleased to hear about what has happened. So it's full speed ahead, now, and no worries!"

Sam Dakman laughed. "I have all the worries, Miss Marlow. Now——" He frowned, and drew a paper from his pocket.

"I have talked with Curtis, and I think he is very generous. Of course he is gambling on his judgment. But he has such confidence that he has offered a salary that will enable you to draw ten pounds every week you are in the show!"

"Ten pounds! But—but I didn't think it would be anything like as much as that!" Felicity gasped.

"You are too modest," chuckled Dakman. "Later, when you are a big star, we will talk in hundreds!"

"But what about my expenses with Mannet—and clothes—and other things?"

"The clothes will be found by the theatre, my dear. I will pay Mannet. Am I not looking after your business affairs? You will have to find a smaller hotel than the Clandon, but there are plenty where, for three or four pounds a week, you can have all you need. Riches, eh?"

"It is indeed," said Felicity slowly.

"Then that is good. Now this little paper—you will sign it?"

Felicity did not hesitate.

"It seems more like a dream than ever," she said, when she had penned her signature.

The others breathed with relief; the thing was actually done! For three years Felicity had agreed to work for ten pounds a week!

It was arranged that she and Lola should stay at the Clandon for another week, and then seek fresh quarters. She would be so busy during the next few days, with her training and her lessons, that it was considered unwise to make an immediate move.

Guy suggested going to another theatre, but Felicity wisely elected to retire early. Thus it was that Lola, Dakman, and Guy Bullivant left the hotel soon after nine o'clock.

Felicity went up to bed before half-past nine, but she did not feel sleepy. The decision to slip out into the street for a ten minutes' walk, and a little fresh air, was typically impulsive. She put on her hat and coat, and went downstairs.

In a few moments she was walking along Piccadilly. It was strange, but it was the first time she had been in that great thoroughfare alone. The lights, the throngs of people, the stream of passing traffic, fascinated her.

And then she had what was, perhaps, the greatest shock of her life. It came so suddenly, so unexpectedly.

On the other side of the road two men were walking, one a short, broad-shouldered man, the other tall, dark, lean, with his handsome face set and grim.

Martin Dean!

There wasn't the slightest doubt about it. Martin was over there, in flesh and blood!

For a moment Felicity stood absolutely still, the color drained from her cheeks. People stared at her as they passed, but she heeded no one. Martin didn't look across.

Felicity broke into a run.

The traffic was comparatively clear on one side of the road, but it was streaming past on the other. She could not get across. She waited in an agony of suspense, seeing Martin's figure disappearing among the crowds. She'd never, never catch him!

But she must! All that old, devouring flame flared up again. The moment she had set eyes on him she knew—knew—that the depths of her love were unchanged. If only she could see him, speak to him, hear his calm voice again.

But she could not. By the time she reached the other side of Piccadilly he was out of sight, hopelessly lost.

She turned back, all the sparkle out of her eyes, all the joy missing from her heart. She had thought it possible to be happy without him. Now she knew she could not.

She fell asleep with a determination in her mind to work as she had never worked, to let herself go, heart and soul, into the profession that had opened out for her. She must forget, forget!

And yet she knew that forgetting would be like the severing of bonds—bonds that would be for ever in her heart.

. . . . . .

Tongues wagged in Altorn when news of Felicity's venture reached the village. There was a little spite-

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ful gossip but almost everyone, fond as they were of her, wished her every success.

Sir Timothy Bullivant learned the news from his nephew.

He had managed to control his surprise, but when Guy had gone, after a short visit, he stared unseeingly across his library, and it seemed to him that ghosts of the past were flitting in front of him. Ghosts of the past——

For a while the old man was stricken; he could not conceive the strange workings of fate that had permitted this thing.

Felicity Marlow—a dancer!

Now, as his mind cleared, he reached a decision. The idea seemed to give him a great contentment.

GUY had told his uncle that The Swansong was to start eight days from the evening of the younger man's visit—on the third day of November. Sir Timothy, who had not left the Manor for years, determined to go; and, what was more, seized on an idea that would, he told himself, prevent any ulterior motive being suspected.

Altorn Village should go to the Mayfern Theatre on the first night of the show!

It was something worth celebrating. Felicity, the most popular girl in the village with young and old, had achieved something which was, after all, a triumph. She deserved all the congratulations that her friends could give her.

Sir Timothy guessed that the rumor that she was going on the stage would turn many people against her. But if they had the opportunity of going to London to see her act, and dance, then it would be a different kettle of fish altogether! They would be enthusiastic; it would prevent any of the unpleasantness, the sly hints and innuendoes that would otherwise be bound to develop.

Carter, the butler, thought he had not heard rightly when his master told him to arrange the booking.

"Ye-yes, sir. The Swansong," he faltered. "Did you say six or sixty seats, sir?"

"Sixty, man, sixty! Everyone in Altorn is going to London that afternoon and evening. It's a long time since their Squire has done anything for them, Carter. We'll make that a red-letter day!"

"Very good, sir." Carter was still dazed, but obviously the old man was serious.

"And Carter, find someone in Winchester to hire us two motor coaches for that day. We must do the whole thing in style, now we're going to do it."

The fact was gradually dawning on Carter, and for the first time since he had entered the room he smiled.

"If I may say so, sir, I think it's a glorious idea. The village will never be able to thank you enough, I'm sure."

"I don't want thanks, Carter," said Sir Timothy gruffly. "All I want is for everyone to enjoy themselves—and for that girl to be happy. I can't think of any better way of doing it, can you?"

Master and man were more friends than anything else, although Carter was always correct when he addressed the older man. Now he unbent a little, his kindly face beaming.

"I can't, sir! It's a stroke of genius—a wonderful idea you've had!"

Some two hours later, the news was being carried to every home in Altorn. At first most folk disbelieved it, but soon it was obviously true. The whole village was to go to London—where many of them had never been in their lives—to see Felicity Marlow dancing on the stage!

Squire Timothy had always been popular in Altorn, but never had he caused such a sensation. It was soon obvious that one of the things he had forecast would come true. The third of November would be a red-letter day for Altorn, without a shred of doubt!

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"And so! That is enough, Miss Marlow. You will go home, bathe, rest, sleep—and then to-morrow!"

Jules Mannet, his cheeks as red as ever, his eyes brimming with good fellowship and gratification, spoke to Felicity as the music stopped and they ceased dancing. Felicity smiled at the little fat Frenchman. He and Guy were the only two who could make her smile warmly now.

"And you think I will be all right, M'sieu Mannet?"

"Think! Think! Mannet knows!" The Frenchman thumped his pigeon chest magnificently. "You have been to more rehearsals. Curtis is satisfied, yes?"

"He certainly seems so."

"He would be a fool, a nincompoop, a crazy man, if he did not! But, remember, Miss Marlow"—Mannet's eyes narrowed, and he looked a little anxious—"sleep. That is most important. This last two-three days, I have thought perhaps you stay up at night, too late. Not Mannet's business, that. But for your art, Mam'selle, rest is essential. And art is everything!"

It was on the tip of Felicity's tongue to say "But everything"! Love meant so much more, to her. But the man was so kindly, so anxious to help, that she stopped herself.

"I have not slept well, M'sieu Mannet, but I have been to bed very early, I assure you."

Mannet nodded sympathetically, and as though he could well understand what the trouble was.

"It is the excitement, yes, the worry. Will I be good, or will I be bad? You need not worry, Miss Marlow. Please, for me, do not worry but sleep well to-night."

"I will try, I promise you," said Felicity.

"That is good. And Mannet, Mannet is taking to-morrow evening from work, Miss Marlow, to see you! The artist supreme, the genius, the girl in whose blood dancing is a part! Yes, Mannet will be there."

"I shall look for you," Felicity assured him.

She went into the changing room, and changed slowly into everyday dress. She was heavy-hearted—and Mannet had realised that something was worrying her, even though he had not diagnosed it properly.

From the moment when she had set eyes on Martin Dean, Felicity had been unhappy. She had tried desperately hard to prevent herself from showing it, but inside her there was a hardness where, a few days before, there had been only delight at the great opportunity that had come her way.

She found it hard to go to dinners and other places with Guy, but she believed he was ignorant of the thing that was worrying her. When, as occasionally he did, he commented on the fact that a great deal of her liveliness and vivacity seemed to have gone, she blamed it on to the hard work she had been doing in preparation for the third.

He had accepted her explanation, and she had to admit that he had been kindness and courtesy itself.

Lola was out—in fact she was rarely in. Felicity went to and from the academy either by herself, or in Guy's car. Sometimes Guy found it impossible to get to the hotel, but she was not sorry. She rather liked the journey by bus, and studying other people seemed to give her comfort.

She realised, subconsciously, that it was because she saw more men and women, and was still clinging to the hope that one day she would see Martin.

That night, however, she grimly put all thought of him out of her mind. She must sleep if she was to be at her best in the morning. Martin would want her to——

That thought seemed to give her peace.

For the first time for a week she slept deeply and without dreaming. When she awakened in the morning it was quite late, and she felt much fresher.

SOON after breakfast Guy appeared, spruce and well-dressed as ever. "Hallo, Fell, darling! I'm at your service all day to-day! It's a glorious morning, and warm. I'm going to suggest a spin out, just to get you in perfect trim for to-night. Care for it?"

"I'd love it!"

Felicity meant what she said. Right from the first the sensation of speed which she could only get when she was in the car had helped her to forget.

Guy had spoken the truth when he had said that it was a glorious morning. Although the countryside was bare, there was a charm about it that appealed to Felicity. They talked very little, had a light lunch at a wayside road house, and then returned to London.

At the hotel, Sam Dakman, as swarthy as ever, was waiting.

"Curtis wants you for the last rehearsal—a full-dress one," he said to

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Felicity. "Will you go over immediately?"

"Of course," said Felicity.

"We'll all go over," said Lola, who entered the room a moment later. "Don't forget, my dear—do everything you can!"

But at the theatre, Curtis advised Felicity differently.

"All I want you to do," he said, "is to dance with the other three, just as you've always done at rehearsal, but don't put too much effort into it. To-night"—the big man's inexpressive face broadened for once into a smile—"I shall want you to dance it alone."

Felicity could hardly believe her ears.

"Alone! But what about the others?"

"You'll all dance together once, of course. Then, a little later in the first act, you'll do the same dance by yourself. You needn't worry about anyone being jealous. They're all good troupers, and they know that you've got just that little bit extra that's needed for solo. Nervous?"

"A little," Felicity admitted.

"You needn't be," Curtis assured her.

He hurried off a moment later, and Felicity hardly knew what to think. She had never dreamed she was to dance solo; with the other three she would have felt all right, but to dance alone in front of hundreds of people in the audience was an ordeal she had not anticipated.

But she did not flinch; it was an even greater opportunity than she had anticipated, and after the first shock she was more pleased than sorry.

The rehearsal passed off quickly, and successfully. The gorgeous scenery, the singing, and the love idyll that ran through the play were, in the opinion of many expert judges, enough to ensure a success.

Felicity took Mr. Curtis' advice, and although her dancing was competent, it aroused no unusual comment. At the end of it Guy took her back to the hotel.

Now the minutes were slipping away fast, and she could hardly control her excitement. But there was one great blessing. Everything but the dancing was forgotten, and the glorious fact that she was to have an opportunity for appearing by herself on the stage.

Curtis knew his job; on the theatre bills he had not mentioned Felicity's real name at all. In small letters half-way down was the single word:

"Marguerite."

On the programme, also, was mention of Marguerite, the new dancer, who had never before appeared on the stage.

Felicity had agreed to use this as her stage name, and in some way she was glad. It meant that no publicity was focused on her private life, and for some reason she shrank from too much publicity.

But all misgivings, all gloomy thoughts, were forgotten for the one evening. She was no longer Felicity Marlow; she was Marguerite—and if she could possibly manage it she would create the sensation that Jules Manuet had prophesied.

She had not the slightest idea that all Altorn—even including Dr. Graysham, who travelled with Sir Timothy—would be at the theatre. The knowledge might have made her more nervous than she was, and perhaps it was as well.

Everything was set—everything was ready. Her first appearance, with the other three dancers, was at twenty minutes to nine. Guy Bullivant refused to take her to the Mayfern too early, and, just after eight-fifteen, she arrived.

She realised that he had been wise. There was just time to change, and then the call-boy came along the passage outside the dressing-room, calling her name.

Marguerite, her eyes shining with excitement, her arms and legs trembling, walked with the other three towards the wings, and waited for the previous act to finish.

Sir Timothy Bullivant and Dr. Graysham sat together, near the villagers of Altorn, in the great theatre. Neither man spoke much. Graysham, more perhaps than any other man in the world, could understand what was passing through Sir Timothy's mind then.

WHEN the four dancers had appeared, Sir Timothy had recognised Felicity in a flash. And it seemed that a stab of physical pain went through him. He leaned forward in his seat, watching her dancing, his eyes unflickering.

Yes, she was good. She was better than any of the other three, although the act gained tremendous applause—as, indeed, did the whole show. The villagers clapped, some even cheered. Aunt Peggy and Mrs. Marlow sat back, almost too stunned by this revelation of the girl they both loved.

And then, half an hour later, Marguerite appeared again. This time she was alone.

Her dress had been changed; she was in white now, with only a red rose in her hair, and a red rose at her breast. She came slowly from the wings, while the music played as though hushed, in reverence.

Sir Timothy had eyes for nothing else, no one else; and the past was crowding back again, thick with memories, fragrant and lovely and yet, for so many years all but forgotten.

The music was lilting, haunting and slowly increasing its measure. Felicity was there, in the centre of the stage, exquisite as she moved in slow rhythm to the sound. The white spotlights revealed her, one from each side, one from the ceiling. Her smile was brilliant; her hair was like spun gold.

She danced, and there was silence in that great theatre, but for the soft notes of the music as the orchestra played and yet seemed fascinated by the dancer herself.

She was grace personified, and everyone there knew it. Faster, faster, with that now familiar beating, the bass drum was booming slowly, the fiddles were reeling, faster, faster—

Crash!

The orchestra played the last high, thundering note; Felicity stopped and for a moment was rigid; and then she smiled and bowed towards the audience.

But there was no sound.

For a moment Felicity was dreadfully afraid that she had failed. The silence was uncanny. She saw a great sea of faces turned towards her, and hardly a movement among them all.

And then the storm came.

The audience had been worked up to such a pitch of enthusiasm by the dancing that for a few moments they had been stupefied. But now their clapping, their shouting, their calling, grew louder every second. It was one long roar of tumultuous applause, and it seemed that it would never end.

Felicity, stunned by this reception, was rigid for a moment, more frightened and nervous now than she had been at the beginning. Then she realised what it meant; her smile flashed tremulously, and she bowed three times, then ran lightly to the wings.

Curtis was standing there—and he was more excited than Felicity had ever seen him.

"Glorious!" he gasped. "glorious! Go back, bow—wave to them! Hurry, please, hurry!"

Felicity went back and the applause broke out afresh. Three times she repeated it, bowing and smiling and waving to that startled, fascinated audience. Then the curtain fell, the orchestra struck up another tune, and the play went on.

But there was one man who hardly saw the stage now.

Sir Timothy Bullivant could still see that whirling, graceful figure. It was strange, but he had not clapped, not moved. He could not break the spell—and it was not entirely the wonder of that unknown dancer that kept him there.

The past was with him—about him! He could not escape it; and there was a great sorrow and yet a great joy in his heart.

Guy Bullivant had been sitting in the stalls during Felicity's dance, but as it finished, and while the applause was still reaching the roof, he hurried to the wings. As he reached them Felicity was running off the stage for the last time.

Guy knew how to judge his moment. His mind had been working fast all the evening, and he knew Felicity would be in a high emotional state.

Curtis was waiting with open arms, Dakman was almost jumping for joy at the success of his scheme, even Lola Beeson seemed excited. Others, too, were crowding around Felicity and congratulating her.

But Guy Bullivant pushed his way through, and caught her in his arms.

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CHAINS OF LOVE

It was so unexpected that Felicity hardly knew what to think. She could not blame him—her heart was too full of joy at the success of the dance to blame anyone for what they did. He hugged her to him, and pressed his lips against hers.

Then he released her, as though startled at his own presumption.

"Fell, darling! I was so deliriously happy I couldn't help it!"

"It doesn't matter—you're a dear!" Felicity smiled at him, and there was something roguish in her smile. "Isn't it wonderful, Guy?"

"It's more wonderful than anything I've ever known," said Guy. "But I mustn't stay here. Can I come to your dressing-room?"

He had not suggested it before, but now Felicity nodded. She knew that the others often had men in the dressing-room, while they changed behind a high screen, and she did not feel she could refuse Guy anything just then.

Not that it mattered.

For half an hour the dressing-room was filled with men and women. Curtis was there, half-a-dozen photographers from newspapers, reporters, society people, dozens of men and women passing through the dressing-room to congratulate — Marguerite.

The cup of Felicity's happiness was overflowing.

Guy Bullivant cursed the crowd, although he realised he should have expected it. He wanted a few minutes alone with Felicity, to take full advantage of her emotional excitement, so that he could persuade her to say "yes" when he pleaded with her again to marry him.

But the opportunity did not come.

For when the room was empty at last, and even Curtis, overjoyed at the "find" he had made had gone, Guy stepped towards Felicity, his eyes filled with his longing.

"My dear," he began. "It was wonderful—supreme. You made a sensation; every paper will be full of this, in the morning. And I——"

Then someone tapped on the door.

Guy had to look away from Felicity quickly, to hide the chagrin that revealed itself in his eyes. Felicity hugged her dressing-gown more tightly about the flimsy draperies in which she danced, and asked him to open the door.

Guy did so—and then stepped back a pace, his face changed. He did not speak. Felicity could not see who was behind the door.

Then Sir Timothy's calm voice came.

"Hallo, Guy. I've come to congratulate Felicity."

"Sir Timothy! You here!" Felicity gasped the words as the old man entered. He was smiling gravely, and yet his admiration gleamed from his eyes.

"I had to come to see you dance," he said, "and you were more wonderful than any words of mind could describe. My dear, you will never know what joy you brought to an old man's heart."

And then the strangest thing Guy Bullivant had ever seen happened in front of his eyes.

Sir Timothy's arm moved, as though to go about Felicity; and Felicity stepped to him, and for a moment they stood very still, a living statue, with the knight's arms close about the girl.

But the spell was broken at last.

Sir Timothy disengaged his arms, slowly, and smiled at his nephew.

"You don't understand, my boy? Nor, in a way, does Felicity. But we have helped each other, Felicity and I."

"We have indeed," said Felicity.

"And you are happy—now?"

For a moment it was on the tip of her tongue to say "yes." But something—an inability to say anything that wasn't perfectly true to Sir Timothy, stopped her. Her smile was bright, and yet perhaps a little wistful.

"I have everything to make me happy," she said. "Success — your nephew—friends—and money."

Guy Bullivant frowned, hardly understanding this. But Sir Timothy needed no telling what Felicity meant. He nodded.

"I know," he said. "But you will be happy, my dear. An old man can sometimes see more, perhaps, than he should do—and I know you will be happy. Now, Guy"—he spoke more briskly—"Felicity will want to change for the next dance. Come, my boy."

NOT until after the show did Felicity realise that all Altorn was here; that was when her mother and Aunt Peggy came round to congratulate her.

"But—how many more?" Fell demanded.

"There's hardly an inhabitant of Altorn not waiting to kiss you!" Mrs. Marlow said. "Sir Timothy brought everyone."

"I was going to suggest," said Sir Timothy, entering the dressing-room at that moment, "that we all celebrate with a modest little supper at the hotel where Altorn"—the old man's eyes twinkled—"is staying for the night. Would you care to, Felicity?"

"I'd love it!"

"But," Guy interrupted, "we've arranged a small supper party, Felicity! Curtis—Dakman, and some of the stars. It's an important one."

Felicity's eyes were gleaming.

"We can have that any time; this is something that can never happen again. You must tell them, Guy. They will understand."

They did understand, but in his heart Guy was seething with anger. After the supper party he had believed he could win Felicity. Now it would be impossible. But he put a good face on it, and agreed to the change of plans.

. . . . . .

Marguerite, the dancer, who had first appeared before the public at the Mayfern Theatre in The Swan-song, was the greatest sensation of the year in theatrical circles. To Felicity Marlow it was a miraculous time; she rose from height to height, and it seemed that she would never look back.

Her life, now, was changed completely.

Regularly every month she visited Altorn, to see her mother and Aunt Peggy, and never did she omit a visit to the Manor. Nor, for that matter, that Guy Bullivant would have allowed her to. But apart from that monthly visit, everything was different.

One thing remained the same, and that was inevitable.

Her popularity in Altorn had been great; in London, with new friends, many of them high in the social world, she was just as popular. Her frankness, her loveliness and above all her sincerity, endeared her to all.

Other things had changed also.

Sam Dakman and Lola Beeson had believed she would succeed in the theatre world, but never had they anticipated the immensity of that success. Sam had quickly realised he must prepare another agreement.

With an ordinary successful dancer, he might have succeeded in hiding the true facts of her income. But with all the searchlights of publicity glaring on her, with her salary that of a popularly known figure, it was impossible.

Sam Dakman had realised that after the first night, when the sensation had been acclaimed.

He had lost no time, and asked Felicity to sign a second agreement, in which he, as manager, took one quarter of all the profits out of her dancing.

Felicity's earnings reached fantastic figures, and rather than be caught in deliberate roguery Dakman took his quarter; and that was considerably more than the original amount he had reckoned to profit.

Dakman was well-satisfied; so was Lola Beeson. They were waiting for what they believed inevitable. Guy Bullivant's marriage to Felicity.

But Bullivant himself was less sure.

He had lost that golden opportunity at the Mayfern Theatre; and after that Felicity seemed to cloak herself with a reserve past which it was impossible for him to go.

True, they saw a great deal of each other in the year that followed, and several times Guy exerted all his powers of persuasion to get her to promise to marry him.

Her reply was always the same,

"Not yet, Guy. I cannot make up my mind. We are such good friends. Let us remain so far a while."

Bullivant nodded, and raised no objections other than those, he claimed, that sprang from his heart. Actually he was getting into a very bad state.

The thousand pounds which he had stolen on the night the diamonds

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had been taken from the library and Carter had been knocked unconscious had gone. He had spent his money recklessly.

Sam Dakman let him have a little, from time to time, and once he succeeded in getting money from his uncle.

But for the rest, he had no income.

If only he could induce Felicity to marry him, there would be no need to worry.

At length his continual persuasiveness was having its effect.

AT first Felicity had wished Guy would not talk of love, but gradually time healed the wound that had been re-opened when she had seen Martin Dean. Never again had she caught a glimpse of the man who, she knew, would be for ever in her heart.

For ever there — but not, she realised, necessarily first. She could smile when she thought of him now; it seemed like a dream, those days of her engagement. And had she married him this newly discovered genius she possessed for dancing would never have come to light.

So Guy's persistence gradually wore her down. She grew to look on marriage with Guy as inevitable, but for some reason she could not understand she could never force herself to give him the answer for which he pleaded.

That November, however, one year after Felicity's first appearance on the stage, he planned a clever method of attack—for that was what it amounted to, now. A battle, in which he must win, some day, or face ruin.

The people to whom he owed money would not wait much longer. Either the truth must be told, or he must find a large sum. And this time there was no safe to burgle, no innocent man to use as his foil. The only way he could get it was through Felicity.

Three days before the third of November, he met her after the theatre. There were several people waiting outside her dressing-room, but that was usual these days, and he had expected it.

He still ran his car, and he tucked a rug round her and took her to the hotel—the Clandon, for her success had made it possible for her to stay at that palatial establishment always.

"Do you feel like a little supper tonight?" he asked.

Felicity nodded, although actually she was dead tired. But she had given him very little time lately.

"Providing we can have it here," she said.

"Anywhere, if it's with you," murmured Guy.

An hour later they were at the night-club attached to the Clandon Hotel. Guy, dressed in evening clothes, which always suited him, was gallantry itself.

They were dancing to the strains of the perfect orchestra, and a hundred pairs of eyes were focused on the young dancer who had gained such fame, when Guy broached the subject.

"It's a year ago, on Thursday, when you first appeared on the stage, dear. Do you remember?"

"Do I remember! I shall never forget it!"

"And we went, that morning, to a little place in Maidenhead, just to refresh you, and make you happy. You remember that too?"

"I shall always remember your thoughtfulness," Felicity assured him softly, and her eyes were limpid.

"I was hoping," he said, "that, whatever the weather, we might go to the same place, at the same time, on Thursday. In a way it's our anniversary, not yours alone."

"I know it is," admitted Felicity, and she was touched by the thought. "I'd love to come."

So it was arranged.

. . . . . .

Guy did not misjudge the effect that the visit to Maidenhead would have. It would revive memories of the fact that but for him Felicity would never have reached her fame; but for him the chance would never have been presented.

When, in a secluded corner of the road house, which was empty but for the waitresses, he leaned towards her, she guessed what was coming.

Her lips trembled a little; and yet she knew she must find an answer this time, a definite answer.

"My dear," Guy Bullivant said, "for over a year I have worshipped you. I have done everything I could to help you, to make you happy. And I have asked you, Felicity, to make me happy—the happiest, luckiest man in the world. Before, you have postponed the decision. Now, to-day, cannot you find the answer which I believe has been in your heart for always? Will you marry me, Felicity?"

Felicity's deep blue eyes regarded him in silence for a moment. Inside her two emotions warred. Gratitude—liking—trust on the one side; and a knowledge that love, real love, was not in her heart for him. And yet she could not delay her answer longer. She must tell him, yes or no.

And she had not the heart to refuse him.

She spoke very quietly, so that he could only just hear the words.

"Guy, I know all you have done, and just what you mean. I know you love me, and I appreciate as no one else could do the patience you have shown. But—I am not sure I love you. Perhaps, as you say, my heart knows. But I am not sure, dear."

Bullivant's expression grew strained; he believed it was "no," final and for ever; and he told himself that he hated her. Yes, hated her!

She read his expression to mean that he was hurt because she could not say she loved him. She went on gently, "If you care to marry me, Guy, knowing that, I will promise. I believe I can make you happy. I think—I know I shall be happy with you. But love will have to come—afterwards—fashioned by our own hands and our own hearts."

Guy Bullivant stared at her, hardly believing his ears. She promised to marry him! His difficulties were gone! The smile that flashed across his face was a clever simulation of tremendous elation.

"Felicity!" His hands reached for hers across the table. "I shall never, never be able to tell you what this means to me. I shall make you happy, I swear it! I shall teach you that you do love me—that it can never be altered."

. . . . . .

Sir Timothy Bullivant was sitting in front of a blazing log fire in his library, when Guy strode into the room, after a bright-eyed Felicity. The old man and the girl kissed, like father and daughter. Guy took the other man's hand.

"Uncle—we've come for your blessing!"

"My—God bless my soul! Does that mean you're getting married? Married?"

"It does, sir. Felicity has done me the great honor of promising to be my wife."

Sir Timothy smiled, and regarded the smiling couple.

"I am very glad," he said gently. "I always knew, Felicity, that you would find happiness. And I hoped you would find it with Guy."

They drank a toast in champagne and talked of the plans for their wedding, which was to take place in six weeks' time.

Everyone in Altorn would be there—Felicity had asked for that, and Guy had conceded the point. On the surface, everything was perfect.

After the young couple had gone, Sir Timothy went to a locked drawer in his bureau, and opened it. He took out a photograph, and stared at it lingeringly.

Most people would have been startled; the woman there was older than Felicity and yet startlingly like her. And she was dressed for the stage.

SIR TIMOTHY shrugged his shoulders sadly, and replaced the photograph. Then he went to the telephone, and in a few seconds was talking to Dr. Graysham.

"Can you come and see me, Graysham?"

"Why, yes. You're all right, aren't you?"

"I want a doctor for the spirit, not the body," said Sir Timothy, "and you can help me best."

Graysham, lean and alert as ever, arrived shortly afterwards. Carter took him to the library, and after the two men had shaken hands, and the door was closed, Sir Timothy eyed the doctor very squarely.

"Do you know of any reason, Graysham, why first cousins should not marry?"

Graysham's eyes narrowed, but he answered quickly.

"Very rarely would I advise against it, Bullivant. And then only if there was evidence of hereditary mental or physical unfitness. Why do you ask?"

"I have an idea that you know," said

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Sir Timothy quietly, "But before I tell you, another question. Should the couple to be married know of their relationship?"

"Sometimes cousins have married without knowing their families were connected," said Graysham. "But unless the circumstances demand it otherwise, they should be told. Why?"

Sir Timothy Bullivant drew a deep breath.

"Because," he said in a very low voice, "of a secret I have kept for twenty-five years, Graysham. You thought I was a bachelor. I am not. I am a widower. And—I had a child. For a reason which I have always regretted, I did not acknowledge her. She was born in wedlock; and yet I gave her to someone else, Graysham—because I was so bitter! Her mother died, giving the child life."

Graysham nodded; he understood fully, now.

"You will have guessed," said Sir Timothy, "who I mean. Felicity Marlow—as she is called, and which is her legal name—is my daughter. And here" — Bullivant stepped to the bureau drawer, which he had left unlocked, and took out a photograph —"is her mother, Graysham. Can you understand the shock I had when I learned Felicity was going on the stage?"

FOR a few moments there was silence in the library; Dr. Graysham looked at the photograph of the beautiful woman, and he nodded slowly.

"I have often suspected it," he said. "I knew La Galoma, Bullivant."

The old man eyed the doctor.

"I thought you did. But you were young, Graysham, when La Galoma took London by storm. She had a thousand suitors, and at the time I had no idea she would look twice at me. And then, somehow, we found ourselves in love—passionately, desperately.

"But I was the only son of the Bullivants, and I knew my father would strenuously oppose such a marriage. So—we married, La Galoma and I—her name, too, was Felicity—in secret. We meant to reveal it. We were living in a flat in London, and time and time again I tried to force myself to tell the truth.

"Then—the child was coming.

"We decided to wait until afterwards. I dared not shock my wife with news of a quarrel with my family. And—the child came but my wife died. I hated everyone then—the world—the child—my family, everyone! I wanted to give the child to a society—and then fate took a hand.

"Quite by chance, I met Mary Marlow.

"I learned she was married, and I knew her husband slightly. A man who would do anything for money. And I asked them to take the child, and adopt her legally. They did so, for a certain sum of money. And then, a few months afterwards, I could have killed myself. I realized, Graysham, that I loved the child."

Graysham nodded, but did not interrupt.

"And so I saw the Marlows again. I asked Jacob Marlow to go back to Altorn. At first he refused. But when I offered him the house, as a gift, he accepted. He would always do anything for gain.

"And thus I had the child near me. I dared not pay much attention to her, for fear the truth would be suspected. But I saw her occasionally. I watched her, flesh of my flesh, grow from childhood to adolescence—and then to the living image of my wife.

"By then, I was owner of the Manor. My father died, and there was no one else in the family, excepting the son of my only brother.

"You know the trouble I had with Guy. You can guess the happiness I derived from seeing Felicity—the one balanced the other. And when young Martin Dean came, and fell in love with her, I was convinced she had found her happiness. But—there was some secret in Dean's past. I felt it for a long time. And he left Felicity, leaving her heartbroken.

"Never was the temptation to reveal the truth so strong, but I fought it. I knew that no one would believe the real truth — that La Galoma—I think of her as that, always—and I were married. Felicity would have carried a cross, a stigma that was unjustified. And for that reason I maintained my silence, although I believe I helped the child—my child.

"Now"—the knight's voice broke a little—"I find myself faced with this quandary. Shall I tell them the truth, that they are cousins? Or shall I do as I have done for twenty-five long years, and hold my peace?"

He put the question firmly, eyeing Graysham all the time. The doctor did not hesitate. His hand gripped Bullivant's.

"Say nothing," he counselled. "No good can come of it; only harm would follow. Take your secret with you, Bullivant, wherever you go. That is my advice."

It seemed as though a great burden had been lifted from the knight's shoulders. He nodded slowly, and a smile curved his lips.

"And I will take it," he said. "You have been and still are, a great friend, Graysham. And I know that you, with me, desire nothing more than Felicity's happiness."

. . . . . .

A week after Felicity Marlow had seen Martin Dean, he had left the country. He had gone with John Hastings, and together they had travelled, always by cargo boat or by road, most of the world. Martin was stronger to look at, but he still bore the marks of that past ordeal.

He knew nothing of Felicity's rise to fame.

With Hastings he had touched civilisation only rarely; they had been reasonably happy, and the author had learned a great deal from which his writing would profit. One way and another they had contrived to make money.

On the first day of that November they had reached Adelaide, Australia. They planned to spend a few days in the city, and then go inland. But on the second day Fate changed the course of their lives.

Hastings bought an illustrated paper, and at their hotel Martin Dean glanced through it. Suddenly an exclamation passed his lips, and John Hastings swung round.

"What is it, Martin?"

For all the sign he gave, Martin might not have heard him.

He was staring, grim-lipped, wild-eyed, at the paper—at a photograph. Hastings moved towards him, and saw the picture of a beautiful dancer. He might have made some laughing comment, but Dean's manner was too grim.

Martin was reading the letter-press beneath the photograph. Every word was like a flaming iron in his heart. They ran:

"Felicity Marlow, better known as the famous dancer, Marguerite, is to marry Guy Bullivant, nephew of Sir Timothy Bullivant, of Altorn, England. Press News."

Felicity—Felicity—was going to marry Bullivant!

For a moment Hastings thought Martin was going to faint. But the younger man pulled himself together. His voice was like ice as he spoke.

"Hastings, I'm going to England—now!"

"England! But, my dear Martin——"

"Nothing matters! I'm sorry if you don't want to come, but the only thing that counts is that I get to England before the fifteenth of December. Look——" He pointed a quivering finger at the wording beneath the photograph. "That must not happen, Hastings! It must not!"

"But how on earth can you stop it?"

MARTIN said grimly, "I can stop this wedding. I can prevent it happening, Hastings. But for one man—Sir Timothy Bullivant—I would publish the reasons to the world! But for his sake I must go there, in person!"

"But, Martin—I don't understand!"

"No one could. Listen, Hastings. You've been a wonderful friend, but this is above friendship. I must go. You continue on your travels, and one day perhaps I will be able to join you again. But—I—must—get—there!"

Hastings nodded slowly. He could understand one thing—the fierce intensity of his friend's determination.

"I'll come with you," he said. "Shall I go and book accommodation on the first available steamer, or will you?"

"I'll go," said Martin. "There's a steamer starting to-day, at three o'clock. You start packing, will you?"

"All right," Hastings agreed.

But they were not destined to catch that ship. For Martin Dean, his soul

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inflamed by what he had discovered, crossed the road outside the hotel without looking properly where he was going. From his window Hastings saw his friend go down beneath the wheels of a taxi-cab! With an exclamation of horror he rushed down.

He was dreadfully afraid lest Martin was dead; but the doctor who rushed to the scene reassured him.

"He has concussion, and will probably be unconscious several days. And one or two cuts and bruises. Nothing more serious, sir."

"Thank heaven for that!" said John Hastings.

But there was something else in his mind, which lingered after Martin had been taken, pale and unconscious, to hospital.

Martin Dean had said the wedding must be stopped, and that he could stop it. Yet he was lying in hospital now, muttering in delirium. What chance was there of his doing the thing that obviously mattered more to him than anything else in the world?

. . . . . .

It was like a dream.

The organ music welled out in the little, crowded church. All one side was filled with villagers, the other with the guests from London.

Ahead of Felicity as she walked down the centre of the church was a little crowd of people; she saw only two of them clearly. Guy, upright and resplendent, and the Vicar, a small, round-faced man whom she had known all her life.

By her side was Jacob Marlow; her satin-clad arm was in his. He, too, was resplendent.

In a pew near the front of the church sat Sir Timothy Bullivant, eyeing the radiant bride as she walked slowly towards the altar. Pride and something shone in his eyes; a deep regret that he, not Jacob Marlow, was not standing beside her.

Yes, it was like a dream.

The music stopped. The Vicar stood in front of Felicity. Guy was at her side, but she did not look at him. There was a tightness about her heart she could not understand. It was as unreal as a vision; and yet she know it was happening, that it was inescapable.

She answered the little, round-faced Vicar; repeated words after him. And then, piercing through that dream-like haziness of her mind, came the words:

"Wilt thou take this man as thy wedded husband . . .?"

She heard nothing else; she saw the Vicar's lips moving. She felt a sudden, terrifying urge to shout "No! No!" She fought the desire and conquered it. The Vicar was looking at her, waiting. Her lips parted——

It was then that the interruption came.

Felicity had heard nothing, but outside there had been the sound of heavy, thudding footsteps. Suddenly the door of the church was flung open. The Vicar looked away from the woman who, a few seconds later, would have uttered that fatal: "I will."

Guy Bullivant looked round, startled. Jacob Marlow uttered a sharp exclamation. But Felicity stood absolutely still, as though turned to stone, while the man who had broken into the church and interrupted the ceremony called out, in a loud, firm voice: "This marriage must stop!"

Felicity knew who it was. Never would she be able to forget that voice. Martin—Martin Dean!

A dozen—a hundred people craned their necks to see who it was. Martin Dean, breathing hard but walking firmly, approached the little group on the chancel steps. His eyes were fixed on Bullivant—and Guy Bullivant, his lips parted, looked more beast than man!

The Vicar's calm voice broke the tense silence that had followed the outburst.

"What does this mean, sir?"

"It means," said Martin Dean, "that I can show reason why this man and woman cannot be made man and wife! Vicar—I hate to do this. But may I speak with you, in the vestry?"

GUY BULLIVANT took a step forward, his hand raised threateningly.

"Dean — liar—thief—rogue — convicted criminal! Get out of here! Get out!"

Martin Dean was cool, even disdainful.

"I came here rather than send a message that would have proclaimed your story to the world, Bullivant. Shall I talk in private? Or shall I make my statement and show my proof here, to all?"

His ringing tones carried conviction. Guy Bullivant was silenced; his face was deathly white, now.

The Vicar motioned to Martin Dean. "Come, Mr. Dean. Mr. Bullivant, also, if you care. Mr. Marlow, will you please look after your daughter? Perhaps—and indeed I pray—Mr. Dean has made a mistake."

Martin said nothing, but stepped towards the vestry, his chin held high. Guy Bullivant followed, because he must. And Sir Timothy Bullivant stepped from his seat, and followed them.

Felicity, a figure of stone, was staring straight in front of her. She felt no sensation—sorrow, anger, everything was a blank. And yet perhaps there was a lightness where, a short while before, there had been heaviness.

No one noticed Lola Beeson and Sam Dakman slip out of their seats towards the door. No one cared what they did; the little gathering in the vestry was all that mattered—and not a soul, aristocrat or farm-hand, failed to feel the same wish—that they could be behind the closed doors.

And when, from outside, there came the sound of a car engine, no one noticed it. But Lola Beeson and Sam Dakman, rage filling their hearts, yet seized also with fear, sped from Altorn as though the devil was at their heels!

The silence in the vestry was heavy with suspense. Sir Timothy's hands were clenching and unclenching. Guy Bullivant's lips were working. Only the Vicar and Martin Dean were cool and self-possessed. The Vicar's voice was soft.

"Well, Dean. What proof is this you mention?"

Martin Dean took an envelope from his pocket.

"I am fully aware, sir," he said, "of the gravity of this interruption. Had it been possible I would have been here earlier, but Fate decreed otherwise. And now."

He took a deep breath and handed a document to the Vicar—"the proof, a marriage certificate! Guy Bullivant is not free to marry! Under the name of Guy Bullivant Smith, he married a woman whose maiden name was Beeson—Dora Beeson. And Dora Beeson is still alive!"

Bullivant gasped; his face was deathly pale now, and no one could doubt the truth—that he knew or suspected it!

But before the Vicar read the certificate, Bullivant spoke. "It's true, Vicar—but Dora is dead!"

"I can prove she is alive," said Martin calmly "Whether you know it or not, I neither know nor care. But she is alive."

"And how do you know this?" demanded the Vicar, after he had scanned the certificate, a copy Martin had obtained from a London Register's office.

"It is too long a story to tell now, sir. I will give you Dora Beeson's—or Bullivant's—address. You will soon be able to prove that she is alive."

The Vicar's face was grave as he turned to Guy Bullivant.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Bullivant. But the ceremony must be postponed until the matter has been thrashed out. You understand, of course?"

Bullivant might not have heard him. He was staring at Martin, and his face was livid now.

"So you'd do this, Dean, for vengeance! Well, now they shall know the truth! This man, Vicar, spent two years of his life in Parkhurst prison, convicted of burglary! I met him before his sentence. I recognised him at my uncle's house, but as he was obviously trying to go straight, I said nothing.

"But while I was there he was partner in a theft—which meant the loss of the diamond necklace and a large sum of money. Later, too, he disappeared, knowing I would tell the truth if he married the woman who is to be my wife! This is his revenge! Take no notice of him, ignore him!"

The Vicar shook his head slowly.

"The position is too serious, the matter too vital, to ignore, Mr. Bullivant. And these charges that you make may or may not be true, but

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the House of God is not the place to make them."

Bullivant turned away.

It was Sir Timothy who made the next suggestion.

"Will you, Vicar, tell the bride and guests that the ceremony is postponed indefinitely? If any care to go the Manor, I offer my hospitality."

"I will, sir," said the Vicar.

Ten minutes later he returned. By then the church was empty. Meanwhile Sir Timothy had arranged for a car to be brought round to the side entrance.

In the library, scene of so many things, the knight regarded both his nephew and his one-time secretary.

"My nephew," he said to Martin, "has made certain grave charges. Do you care to admit them, or refute them?"

"I refute them," said Martin Dean proudly, "with one exception. I have served a term of imprisonment. I know, but no one else in the world can know, that I was innocent of the charge of which I was convicted. But that matters nothing—it is dead. I can prove my other denials. Will you hear the truth?"

"The truth, please. Nothing else will suffice."

Martin drew a deep breath, and then went on slowly. He told how he had first been recognised by Bullivant; how he had been blackmailed, and later how he had been compelled to leave Altorn because he was threatened with complicity in a second crime of which he had been innocent.

He told a little of his travels, how he had wished to start in good time to reach England before the marriage, and how the accident had delayed him until he had arrived only in the nick of time. He finished, and waited, his eyes on the knight.

Sir Timothy's eyes were haggard; but he knew there was a ring of truth in Martin Dean's words. He turned to his nephew.

"And what have you to say, Guy?"

Guy Bullivant's face was working. "It's a tissue of lies! I have a letter proving he was concerned in the burglary, with the man Jenson!"

Martin Dean's voice came slowly, each word a damning indictment of Guy Bullivant's roguery.

"You have nothing of the kind, Bullivant. Over a year ago, when I visited the East End of London with a friend, I met Jenson, face to face. He told me the truth. He told me you were his accomplice! But—the damage was done. I could not come back here. Because of that, and for your uncle's sake, I kept silent.

"But"—Martin's voice was ringing vibrantly now—"your nephew helped in that robbery, Sir Timothy! Of that also I can offer proof—I can take you to the man Jenson! He was persuaded by the man Dakman to steal the necklace!"

Bullivant's face dropped. This was something he had never dreamed of facing.

"It is a sad story for you, Sir Timothy," went on Martin. "But, in order to get into your good graces your nephew pretended he had made money abroad. Actually he got into Dakman's hands — Dakman is a moneylender, cruel and avaricious. Dakman threatened to go to you, and used that to persuade your nephew to help with the theft of the diamonds. I suspect that he took the money from the safe in the office himself."

Sir Timothy, very grim now, faced Guy Bullivant.

"Well, sir? What have you to say?"

The question need never have been asked Guy Bullivant's face was a picture of guilt; and without another word he stumbled from the room.

Sir Timothy was like a marble statue for a moment; then slowly he extended his hand to Martin Dean.

"My boy," he said firmly, "I have always admired you; and now I know that admiration was justified. Knowing the truth, you stayed away, for my sake and for Felicity's. It is an act for which no praise can be too great. For the rest—Guy has left this room. Shortly he will leave this house. I have finished with him. No proof more than we have seen is needed. But—I would like you to tell me just how you learned these things."

MARTIN nodded slowly. "I knew," he said, "that your nephew was married under the name of Smith. At one time I was mixed up in a fast set, but I never ceased regretting it. So when I heard an announcement of the engagement, I was desperate in my endeavors to get here.

"Before coming to Altorn, however, I had to be sure of my grounds. A friend obtained the certificate, while I went to the address where I believed Dora Beeson—as she is still known—lived. She was still there. And from her I learned the whole, dreadful story.

"Your nephew has been in Dakman's hands. Dakman wanted those diamonds for a rich American——"

"The man who offered me a huge sum for them!" gasped Sir Timothy.

"I suspect so, sir. At all events, Dakman persuaded your nephew to help Jenson—a known criminal who, with false references, had been planted here. As I have told you, Guy Bullivant tried to fix the blame on me.

"I went because I dared not stay and leave Felicity to a life of despair. I knew I might not escape prison again, and if I had married her, she would have spent the early years of her life waiting, knowing her husband was a thief—or branded a thief. So I disappeared."

"It was a brave thing you did," said Sir Timothy gently.

Martin Dean's pale face revealed his gratefulness at those softly spoken words. But he affected not to notice them.

"Well, I was told this by Dora Beeson. She told me, also, that Dakman and her sister—both of whom knew she was alive, although they may have convinced your nephew to the contrary—were planning to wait until your money was inherited, and then extort blackmail. Dora had promised to keep quiet about the marriage if Guy Bullivant paid the money demanded.

"I can tell you, also, from the same source, that Dakman, Lola Beeson, and your nephew made a great deal of money out of Felicity's dancing—more than they earned. All three of them were unscrupulous, sir, little though I like to say it."

Sir Timothy's gaze did not flinch.

"I have never been happy," he admitted. "Guy's transition was too thorough to be true. Yet I hoped for the best. But—you, my boy, have been as greatly wronged. We must prosecute them all, to remove the slightest stigma from you."

Martin shook his head.

"With Felicity free," he said, "I want nothing more. I think if you tell Dakman what you know, he will arrange to get the necklace of diamonds back. With that, I will be satisfied, and I hope you, also, will feel the same."

For a moment Sir Timothy hesitated. Then he nodded, very slowly, as he spoke.

"Such generosity as yours, such thoughtfulness, must not be unrewarded. I will leave things as they are, but for trying to get back the diamonds, and two other conditions."

"And those conditions are, sir?"

"First, that you will not leave here, now you have returned. That you will work for me again; I shall see that you are rewarded, when the time comes. No, please do not interrupt. The second condition, Martin—is that you go now, without hesitating, to Felicity."

For the first time since he had entered the room, Martin Dean's demeanor altered. His face lit up with an incredible light.

"You mean—you think Felicity—still cares?"

"I believe, my boy, that her love for you is stronger than ever it has been. Go to her. Only you can prove it."

Martin's eyes gleamed as he swung round.

"It seems incredible, but—why! Felicity!"

As he spoke the door of the library opened. It had been open a few inches for a long time, but neither man had seen it. Felicity Marlow had come to see Sir Timothy and had waited outside, after Guy's flight; she had heard everything.

She did not speak; she could not speak. But she was in Martin Dean's arms, cradled there, chained there with the chains of love that could never be severed.

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